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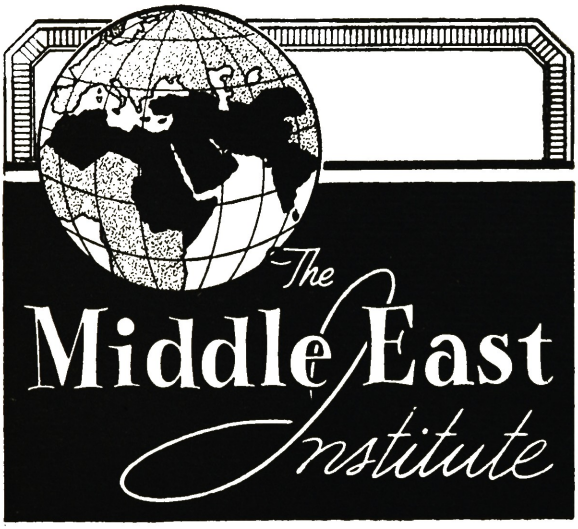
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# SPIRIT OF THE EAST,

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## JOURNAL OF TRAVELS

THROUGH ROUMELI

DURING AN EVENTFUL PERIOD.

BY

D. URQUHART, Esq.

AUTHOR OF

"TURKEY AND ITS RESOURCES," "ENGLAND, FRANCE, RUSSIA, AND TURKEY," &c.

"Men are not influenced by Facts, but by Opinions respecting Facts."—EPICTETUS.

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# INTRODUCTION.

No traveller offers a work to the public without supposing that he has some new facts or ideas to communicate, or some erroneous statements or opinions in the works of his predecessors to correct. If this is true with reference to countries that are at our doors, and with the language, institutions, and customs of which we are perfectly familiar, it must be far more applicable to countries at a distance, with manners and institutions dissimilar to our own; with whose language we never are acquainted; of whose literature we know nothing; with whose society we never mingle; between whose inhabitants and the natives of our own country, friendship seldom or never exists. The casual wanderers in such a land, must, in the impossibility of correctly observing, receive a multitude of loose impressions, and these impressions on their return home are poured forth with

the same facility and diversity as those with which they were received. It is not, therefore, with the idea that there is much to be corrected in the opinions which have resulted from such statements respecting the countries of which these volumes treat, but with the conviction that there is nothing known — that I offer these volumes to my countrymen. It is with the manners of a people as with their language: no part can be correctly described, no passage accurately applied, unless the mind of the one, as the grammar of the other, has been laboriously studied, and is perfectly understood.

The claims which I can offer as the grounds of my own confidence, or of the confidence of others, in my opinions, are — ten years unremittingly employed in the acquisition of the necessary information for judging of the countries which are here in part described. During this period, unoccupied with any other pursuit, my time has been entirely devoted to investigation in detail, or to general studies collaterally bearing on the laws, history, commerce, political and diplomatic position of the East, and more particularly of Turkey. So that, although these inquiries have been extended over fields wide and diversified, they have been systematically directed to the elucidation of one question, and of that question which most nearly

touches the interests, and, perhaps, the political existence, of Great Britain.

During my early travels, and engaged as I originally was in the war between Greece and Turkey, I was led to form the most unfavourable conclusions respecting the character of Eastern countries, and of the Turkish government and people in particular. It was after three years of diligent statistical inquiries, that I began to perceive that there were institutions connected with the East. From the moment that I did perceive the existence of peculiar, though still indistinct, principles, an intense interest was awakened in my mind; and I commenced a collection of financial details, with a view to understanding the rules upon which they were based. Three more years, I may say, were spent in this uncertainty, and I collected and noted down the administration of two hundred and fifty towns and villages, before I was struck with the common principles that guided their administration.

It was also only after one half of the time which I spent in the East had passed by, that I began to perceive that there were certain rules and principles of social manners and customs which it was necessary to study in themselves, and the

acquisition of which was a condition to useful social intercourse.

Having gone through this laborious process, it is but natural for me to suppose that a knowledge of the East involves long and assiduous labour, which cannot be undertaken except by one who has no other occupation or pursuits; who is gifted with energy and perseverance; and is prepared to make an entire sacrifice of all the comforts, luxuries, and enjoyments of life, to which he had been accustomed.

A work on the East is a task which no man who correctly feels, can lightly or willingly undertake. It is exactly in proportion to the progress made, that the difficulties of such a study will be apparent, and, consequently, that the diffidence of the inquirer will increase.

If a botanist, accustomed to a region containing a limited number of species, who has founded his theory of botany on such generalisations as this limited number of facts allowed him to draw, or enabled him to apply, suddenly comes into another region, where he finds his principles inapplicable, or insufficient, he must immediately revise the whole science of which he is a professor. So, in the consideration of nations, if you come to

ideas which, when correctly understood, cannot be accurately rendered by the symbols of your own language, you must immediately revert to first principles — you come back to the reconsideration of human nature.

In this lies the difficulty of the East — the real cause of that embarrassment which seems to increase in proportion as information accumulates. The man who sees the East for a day can sketch external objects by the words which exist in European language; but to be able to convey thoughts, he must feel as they do, and describe those feelings in a language which is not theirs; and this is an overwhelming task. Language is the conventional representation of impressions; but when impressions are not identical, they cannot be conveyed by common sounds; and, therefore, where there is difference of impressions, there is no possibility of obtaining a common language.

In this difficulty of intercommunication, it is but natural to suppose that each party has suffered in the eyes of the other: we have been deprived of the means of appreciating that which is good; we have exaggerated that which is bad, and interpreted unfavourably that which is indifferent. The original deficiency of language has been the cause, subsequently, of justifiable hostility; and, in this

reaction of cause and effect, a reciprocal contempt of the one for the other has finally resulted. This misintelligence which has taken root amongst the Europeans who have settled in the East, excludes travellers, by the existing hostility, from intercourse with the natives of the country. They have not the key to intercourse, and are dependent for the first impressions by which their whole subsequent career is necessarily guided, on the residents in the East, who speak the same language as themselves.

It is to be supposed that those who turn their faces towards the rising sun, are impelled by a generous ardour for the pursuit of knowledge; that their imagination is warmed by the poetry of Eastern existence, and by the splendour of Eastern scenery; that men, whose early education has been formed upon the Bible, and whose boyish aspirations have been fired by the Oriental breath of the "Arabian Nights," should look with sympathy and interest upon those institutions, those habits, and those effects, which live alone in the "clime of the East." Nevertheless, it is unfortunately but too true, that, whilst European visitors have neglected the political and moral interest and character which that land affords, they have also neglected even those external and physical features, which

come within the scope of the sciences which absorb the still available faculties of observation and comparison of the present age. The botany, the geology, the mineralogy of European and Asiatic Turkey, have been scarcely extended since the days of Tournefort. We owe our recent geographical knowledge respecting the regions of Upper Asia to a translation made at Paris from a Chinese geographer, whose work was published fifteen hundred years ago! Until the survey of Lieutenant Burnes, the only information we possessed respecting the course of the Indus,— the channel of Indian commerce, and the frontier of the British dominions,— was derived from the historians of Alexander! We need not, therefore, be surprised that we should be ignorant of the character of the Eastern mind — of the limits of Eastern knowledge — of the tide and current of Eastern opinion.

The admission, as a general proposition, of difficulty in the study of the East, of ignorance of facts, of erroneousness of conclusions, may remain a truism inoperative and unfruitful; it is, therefore, necessary to shew how the use of certain terms applicable to our state becomes the source of error, while the observer cannot, by any possibility, suspect, that the error lies in the use of the language with which alone he is familiar. I will,

therefore, give a few instances, which may serve to illustrate the stumbling-blocks which preconceived and European notions cast in the path of Oriental inquiry.

When we look back to the history of Great Britain not many years ago, we find a population degraded, miserable, insulated. We see the progress of the arts, of agriculture, and, above all, the construction of roads, producing a concomitant improvement in the condition of men; and we naturally infer that good roads, mechanical skill, &c., are conditions of well-being, and, where these are not, that every thing must be degradation and misery. When, therefore, we hear of countries where the roads are in as bad a condition as they were fifty years ago in England, we conclude that the social condition of these countries is such as it was in England, or as we suppose it (for the dogmatic character of the day is ever prone to revile the past) to have been in England at a former period. But in England, and in countries lying in the same latitude, the enjoyments of the people are derived from a distant zone; have to be transported from afar; and the superabundance of home produce has to be exported before it can be exchanged to obtain these luxuries. A population so situated, if without the easy means of transport,

must remain destitute of all those enjoyments which result from interchange, and which beget industry. To them, therefore, roads become of vital importance; but roads are by no means a question of equal importance to countries where every village has within its reach the comforts and the luxuries which Northern populations have to obtain from a distance.

In the same way, the population of Great Britain, before the introduction of green crops, was restricted, during the long inclement months of winter, to provisions of the worst description. Salt bacon, and, at an earlier period, eels, were the only addition which the peasant could expect to his rye or barley during six months of the year; and we naturally, therefore, esteem the improvements of modern agriculture as necessary to a good and wholesome diet, and necessary to the well-being of every agricultural population. But in countries where the winter is not of the same duration, and where the character of the produce is more varied, the progress of the science of agriculture is not in the same degree requisite for the well-being of the community. "The backward state of agriculture" is, therefore, a form of words which does not convey the same idea when applied to countries in different latitudes.

Again, in our constitutional combinations, the point of departure, to which we look back, is feudalism; the mass of the population was then mere property; and every step which has been made in the acquisition of social rights, in the establishment of equality, in the elevation of the power and the character of a central judicature, having been an improvement upon the original constitution of the state, we consider "progress," synonymous with improvement. In the East, the point of departure is — the free right of property of every man, and equality of all men before the law: — every departure from that original constitution has been in violation of its principles, and in violation of national rights. Eastern populations, therefore, appeal to stability as the sanction of popular rights; the European, who understands the advancement of popular rights to lie in the word "progress," does not comprehend the Eastern, who looks on that which is stationary as that which is excellent: and while his preconceptions deprive him of the faculty of perceiving a train of thought so important and so valuable, he establishes erroneous data as the foundation of all his conclusions.

Again, the word "Feudalism" is productive of similar confusion. Feudalism, in its true and

real sense, has existed throughout the East from all times, and exists now; and yet, in reducing to its simplest expression the difference existing between the East and the West, I have been obliged to have recourse, as defining that difference, to drawing a line between those nations that have passed through feudalism, and those nations that have not passed through feudalism; by the former meaning the inhabitants of the West of Europe, with the exception of some fragments of races—the Basque Provinces, for instance, the islands Guernsey, Jersey, &c.

Although feudalism was brought from the East to the West, it underwent in our Western regions modifications and changes which completely altered its nature. The primitive character was that of a local military organisation for the defence of the soil, for which a regular contribution was given, the remuneration amounting to one-tenth of the produce of the soil so protected. The tenure of those feoffs was dependent upon the will of the sovereign, and generally, in the earlier periods, they were yearly appointments. In the West, the feudal lords became the proprietors of the soil which they had been charged to protect, and thus entirely overthrew the principles, and vitiated the object, of that system. Feudalism in the East

leaves to the cultivator the right of property; feudalism in the West has deprived him of that right—has conferred the land on the holder of the feoff, and converted the cultivator into a serf. The system is completely different:—but the word is the same. The European comes to a fact, which he designates feudalism,—he instantly, therefore, makes the application of his views of Western feudalism to a state of society where nothing of the kind was ever known: hence our misconception of the rights of property of our Hindoo subjects, and a fundamental source of misconception of every principle of Eastern government, law, property, and legislation.

The government of Turkey, as of other Eastern nations, it has been the habit to designate as "despotism;" and this designation has not been confined to books of travels, but is used by writers of a scientific character, and in the classification of countries. Now it is a singular thing, that our idea of despotism is unknown to the Eastern mind; that, to explain the word to a native of the East, it is necessary to describe to him a state of society where men disagree regarding the principles of law and justice. The idea of despotism, or the falsification of right, through the violence of power, can coexist only with two standards of right and wrong;

so that a fluctuating and accidental majority imposes its will as the rule of justice and of law. Such a state of things has given birth to, and developed, feelings of deep animosity between man and man; there has, consequently, been an exasperation of expression, in all ideas associated with politics. But, in countries where the principles of the government have never been in opposition to the opinions of any class of the people, the abuse of power is "tyranny," but not "despotism;" men may suffer from the violence of power, but they are not exasperated by the conversion into laws of opinions which they repudiate.

In addition to the sources of fallacy common to all Europeans, there are those which flow from the sectional and party views of travellers. Every Englishman belongs to one or other of the political parties that divide his native country. Unable to take an impartial view of his own country, how can he be the judge of another? His language is itself inapplicable to the subject-matter; and these terms call forth the antipathies of his party bias. The Liberal, calling Turkey a "despotic" government, reprobates it by that term alone, and inquires no further; the Tory sees in it popular principles, and looks no further; the Radical sees there principles which he considers

aristocratic; and the favourer of aristocracy despises it because there is no hereditary aristocracy; the Constitutionalist deems a country without a parliament scarce worth a thought; the Legitimist takes umbrage at the limitations there placed to regal power; the Political Economist is met by a system of taxation which he terms inquisitorial; and the advocate of "protection of industry" can see no well-being, no civilisation, without a custom-house. Thus, the member of every party, and the professor of each class of opinions, finds in the terms which he is forced to use that which shocks his principles and overthrows his theory.

The next obstacles that present themselves are of a social character. Fallacies of a metaphysical, logical, and political character mislead our reason; fallacies touching manners irritate our feelings. We are treated in the East as outcasts and as reprobates. We do not inquire into the cause; we do not gain the knowledge by which our position can be changed; we are, consequently, disposed to conclude unfavourably when that is possible, and are either excluded from their society, or labour under unceasing irritation of mind when admitted to it.

The next and last source of fallacy which I shall touch upon is religion. In contradiction of

the liturgy of the English Church, we look on the Mussulmans as "infidels;" and, in the spirit of our age and country, no less fanatic in religion than in infidelity, no less intolerant in faith than in politics, we treat as enemies of our religion those who admit the Gospels as their creed, and suppose in them the same intolerance towards us, that we are guilty of towards them.

In undertaking this Work, one of my principal objects was the exposition of the characters, both in dogma and in practice, of Islam; but circumstances, into which it would be irrelevant to enter, have deprived me of the leisure necessary for treating this question as it ought to be treated. I must, therefore, dismiss it for the present, with this single remark, that as a Presbyterian and a Calvinist, I consider Islam nearer in dogma to the true Church * than many sects of so-termed Christians; since the Mussulman admits justification by faith, and not by works, and recognises the Gospels as inspired writings, and the rule of faith; since he looks on Christ as the Spirit of God, as without original sin, and as being destined in the fulness of time to bring all men into one fold.

* Such was the opinion of Churchmen at the time of the Reformation.

But the social and political influence of Islamism has been entirely misunderstood; and I therefore beg to offer a few observations on the exclusively worldly and temporal characters of Islamism, with a view of exposing another source of error in our estimation of the East.

In the East, the word religion does not convey the same meaning as in Europe; it is with us faith and dogma, wholly distinct from measures of policy and forms of government. At the period of the rise of Islamism, the struggle of religions represented, though with nobler and more useful characters, the struggle of opinions in the West at the present day. Our struggle of opinions has reference to *forms* of government; their struggle of religions had reference to *measures* of government. The Greek (faith and system) maintained heavy taxation, monopolies, and privileges. The Mussulman (Arabs and followers of Mahommed) denounced monopolies and privileges, and recognised but a single property-tax. Tulleihah, a rival prophet, won over several tribes, by expunging the law against interest, and by a change in sundry civil precepts. Mosseylemah, the great rival of Mahommed, had formed a code differing so little from that of his successful competitor, that local and personal accidents alone influenced "the struggle

which was to decide whether the tenets of Mahommed, or the code of Mosseylemah, should give laws to the Eastern world." He had merely copied the principles of cheap government, equal law, and free trade, which the genius of Mahommed had seized, as the levers by which the existing order of things could be overthrown, and a new order introduced; and which he combined with religious dogmas in deference to the ideas of his age and country, improving on that which did exist, and forming that whole which has endured as a religion without losing its political features, and triumphed as a political system, without casting off its devotional character.

After long and anxious consideration, during which I have relied more on living impressions than on the cold records of the past, and having had the advantage of looking into the causes and effects of the recent adoption of Islamism by Christian, as by Pagan populations, I have come to the following estimate of the political character of Islam.

As a religion, it teaches no new dogmas; establishes no new revelation, no new precepts; has no priesthood, and no church government. It gives a code to the people, and a constitution to the state, enforced by the sanction of religion.

In its religious character it is devotional, not dogmatic.

In its civil character it is so simple, comprehensive, and concise, that law is supported by moral obligation.

In its political character it limited taxation; it made men equal in the eye of the law; it consecrated the principles of self-government,* and the local control of accounts. It established a control over sovereign power, by rendering the executive authority subordinate to that of the law,† based on religious sanction and on moral obligations.

The excellence and effectiveness of each of these principles (each capable of immortalising its founder) gave value to the rest; and the three combined endowed the system which they formed, with a force and energy exceeding those of any other political system. Within the lifetime of a man, though in the hands of a population wild, ignorant, and insignificant, it spread over a greater extent

* As in America.

† Thus the provision for the poor, although a fixed sum, being $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent on the income of every man of competent means, was left to his own distribution. Hence the fundamental stone of the Mussulman character; hence hospitality and good-will between neighbours and men.

than the dominions of Rome. While it retained its primitive character, it was irresistible, and its expansive power was arrested only when a lie* was recorded in its annals.

A faith, a code, and a constitution, were thus combined in one comprehensive plan, where the service of the altar, the administration of the village, the collection of taxes, were services of honour, and not of profit; and where no class or body had a place with interests at variance with those of the community. The sublimity of its devotion, the simplicity of the code, the excellence of the financial system, the freedom of its political doctrines, seemed to endow Islamism with the means at once of firing imagination and of subduing reason, of sufficing for all exigencies, realising every object for which society is constituted, and exhausting every mode of influencing men.

Having dwelt so much on the difficulties that stand in the way of a correct estimate of the East, I must observe, that these difficulties *reside solely in a European's preconceived opinions.* Let a European of a powerful or a simple mind go to the East, and the key of knowledge is at once within his reach. As proof of this assertion, it is sufficient

* About the year 30 of the Hejira.

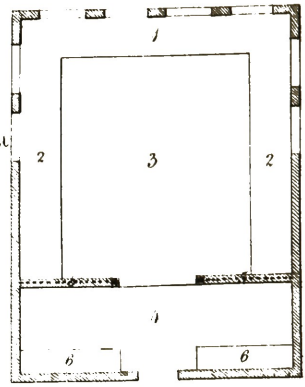
to refer to Lady Mary Wortley Montague, whose residence in Turkey did not exceed fourteen months, and who has accurately observed, and faithfully painted, almost every feature of society in that country; and while she has been the only European who has justly estimated it, she is also the only one who has ever acquired there influence and consideration. The cause of this extraordinary phenomenon, I take to be her residence in a Turkish establishment, from the first hour of her entrance into the country; which at once carried her beyond the noxious influence of Frank residents and interpreters; while, being a woman, she was not versed in the fallacies of political life, nor committed to the errors of politicians.

I cannot omit here mentioning Mr. Lane's work on Egypt—the only delineation in a European language of Eastern manners. This work I conceive to be eminently calculated to improve our position in the East, because it is now impossible for a traveller to proceed thither without knowing that there exists there a distinct code of manners and politeness, which he must study if he pretends to know the people or to judge them.

With regard to these volumes I have now to say, that I think they will promote investigation and discussion, if they do no more. The ground-

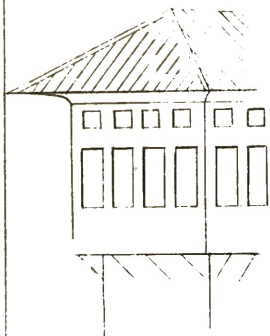
work is a trip in European Turkey of five months; they have, from scanty notes made at the time, been extended, whilst living amongst Turks, and on the banks of the Bosphorus. They were however, written as a distraction, rather than as an occupation, whilst suffering severely, bodily and mentally, and under impressions the most painful—those of seeing the best interests of my country sacrificed, and the conservative principles of the Turkish government and society undermined, less by foreign and hostile influence, than by a fatal imitation of Western manners, prejudices, and principles.

1. Sadr, Ambol Breast
2. Jemb. Do. Side
3. Open Floor

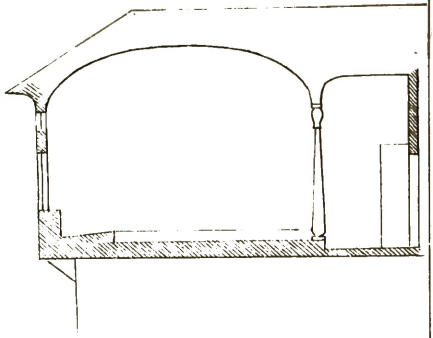



4. Depressed Floor
5. Balustrades
6. Cupboards

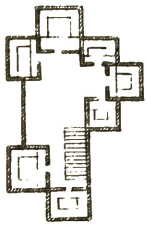
GROUND PLAN.



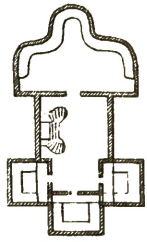
Exterior Aspect of a Room.



SECTION



PLAN OF A HOUSE



PLAN OF A KIOSK.

R. Martin lith. 26, Long Acre

# JOURNAL,

*&c. &c.*

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## CHAPTER I.

OBJECTS OF THE JOURNEY—DEPARTURE FROM ARGOS—HARDSHIPS AND ENJOYMENTS OF EASTERN TRAVEL.

In the early part of 1830 I was at Argos, returning to England from Constantinople, after having spent nearly three years in Greece and Turkey. Just as I was on the point of embarking, and of bidding adieu to a land in the destinies of which I had been deeply interested, but which now was stripped of its dramatic attributes and attractions, and was placed, in honour and repose, under the protecting wings of the three greatest powers in the world—just at that moment—a vessel, a King's ship, touched its shores, and landed a Protocol; which, with a power only to be compared to magic, set, instanter, every body by the ears. To tell how the people went and came, and harangued and gesticulated—how the fustanels* flounced about, how the mus-

* The Albanian kilt, which is white, longer than the Scotch kilt, and very full.

tachoes were twirled up—would be a task indeed. This was at Argos; but elsewhere the effect of this recent importation was no less marvellous. Day by day news reached us from province after province, from city after city: every where as at Argos, all other thoughts and occupations were laid aside; and the people pouring out of their shops and dwellings, but having no *agora* in which to take counsel together, assembled in the various *caffenés*,* or coffee-shops, and there established arenas of hot debate, and schools of energetic eloquence.

All this, as may be imagined, was a great treat for travellers; but it was very puzzling, how a piece of paper with three autographs was to set a whole country in a state of fermentation. What increased the difficulty we experienced in accounting for the strange scenes passing before our eyes, was, that this very document concluded by mutual and reciprocal congratulation from the signers to themselves — because of their joint conception of the actual Protocol; which was to lead in for Greece a new and lucid order of things; the din of arms and the voice of faction were alike to be hushed, and the Greeks henceforth and for ever-

* The principal coffee-house at Napoli had, in consequence of the favourable effect of a previous protocol, been designated "*Les Trois Puissances.*" On the arrival of the protocol of the 3d of February, 1830, it was immediately designated "*Café des Trois Potences.*"

more were to attune their hearts and harps to the praise and honour of the triple Alliance.

But it was clear all this would not end in words: we could arrive at no satisfactory conclusions, because men of equal ability, and possessed of equal means of information, entertained opinions the reverse of each other. At all events, all parties were agreed in this, that the self-gratulations of the protocol were premature; and this point was constantly insisted on as revealing the degree of ignorance of the Conference of London; an ignorance which they averred could only proceed from wilful misrepresentations made from Greece.

While these subjects were under debate at Argos, news arrived that the Suliotes in Albania were again in arms; then, that the Albanians were in arms. Some said that they, too, had resolved to resist the infliction of the Protocol; others, that they were preparing for a general irruption into Greece; but the generally prevailing opinion was, that a grand federation of Albanian Christians and Mussulmans, headed by the formidable Pasha of Scodra, was preparing to carry war into Macedonia and Thrace, and to plant, in imitation of Mustafa Bairactar, the Illyrian banner on the heights that command the imperial city.

The coincidence, therefore, of this Protocol, which launched Greece again on a sea of troubles, with the movements of Albania threatening the very existence of the Porte, and menacing, in that

event, to pull down the existing fabric of European power; induced me to postpone my return to England, in order to make myself, in as far as a knowledge of the points in dispute could make me, master of the question. I determined on visiting Continental Greece and the disputed boundary; and feeling that my interest in Greece, as well as any knowledge I possessed of that country, arose from having taken a share in her struggle, I resolved on endeavouring to make myself acquainted with Albania in the same manner; and to join the first camp and leader that chance should throw in my way.

On the 7th of May, 1830, I set out from Argos in company with Mr. Ross of Bladensburg; but, in consequence of the prevailing alarm, we were under the necessity of concealing our ultimate destination. Our friends would have looked on us as madmen, had they suspected us of an intention of visiting the wild Arnaouts: that might matter little; but we certainly should not have got servants to accompany us.

I suppose things are altered now — much for the better, of course; but at the time of which I am writing, when Greece still was light-hearted and young, it was a hard thing for a man to keep his own counsel. At every turn of a passage, every angle of a street, every furlong along the road, you were stopped at all times to have a long string

of questions put to you. "Whence do you come?" "Whither are you going?" "What is your business?" "How is your health?" "Where is to be seen your venerable paternal mansion?" "Which of the great allies has the honour of claiming you?" "*What news?*"*—and this, be it observed, between perfect strangers; but when friends or acquaintances meet, and especially should one or both be women, then, with the redoubled sigmas of Greek interrogatories, commences a sibilation which one might take for a dialogue of boa-constrictors. Your state, health, humour, are all separately asked for; similar inquiries are then instituted respecting all and each of your known relatives, horses, and dogs. You must, in reply, present the appropriate compliments of the individual thus distinguished—thus: "How is the venerable Archon, your Father?" "He salutes you."—"How is the valuable Citizen, your Brother?" "He kisses your eyes."—"How is the hopeful stripling, your Son?" "He kisses your hand." And a dozen persons will each exercise his right of calling you separately to account, and each will repeat the identical questions which he has heard put and answered.

During my previous ramblings in Greece, I

* This question is, for greater precision, often repeated in triplicate; one expression derived from the Italian, one from the Turks, and one Hellenic, viz. "*Ti mandata—ti chaberi—ti nea?*"

had become nervously irritable under this persecution, which is the more annoying after leaving Turkey, where all personal questions, when indicating any thing like curiosity, are perfectly repugnant to feelings and custom. At length, I hit upon a plan that stifled curiosity, and that was by telling the people that I came from Constantinople, and was going to Janina,—so strange an announcement putting an end to all further parley. But now that in reality I was going from Constantinople to Janina, I had to renounce the benefits of the avowal, and submit to the cross-examination with the patience that years bring, and travel hastens.

Bent, as we were, on a pilgrimage to the towers and tombs (long undisturbed by the footsteps of hyperborean wanderers) of the heroes who assembled from far and near on the shore of Aulis and swore fealty to the "King of Men," we could not more appropriately commence that pilgrimage than by paying our vows at the tomb of the great Agamemnon, and by perambulating with reverent footstep the grey ruins of Troy's rival, Mycene. These ruins are distant a few miles from Argos; and there did we resolve on resting for the first night. Our tent, which, I have some pride in saying, was entirely of domestic manufacture, had, with the servants and baggage horses, been sent forward in the morning. It was, therefore, after the evening shades had commenced to lengthen

out along the plain, that we cleared the straggling lanes of Argos, and bade adieu to its hospitable inhabitants. We passed under the abrupt and singular rock, on the summit of which stands the old fortress called Larissa, and then, wading through the scanty stream of "Father Inachus," entered on the magnificent plain which still bears the name of the city of Agamemnon.

Even after the lapse of more than seven years, it is a real enjoyment to recall the feelings with which I commenced this journey; and, although it may not be easy to describe that which can only be understood when felt, still do I conceive it incumbent on me to endeavour now, before we start, to give the reader who is to accompany me some insight into the manner of our future march.

Throughout European, and a great portion of Asiatic Turkey, as also in Persia and Central Asia, people travel on horseback. With the same horses, the average rate may be 20 to 25 miles a day. With post horses, changing at stages varying from 10 to 48 miles, 60 miles a-day may easily be accomplished; 100 is fast travelling; 150 the fastest; 600 miles in four days and a half, and 1200 in ten, are, indeed, feats, but not very uncommon ones.

This mode of travelling, even when not going at such a pace as that just mentioned, involves hardship, exposure, and fatigue. It is not a recreation suited to all men, and is trying even to those

who are vigorous and indifferent to luxuries and comforts; but there is none of that languor and feverishness that so generally result from travelling on wheels. The very hardships bring enjoyment with them, in invigorated health, braced nerves, and elevated spirits. You are in immediate contact with nature, every circumstance of scenery and climate becomes of interest and value, and the minutest incident of country, or of local habits, cannot escape observation. A burning sun may sometimes exhaust, or a summer storm may drench you; but what can be more exhilarating than the sight of the lengthened troop of variegated and gay costumes dashing at full speed along, to the crack of the Tartar whip, and the wild whoop of the surrigée? what more picturesque than to watch their reckless career over upland or dale, or along the waving line of the landscape,—bursting away on a dewy morn, or racing "home" on a rosy eve?

You are constantly in the full enjoyment of the open air of a heavenly climate,—the lightness of the atmosphere passes to the spirits,—the serenity of the clime sinks into the mind; you are prepared to enjoy all things and all states; you are ready for work—you are glad of rest; you are, above all things, ready for your food, which is always savoury when it can be got, and never unseasonable when forthcoming. Still I must in candour avow, that no small portion of the pleasures of Eastern travel arises from sheer hardship and privation, which

afford to the few unhappy beings who have not to labour for their daily bread, a transient insight into the real happiness enjoyed three times a-day by the whole mass of mankind who labour for their bread, and hunger for their meals.

To travel in the East with comfort or advantage, it is necessary to do so according to the rule and custom of the country. This it is easy to lay down as a rule, but very difficult to put in practice, because it supposes long experience and perfect acquaintance with a subject, when you enter only on its threshold. But, supposing that this can be effected, you will proceed on your rambles accompanied by attendants who perform the various functions of your establishment as they would do in a fixed abode; you carry also along with you every requisite and every comfort, and feel yourself almost entirely independent of circumstance or assistance; and thus, in the desert, as in the peopled city, the associations of home pursue you, and practically inform you of those feelings of locomotive independence, and of that combination of family ties and nomade existence, which are the basis of Eastern character. How do these inquiries, which appear, at a distance, so abstruse, become homely and simple when you surround yourself with the atmosphere of custom! You can at once lay your hand on motives; you spring at once to conclusions without the trouble of reflexion, or the risks which so unfortunately

attend the parturitions of logic. Placed among a strange people, if you inquire, you must use language not applicable to their ideas; if you argue, you deal with your impressions, not theirs; but when you put yourself in a position similar to theirs, you can feel as they do, and that is the final result of useful investigation. Burke, in his essay on the "Beautiful and Sublime," mentions an ancient philosopher who, when he wished to understand the character of a man, used to imitate him in every thing, endeavoured to catch the tone of his voice, and even tried to look like him: never was a better rule laid down for a traveller.

Thus drawn within the pale of Eastern existence, what interesting trains of thought, — what contrasts arise at every turn, and what importance and value trivial circumstances, not merely those of the East, but those of Europe also, assume! How are you struck with relationships, unobserved before, between daily habits and the national character of centuries; between domestic manners and historic events! The smoke rising from your hearth, before the door of your tent, pitched only ten minutes before, brings at once to your mind, through your feelings, the difference beween Gothic and Eastern colonisation and patriotism. You pitch, perhaps, by the ruins of a fane of Hellenic mythology; an attendant brings in herbs for supper, collected on the field of a battle that has stirred your school-boy soul, and calls

them by the names that Hippocrates or Galen would have used; while your groom pickets your horse according to the practice of the Altai Mountains.

But the thirst of the European traveller for novelty will not be gratified, unless he turn his mind to what I would call the novelty of antiquity. The finer and minuter portions of the existence of former ages, not being recordable by words, are lost to our times and in our portion of the globe. In the East, those habits of ancient days still live and breathe. There may you dine as people dined at Athens; there may you enjoy the greatest, the lost luxury of antiquity, and bathe as they bathed at Rome; and while there you may look upon, in real flesh and blood, the Homeric visions of three thousand years—may you also behold the living counterpart of our Anglo-Saxon ancestors, as described by Bede, and assist at *gemots* in each parish, as convened by Alfred.

If I might recall one hour from this simple and nomade state of existence more delicious than the rest, it would be that of the evening bivouac, when you choose your ground and pitch your tent wherever fancy or caprice may decide,—on a mountain brow, in a secluded vale, by a running brook, or in a sombre forest; and where, become familiar with mother earth, you lay yourself down on her naked bosom. There you may establish sudden community with her other child-

ren — the forester, the lowland ploughman, or the mountain shepherd; or call in, to share your evening repast, some weary traveller, whose name, race, and land of birth, may be equally unknown, and who may, in the pleasing uncertainty, but certain instruction of such intercourse, wile the evening hour away with tales of the Desert, or stories of the Capital, and may have visited, in this land of pilgrims, the streams of Cachmere, or the parched Sahara.

But, though never can you better enjoy, still no where can you more easily dispense with man's society, than in your tent, after a long day's fatigue. It is a pleasure, which words cannot tell, to watch that portable home — every where the same — spreading around its magic circle, and rearing on high its gilded ball; as cord by cord is picketed down, it assumes its wonted forms, and then spreads wide its festooned porch, displaying within, mosaic carpets and piled cushions. There the traveller reclines, after the labour of the day and the toil of the road, his ablutions first performed at the running stream, and his *namaz* recited, — to gaze away the last gleam of twilight, in that absorbed repose which is not reflexion, which is not vacancy, but a calm communing with nature, and a silent observation of men and things. Thus that pensive mood is fostered, and that soberness of mind acquired, which, though not profound, is never trivial. Thus at home in the

wilds should the Mussulman be seen—picturesque in his attire, sculpturesque in his attitude, with dignity on his forehead, welcome on his lips, and poetry in all around. With such a picture before him, the ever-busy Western may guess at the frame of mind of those to whom such existence is habitual, and who, thence, carry into the business of life the calm we can only find in solitude, when, escaping from our self-created world of circumstance, we can visit and dwell for a moment with the universe, and converse with it in a language without words.

Nor are these, the shadows of which I have endeavoured to catch, the whole enjoyments of Eastern travel. The great source of its interest to a stranger is—man; the character of the people, and their political circumstances; facts new and varied; action dramatic, simple, and personal. With us, the national circumstances which demand the inquirer's attention are of so analytical and scientific a character, that they are unapproachable, save by those who have devoted a lifetime of labour to each particular branch. He who has done so becomes absorbed in an exclusive study; he who has not, has no right to opine, and shrinks from examining. But, in the East, by the simplicity of system in public combinations, and by the clear perception of moral right and wrong in personal character,—all subjects worthy of engaging our attention are placed within the reach of the un-

scientific, and reduced to the level of ordinary capacity. But the stranger must commence with laying previous opinions aside, as the first step towards becoming acquainted with feelings different from those implanted by the education of his national habits, and by the experience of his native land.

## CHAPTER II.

STATE OF THE GREEK PEASANTRY IN 1830 — MILITARY AND POLITICAL IMPORTANCE OF THE GULF OF CORINTH — INCIDENT IN THE WAR OF INDEPENDENCE — NAVAL ACTION IN THE BAY OF SALONA.

After spending the first night of our journey, as already stated, at the ruins of Mycene, we proceeded next morning to Corinth. Passing through the Dervenaki, celebrated for the check which the Pasha of Drama here received, we observed, not without interest, the tambouris (breast-works) which then had been thrown up, and listened to various versions of the gathering and success of the Greeks. A few miles further on, I was delighted to look again on the little plain of Nemæa, consecrated by its scene-like ruins; but I had to regret that a whole year had neither added to its cultivation nor improved the condition of the wandering vlachi (shepherds). The same month found them again churning their butter under the same tree, suspending their simple implements by the same column; without one burden diminished, — I wish I could add, without one prospect overcast.

The present state of the country is far from

realising the anticipations I had been led to form from the progress I had observed while travelling over the same ground the year before. All proposals for the cultivation of national lands, for the formation of agricultural and other establishments, for the construction of roads, had been discouraged or rejected by the Government, which arrested every enterprise, even by intimidation and threats; and made a mystery of its ultimate measures and intentions. The very fact of the existence of a government had, during the previous year, spread life and activity through the whole country, and the effect was perfectly miraculous. But those energies were repressed when the system which the Government chose to adopt came into operation; and, now, not an additional hut had been raised, nor a tree planted, nor a field enclosed, nor a bridge rebuilt, nor a road restored. But this was not all.

From the public lands, which include the richest and plain lands, the Government exacted three tenths of the produce. The peasants, for the most part, employed money borrowed at $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent per month, or received the seed for which they bound themselves to return one-half of the net proceeds. At sowing time, the price of grain was very high, owing to the blockade of the Dardanelles, while the seed-grain bore a still higher price, owing to the universal prejudice, that no seed will give a good crop save that which is grown in the country,

the quantity of which was very small. At harvest-time, the blockade having been raised, prices fell one-half—a remarkable indication of the influence of the Dardanelles over the surrounding countries.

The expense of cultivation in Greece is greater than in England. The modes and implements are rude and cumbersome; every transport is made on the back of mules; the land must be ploughed three times before sowing; their plough displaces the soil without turning or breaking the clods; no manure is laid on the land, which generally bears but two crops in three years, and a great deal more seed than necessary is sown. With all these expenses and disadvantages, one-third of the crop (besides 12 per cent custom on all produce and goods shipped or unshipped) goes to Government, one-half of the remainder to the provider of cattle and seed; so that the peasant receives $3\frac{1}{2}$-tenths of the *net* proceeds to discharge the interest on his advances, to cover the expenses of cultivation, to maintain his family, and fulfil the expectations he had entertained of entering on a new and happier state of existence.

The labouring population is yet far better off than the landed proprietors. Many of these had, through all the vicissitudes of the revolution, saved something as a last resource, and they eagerly seized the moment of their being put in peaceable possession of their properties to dispose of whatever valuables they still retained, and applied the

proceeds, together with any advance they could obtain, to the restoration of their lands. But their resources were generally inadequate, and their expectations always exaggerated. After building houses and farm-offices, buying cattle, breaking up and clearing land, proprietors have been left without the means of buying seed.

The olive, and especially the mulberry-trees, which give their crops without outlay or care, and are the surest resources of an unsettled country, had been in a great measure cut down for firewood during the war: the vineyards and currant-vines could only be restored with considerable expense and the loss of several seasons.

Thus, within a short year, panic had succeeded to speculation. The establishment, and subsequently the opening of the blockade of the Dardanelles, produced a ruinous fluctuation of price, which, joined to the scarcity of foreign capital (owing to the policy of Capodistrias), has now reduced the landed proprietors to a state of bankruptcy and exasperation, which does not augur much for the future tranquillity of the country. Their irritation is also to be attributed to the introduction of laws questionable in their utility, and decidedly objectionable from their unpopularity; to say nothing of what the people consider the loss of the rights and advantages which, under the old administration, would have enabled them to profit by the tranquillity which existed, or to bear up against the

temporary evils arising from accidents of the seasons and fluctuations of commerce.

The distance from Argos to Corinth is only eight hours; so, on the forenoon of the second day of our journey, we perceived our tent (which had been sent forward the day before) shining in the sun amid the ruins of the Seraï of Kiamil Bey, at Corinth.

The rock and ruins having sufficiently occupied the pen and pencil of poets, topographers, and painters, I need not carry my reader to enjoy the sunset and sunrise with us from the immortal summit. What I have to say respecting the isthmus, and the canal which has been commenced across it, awaits in an Appendix the perusal of the curious geologist and antiquary; as, also, observations on the intermittent fever which afflicts the shores of the Gulf.

From Corinth we directed our course to Patrass along the beautiful border of the Gulf of Corinth. The road generally runs close to the beach, with the lake-like Gulf on the right. A narrow border of the most productive land on the face of the earth, bearing the currant-bush, is interposed between the shore and low hills, of a flesh-coloured clay, stretching in long parallel ledges, and studded with dark green shrubs. Mountains, chiefly of conglomerate rock, rise behind, with rectangular outlines, perpendicular sides, and parallel ridges, fringed

with pines; their sombre hues and imposing forms rendered more gloomy and severe by the lively colours and fantastic sweeps of the foreground. I first beheld these mountain groups from the centre of the Gulf, in the dim haze of morning; they looked like gigantic fortresses most scientifically and elaborately traced out; the hand of nature had formed them to shelter the children of her soil. Only the year before, the bones of Tartar hosts lay whitening in the surf, along the shores of Acrata: not a vestige of them could I now discover.

The Gulf, closed at its narrow entrance by the fortresses termed the "Little Dardanelles," since the invention of gunpowder, has been, and ever must be, essential to the military occupation of Greece. Its importance was no less sensible to the Osmanli in peace than to other nations it would have been in war, owing to the diplomatic nature of the ties that connect their dominion, and to the separate and often hostile action which that empire of balance can endure without disruption. Points of local strength or weakness, mountain barriers, lowland morasses, often measure the terms which one party can exact, or fix the privileges on which a community can take its stand. These circumstances are, therefore, every-day considerations; and reasons of state and combinations of strategy, which in Europe are confined to the cabinet of an empire, or to the staff of an army,

are gravely debated in village vestries. Turkey, in her European provinces, has long used, dreaded, and punished the lords of the mountains, the Arnaouts. The Gulf of Lepanto bars them the road to the fertile valleys of Greece: they have on three occasions been transported thither to suppress insurrection; each time have they been guilty of the wildest excesses, and their only restraint was, the knowledge that retreat was impracticable without the consent of the Porte, as Turks held the castles, and a Greek militia the Isthmus of Corinth.* Therefore is every child familiar with the political importance of the possession of the Gulf.

It is only necessary to cast a glance on the map of Greece, to appreciate the value of this arm of the sea. The region to the north, from Lepanto to the borders of Attica, is so intersected with mountains, and indented by bays, that it is impracticable for an army, and difficult of access for a traveller. Whoever holds the castles of the Little Dardanelles, commands all communication by land as well as by sea, between Western Greece, Arta, Albania, and the Morea.

No wonder, then, that this barrier was considered by the Osmanli as the setting by which

* The celebrated Hassan Pasha extirpated a body of them after the insurrection of 1780, by intercepting their retreat at the isthmus, and at the "Little Dardanelles."

they held the fairest gem of the European turban.* The bristling batteries of the double castles closed its portals to the infidel. For a long century their battlements had never blazed in wrath,† the waters of the Gulf had never felt a stranger keel, or reflected from its tranquil mirror other pennant save that of the " blood-red flag."

During the first six years of the war of independence, the communication between Continental and Peninsular Greece was maintained by the superiority of the Greeks at sea. During that long period, the Gulf remained in the possession of the Turks, severing the parts of a country necessary to their mutual support; and, consequently, the western parts of Continental Greece, if not completely subdued, were deprived of the power of further resistance.

In the autumn of 1827, when the last sands of the destinies of Hellas seemed to mark her approaching dissolution, the news of the treaty of July inspired her with fresh hopes, and called forth the renewed energy of her sons. The intelligence, spreading to the north, aroused Acarnania from her lethargy; the Armatoles of Valtos and Xeromeros urged the return of their brothers

* Two turbans were formerly carried before the Sultan; one to represent Asia, the other Europe.

† Even in the two previous revolutions of Greece, the guns of these fortresses had never once been used.

serving in the Morea, and invoked the assistance of the Peloponnesians in expelling again the Albanians, and in regaining the former, and the necessary frontier of the Macronoros.

But the attempt seemed hopeless; all the lines of communication with Continental Greece were in the hands of the enemy: Albanians held Macronoros and the level districts and forts of Acarnania; Turks occupied Lepanto and the castles of the Gulf; Egyptians held Patrass, and the whole of Elis and Achaia; the Egyptian and Turkish fleets crowded the Ionian Sea, and Missolonghi was theirs. The Greeks were assembled in some force in Argolis, and on the east of the Peloponnesus; but, even if the Turks could not oppose them, when once arrived in Western Greece, how make their way thither? If they could have penetrated through the continental highlands, the Turks would have arrested them at Rachova and at Thermopyle. The Egyptians would have met them, if they attempted to cross the Morea; and the combined Mussulman fleets anchored on its shores at Navarino, Patrass, or Missolonghi, put all idea of transport by sea out of the question; and between these horns of an inextricable dilemma stretched the waters of the Gulf of Lepanto, in possession of a Turkish squadron.

Still, what availed the treaty of July, unless Continental Greece were recovered?

From the dispositions of the two English chiefs

of the Greek army and navy, it soon became evident that some enterprise had been determined on, in which the whole resources of both were to be combined; and though all felt the urgent necessity of arousing the Continental Greeks, yet they no less sensibly felt the difficulty, if not the impracticability, of sending troops from Argos to Acarnania. The Greek fleet, though it might make its passage from place to place, could neither afford support to the army, nor receive assistance from it. Still it was evident that a descent on Western Greece was in contemplation.

Corinth had been assigned as a rendezvous by General Church; but little hope was excited by this unexplained gathering, and the captains of the Palicari did not flock to his standard with any zeal. Those who followed him, accustomed to exercise the liberty, alike, of free discussion and free will, had no heart for an enterprise in which neither was allowed; and they asked, if the Archi-Stratigos intended to transport them to Acarnania in walnut-shells? However, a considerable body had at length assembled; and on the 22d of September, 1827, as they were scattered over the grand amphitheatre that commands the Gulf, from the summit of the Acropolis of Corinth to the shore,—a square-rigged vessel was descried full before the Gulf wind, and standing straight for the Isthmus. Turkish men-of-war never approached this coast, and what other vessel could have ventured through the straits?

A thousand hopes, and surmises, arose and spread through the anxious throng; the few glasses which the camp and the citadel could afford, were appealed to in vain; the swelling topsails concealed her colours. The vessel presently hauled her wind for Loutraki, a port at the northernmost angle of the Isthmus: her broad ensign then blew out and displayed the silver cross on its azure field! A shout of welcome arose from the expectant host, and the merry peals of the whole artillery of the citadel proclaimed, after two thousand years of subjection, the inauguration of the emblem of Greece on the waters of Lepanto.

It was now ascertained that Lord Cochrane, having assembled a squadron, had proceeded to await the army without the straits, to transport it to Western Greece. But he had anxiously looked, and looked in vain, for the preconcerted signal-fires on the mountain; he had, therefore, determined on forcing a passage to embark the troops within the Gulf. But, on his communicating his intentions to the captains, they declared they would not expose their vessels to such danger, and he was forced to abandon his design. The squadron was anchored off Missolonghi; the Admiral made signal to two vessels, also manned by Greeks, though officered by Englishmen. They instantly weighed and stood for the Gulf. These vessels were the steamer Perseverance, and the brig Sauveur: the latter vessel alone passed the batteries, and entered

the Gulf. This is a romantic incident in the circumstances that led to the establishment of Greek independence, and I may be excused for continuing the narration of the event that immediately led to the battle of Navarino.

Proceeding up the Gulf, scarcely injured by the passage, the brig sailed for, and entered, a deep bight within Galaxidi, on the northern shore of the Gulf, opposite to Vostizza. The windings of the channel opened to the eyes of the Greeks a Turkish squadron huddled close together in equal security and confusion,— their sails drying, their men on shore, and, as it proved, without ammunition on board. But the dreams of bloodless victory were soon overcast; and, on the evening of the same day, the Sauveur just managed to effect her escape, and run for Corinth. Her flag it was that caused the rock of Corinth to ring with artillery and acclamations.

The effect of the appearance of this vessel in the Gulf was miraculous; the talisman of Turkish supremacy was broken, and the passage to Western Greece opened. The Palicari now flocked round General Church, urging him to lead them forwards. The camp broke up from Corinth; and the Sauveur, now joined by the steamer, made sail for the westward.

It was determined that the two vessels, the steamer and brig, should attack the squadron at Salona, before the entrance of which they arrived

on the morning of the 28th. The Turks were busily occupied in making dispositions for defence; landing guns, erecting batteries on the shore, and collecting from 1500 to 2000 men from the surrounding posts.

During the night the sounds of preparation on board the steamer floated on the still breast of the Gulf; and the watches of the two vessels, from time to time, enlivened their labours with answering cheers. The morrow was to be an eventful day for Greece: on its issue depended the mastery of the Gulf, and all the advantages contingent on its possession; but, above all was it to decide the highland chiefs, now wavering between Turks and Greeks. But still more important and unforeseen results were in store.

The contemplated attack was bold, if not desperate. The memory of the recent failure did not tend to diminish the apprehensions which the disproportion of numbers, and disadvantage of position, might suggest; and prepared, as the Turks now would be, it was evident that there was no alternative between destruction and success.

The morning broke in loveliness on the beautiful and classic scene; the sun rose in splendour, there was not a cloud in the sky nor a breath on the waters; at length, a volume of dense smoke, from the funnel of the steamer, shot upwards like the irruption of a volcano. To the Turks this steamer, the first they had ever beheld, was an object

of wonder and of horror. Scarcely did they deem it the work of mortal hands; so strange in its form and movements, peopled with beings that seemed fresh from the infernal regions; and so dreadful the effects of the projectiles it seemed to have received hot from below.*

The ensuing scene, although myself a sharer in its dangers and its triumph, I will relate as described to me by one of the officers attached to General Church. The Greek army was marching along the southern coast, watching the movements of the vessels. It halted at Vostizza, which was immediately opposite the Gulf of Salona, and disposed themselves to witness the attack with the excitement of an army in repose assembled to await the decision of its fate by the skill or fortune of a single combat.

The two vessels had to enter a narrow land-

* Shells, eight inches in diameter, fired from horizontal guns, and sometimes used red-hot; they were, in fact, hollow shot, which, from their comparative lightness, skimmed the surface of the water in innumerable ricochets. It was thus, with a smooth sea, almost impossible to miss; and this mass of red-hot iron, or shell, or hollow ball, pouring out inextinguishable fire, according to the projectile used, was a guest, in a structure of wood, canvass, pitch, and gunpowder, which might have appalled abler navigators than the Turks. This new combination of the science of gunnery will, no doubt, greatly modify future maritime war and naval architecture; and this first experiment of its power in face of an enemy, gives additional interest to the event which I am narrating.

locked bay, which could be entered only with a leading wind that would prevent retreat, there to attack vessels mounting four times their number of guns, made fast to the shore, presenting their broadsides like steady batteries, with batteries erected on the beach, and a couple of thousand soldiers lining the shore; and that in a warfare where no quarter was expected on either side.

It was a curious sight to see the black cloud from the funnel of a steamer driven by the breeze from Achaia towards the Delphic heights and Parnassus. It was strange to hear the patter of paddle-wheels sounding far and wide on the Corinthian wave. The Greek vessels, as they rounded the point, came suddenly in view of the Turks, drawn up in line at the bottom of the bay, and dressed as for a gala scene in broad and bloody flags and long streaming pennants. The shore, also, displayed flags of defiance where fresh earth batteries had been cast up; a goodly show of green tents and the glittering of arms enlivened the hills around, forming altogether a sight less enticing than picturesque. "It was only," said my informant, "when we saw them turn the point that we really felt that the attempt was in earnest; it was only then that we felt all the danger of the enterprise, or the consequences of a failure. With what anxiety did we watch the white sails and the black smoke, as they disappeared beyond the low point! Of what intense suspense was that half

hour that elapsed between that moment and the first distant peal of cannon that boomed along the water, and the mist of gray smoke that slowly rolled up from the hollow of the bay along the side of Parnassus! After a quarter of an hour's incessant cannonade, a black volume of smoke suddenly shot to the sky! Was it friend or foe that had 'gone to heaven or to hell?' Our suspense was not of long duration; a second volume followed, blacker, higher than the first. 'They are lost, they are lost!' burst from the compressed lips of the astounded Greeks; when a third explosion proved that it was the enemy's ships that were burning. Then arose the wild notes of that unearthly war-cry; imagination and lungs were exhausted in metaphors and shrieks."

Notwithstanding an event which appeared decisive of the day, an irregular cannonade was heard, with little interruption, until sunset. The wind had sunk, and a canopy of smoke overhung the spot on which their attention was fixed; and when the sun went down, and the dark mantle of night was spread around, the flame of eleven burning vessels shone brightly forth from its cloudy pall, and glassed itself in the

"Waves that saw Lepanto's fight."

That was a memorable day for Greece — for Europe too. Ibrahim Pasha sailed to the Gulf of Lepanto from Navarin, to punish the affront, after

having pledged his word not to quit that harbour. He was compelled by Admiral Codrington to return. The allied squadrons, which had dispersed for the winter, were recalled to Navarin; and what followed need not be retold.

## CHAPTER III.

PATRASS—TURKISH AND GREEK FLAGS.

We journeyed leisurely. There is no menzil or post in Greece. I have found it more convenient to travel in that country with my own horses: provender is always to be procured; a tent is always clean; and one is entirely independent of the caprices of muleteers, the want of cattle, and, indeed, of almost every casualty that, in these countries, falls to the traveller's lot. We were three days passing along the Gulf; and would willingly have devoted a longer period to this portion of our journey, which presented every where the appearance of a newly settled country; but our ulterior objects barred all delay. Occasions were not wanting to fill us with indignation at the introduction of the police system, with all its demoralising effects. I cannot express the alarm with which I now commenced to look to the future fate of this country. We afterwards learnt that all our steps had been watched, and our words and acts reported, at an expense to

the eleemosynary Government, of several hundred pounds.

The third evening we slept at a Khan close to the ancient port (now a marsh) of Panormo, where the single Athenian galley was consecrated as a record of the defeat of the Lacedæmonians, rather than of their triumph.

A band of eleven robbers, who, the day before, had stopped all passengers, pillaged and bound them to trees, had left the Khan the same morning. They had destroyed whatever they could not consume or carry away; so we had but indifferent fare. One man they had broiled on the hot embers to extort from him a discovery of some supposed treasure. The peasants were in a state of the greatest alarm, and of the deepest indignation. "Such a thing had never happened," they said, "during the anarchy of the revolution." The supplies of the soldiery have always been exacted as of right, "but to touch the belt of a Greek, to undo a female zone, were crimes unheard of; and now that we have a regular Government, that we pay every tax, and obey every order—now that our arms are taken from us—must we endure what was unknown even in our troubled days?"

Next morning, we made ourselves very gay, to appear becomingly before the *beau monde* at Patrass. From the Khan to the Castle of Morea

there is blue clay, over which the water from the hills spreads, so as to form a deep morass. To avoid this, we kept along the shore; but a Charybdis awaited us. Though we were keeping within the ripple of the Gulf to avoid the morass, suddenly our horses began to sink, and before we could extricate ourselves we were wallowing in the mire and mud, and escaped only by getting into the sea, and dragging our horses into the deep water. A fine exhibition we made at Patrass on a sunny day, covered with mud from head to foot!

Patrass is remarkable as having been the point of the earliest recorded meeting of the followers of Mahomet and the Sclavonic races. The latter, in the eighth century, had overrun the Morea; the Saracens swept the seas: both united in the siege and plunder of Patrass.

The roughness of the weather, and the want at the castles of a boat sufficiently large to transport our horses, detained us six days; which we spent very pleasantly between the castle and Patrass, with Colonel Rayko, the only Russian who had been a Philhellene. He used his utmost endeavours to dissuade us from prosecuting further our fool-hardy project of visiting Acarnania and the frontier line. But little did he suspect our ulterior project of attempting Albania: I am convinced that if he had, he would amicably have put us under arrest. We had, therefore, to conceal

it carefully from our friends, lest we should be laughed at or forcibly detained; and from our servants, lest they should leave us.

As we crossed the narrow strait between the two castles, the scene was forcibly recalled to my memory which I had observed from that spot on a former occasion, when I passed these batteries in a hostile bark, under the fire of every mouth on either battlement. That was a moment of beauty on the shore, with its rich and thronging costumes, glittering arms, and canopies of smoke. The proud excitement, the taunting gesture, the insulting scoff that characterised a warfare where system, undeviating discipline, and unfathomable counsels, had not rendered men machines—gave to that struggle all the play of the passions, and, to individual character, the developement which rendered the wars of antiquity so poetic, and has caused the age, whose wars are described with greatest truth, to be called heroic. How different was the aspect of these battlements now — cold, pale-faced, eyeless, voiceless — they gave no signs of life to watch, of malice to fear, of hatred to excite, of danger to repel! A breath of air skimmed and ruffled the glassy Gulf, and my eye instinctively sought the flag-staff, to contemplate the now triumphant standard of Greece flouting the air in the proud station so long occupied by the emblem of Arabia! There the Greek now beholds another flag — *his* flag, the flag of freed and so-

vereign Greece! But, on the young standard, the contrasted colours of the nine alternate bars* portend a different harmony from that of the muses. Compare this pale and chequered standard with the gorgeous colours of the Ottoman; bold, rich, and simple—the day star of fortune, and the crescent of power, emblazoned on a purple cloud. Most poetic among standards! Most spirit-stirring among national emblems! And how much of the enthusiasm that stirs the spirit, and nerves the arm, may not depend on the poetry of an emblem? Could a nation—could even a faction—exist without the rhetoric of colour? What, then, must not be the effect of clothing the personification of nationality with beauty, and of inspiring its martial genius by associating with its glory the sublimest works of nature? All these are united in the standard of the Ottomans, and are combined in no other. This, too, is the historic standard, which has flown, with the swiftness of a thunder-cloud, over Asia, Europe, and Africa, from the palaces of Delhi to the foot of Atlas; from the wastes of Abyssinia to the marshes of the Don; which has proved its power on the plains of Tours and Roncesvalles, before the walls of Vienna, on the Indus

* The flag of Greece is nine horizontal stripes of blue and white, with a white cross in the corner, on a blue ground, in memory of the silver cross seen in the sky by Constantine, during the battle with Maxentius: whence the *labarum* of the Greeks.

and the Oxus. Thirty years after its birth, it had humbled the two greatest empires of that day; and, in eighty years, boasted more tributary lands than Rome had subdued in eight centuries. That flag had now disappeared from the castles, where I saw it so lately, reddened at once with anger and with shame; and, as the Scythians of old rehearsed before the departed, the history of their lives, so now did I dwell on the features and the story of that personification of Mussulman greatness which had sunk before my eyes, while I marvelled at the means by which it had been overthrown.

When I first landed on the shores of Greece, more interested in the nature of the rocks than in the sanguinary contest which was there proceeding, I was soon filled with hatred and aversion for the Turkish name; and, with the enthusiasm of youthful feeling, I became a partisan. But the Ottoman, who had aroused this animosity by the violence of triumph, dispelled it when he appeared in defeat and captivity,—a personification of stoical firmness and of dignified resignation. The sympathy which is the tribute of misfortune, I now transferred to the vanquished; but that sympathy was combined with admiration for a fortitude and respect for a character, the energy and durability of which I never could have known but for the trial to which I had seen it subjected. Thus, one who had so lately looked upon the red flag as the symbol of bloodshed and devastation, now recalled,

with interest and with awe, the fasts of its glory, the dates and limits of its sway.

I do not mean to say that the present Mussulman flag, the silver star and crescent on a field of red, was the very flag that waved at Bagdad, or was carried into Spain, nor even that which was originally planted at Constantinople, and thence directed, with conquering course, to the Ukraine, Vienna, and the Alps. The Mussulman colours are green, not red, though other colours have been adopted at various periods and in different countries. Mahomet's flag was yellow; the Saracens first appeared under a black eagle; to this succeeded the party colours, white and black, of the rival families pretending to the califate. The sacred green* was the first colour displayed by the Ottomans in Europe; but it is associated with so many national and religious feelings, that, however it might tend to inspire the enthusiasm of a charge or an assault, the loss of so highly praised an emblem was calculated to depress the spirits of

* Tokoli displayed his green flag of Independent Hungary before the Turkish army, to warm in his favour Mussulman enthusiasm. The present Hungarian flag is green, white, and red. At a very recent period, the Circassians, in adopting a national flag, selected green, not more to have a national emblem by which they were distinguished from their enemies, than to indicate to their coreligionists to the south, that the existence of all they held dear depended on the maintenance of the standard unfurled on the Caucasus.

an army. In 1595, the first Turkish flag was taken by Sigismond, Prince of Transylvania, and sent to Pope Clement VII. The colour was then changed from green to red; the star and crescent were Byzantine emblems, borrowed, with many other things, from the Greeks. This change by the Turks of their national colours, indicates great sensitiveness to national honour. The Romans concealed the real name which they had given to their city, that a foreign army might not evoke the Penates before their walls. Venice concealed so effectually the stolen bones of St. Mark, that no trace of their existence has been found. Both nations dreaded that the bond of their political existence would be dissolved, if the symbols of worship and nationality passed into other hands.

I said, I looked for the flag of Greece, waving over these battlements that guard the Gulf of Lepanto, in the place of the Ottoman standard, but it was not there. I looked for one flag-staff, and I saw three, side by side, like the three crosses on a Catholic Calvary. One bore a white sheet *sans tache* and *sans* meaning or expression. One mingled angles of red, white, and blue, with more geometry than poetry in its folds, however inspiring may be the ten centuries of its manhood, or the wide-spreading zones that own its sway. The third displayed cross-bars of blue on a field of white, like an upset hour-glass, and representing icebergs and snow. England, France, and Russia,

the powers under whose joint command are placed above 290,000,000 of men, had united to displace the Turkish flag; occupying its territory as friends; burning its vessels as allies; blockading its ports as neutrals; protocolising Greece as wellwishers —strange enigmas for an age not gifted with an Œdipus!

## CHAPTER IV.

WESTERN GREECE — GREEK OPINIONS ON THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON — MISSOLONGHI — THE HORN OF PLENTY — BATTLE OF LEPANTO.

We were received at Lepanto by the Commandant, Colonel Pieri, a Corfiote, who was chief of the artillery, and who entertained us, almost as much as himself, with the relation of his various gallant exploits. We had here our first conversation with some Suliotes on the protocol. They strongly expressed their grief and their alarms, but said that the fear of appearing to oppose the inclination of the cabinets, and of being thought by them turbulent and fickle, prevented the nation from making any public demonstration of their feelings. Indeed, they said, but for this, the government of Capodistrias would not be endured a day.

There are 500 Greek families remaining out of 1000. 6000 stremmata* belong to the Greeks, and 25,000 to the Turks, which are now national; but so inferior are the Greek to the Turkish lands, that, although the latter are taxed two-thirds more, the Greeks abandon their own to cultivate them.

* A stremma is nearly a third of an acre.

20*th May*. — We left Lepanto at daybreak, and passed through a little fertile plain, that extends in a semicircle from the base of Rizina, on the extremity of which stands Lepanto, to the lower mamelons of Mount Corax, which descends to the Castle of Roumelie. The roots of olive-trees are thickly scattered over it; it is marshy towards the sea, but the marsh might easily be drained. The low hills, above the castle, through which we passed, are formed from an aluminous and earthy stratum, easily carried off by the water; it is thus cut out into little detached masses, with abrupt sides, the intervals and summits flat, and proper for cultivation; while the precipitous sides might bear every variety of tree, and render the scenery enchanting. We saw nothing of the warm and sulphureous springs in the vicinity of Kakascala, which gave the epithet of "stinking" to this portion of the Locrians. The pass is of the greatest natural strength, the path winding over the face of the mountain, which drops nearly a-peak into the sea. After crossing a lower ridge, we reached the beautiful little valley of Cavouro Limné, where Miletius places the ancient Molycria. Here, under the shade of some lofty platani, a fire was soon made; we hung up our arms on the branches; turned out our horses to graze on yellow, white, and purple clover, wild oats, and corn. Our carpets were spread, and soon appeared the coffee-tray and refreshing pipes.

This little but enchanting valley afforded a prospect seldom to be met with in the Morea. It is surrounded by irregular, but not lofty, hills of soft sandstone, varying in form and character, sometimes bare, sometimes wooded. It is traversed by two streamlets with deep beds, whence spring rows of spreading and beautiful Oriental plane-trees. It is after having been deprived for some time of the sight of trees, that one really enjoys the beauty of their foliage and forms, and the freshness of their shade — that one feels their loveliness or learns their value. The prospect of the hills that now surrounded me was no less a relief, wearied as my eyes had been with the monotony of the calcareous mountain chains of the Morea, devoid alike of picturesque and geological interest, rendered fatiguing by the abominable paths which lead across them, and by the absence of fountains and of shade.

I was also delighted to find myself again in Western Greece; a country studded with extensive ruins of the most remote antiquity, which, though laid low, even at the epoch of Grecian splendour, served then for the models of Grecian military architecture.* It was inhabited by men, who, bringing with them the refinement and science of Greece, and the activity of her race,

* Νυν μὲν τεταπεινωμένα τὸ δὲ παλαιὸν πρόσχημα της Ἑλλάδος ἦν τᾶυτα τὰ κτίσματα.—STRABO, lib. i. c. ii. p. 3.

sought and found, on a richer soil, refuge from the persecutions, and repose from the endless and blood-stained dissensions, that distracted the Peloponnesus.

This country has been peculiarly the field of mythological and poetic fiction. Its military strength, so important to the conservation of the new state, is illustrated by the events of the wars of Philip, of the Romans, the Goths, the Gauls, and of the late revolution. If it was the happiest and only peaceable portion of Greece during the days of her ancient splendour, the reverse has been its lot from that period up to the present,—from its depopulation, under Augustus, for the peopling of Nicopolis, to its depopulation by the late protocol, for no purpose whatever.

An hour and a half* from the river of Cavouro Limné, we beheld the Evenus through a belt of majestic platani and tall willows, which formed a sort of drop-scene to a little woodland theatre. The river wandered over its large and stony bed, in rapid but limpid streams, and glittered through the curtain of deep green foliage. A bank on the other side rose steep and broken, and matted with shrubs. It required no great effort of the fancy to restore to this Thespian scene the fabled groups of Meleager and the Boar, Dejanira and the Centaur.

* It is scarcely necessary to observe, that distances are calculated by hours; hour, in the East, as the *stund* of Germany, may be translated league.

Keeping the river to the right, we wound round the base of Mount Chalcis, and sought in vain for vestiges we could have called by the names of Makynia and Chalcis, and, on the other side of the river, of Tophiasson and Caledon. The difficulty, generally, is to find names for the multiplicity of vestiges; we were now embarrassed with an abundance of names, without a cornice or a broken column to fix them on. But, after crossing the river, on ascending a slight eminence to the right of the road, which immediately overlooks Hypochorion, we found ourselves, unexpectedly, in the midst of most extensive Hellenic ruins, which, with Strabo in hand, we imagined might be identified, most satisfactorily, with old Plevrona. It is much to be regretted that Strabo had not visited these countries himself, and that the only connected account that has been preserved of Western Greece should be so meagre in general description, and, when it descends to details, sometimes so confused. Miletius is here worse than nothing; but, at all events, better than Pouqueville. Polybius is, indeed, the only companion for Acarnania and Etolia; and from Thucydides must be borrowed the only glimmering light which can be thrown on the disputed positions connected with the Amphilocian Argos.

But to return to Plevrona. "The Evenus," says Strabo, "after running by Calydon and Chalcis, directs its course, westward, to the plain of the

old Plevrona, and then turns towards its mouth and the south." Now, it is at the bend of the river thus described, that rises the hill crowned by these ruins, which are, in extent and style, of a first-rate order. Some of the stones were nine feet long: the wall is generally nine feet thick; at one part, which seemed to join the two Acropolido, it was barely five feet, with buttresses of 4½ feet square, strengthening it on the inside, and on which, probably, planks were laid, to form the *banquette*. The walls surround two summits, on each of which seemed placed an Acropolis; that towards the north partly Cyclopean. The elevated plateau, enclosed within the contour, may have a circumference of 3000 paces; the lower area is at least as extensive. A few bricks and tiles, harder than the stones, were the only relics I could see. Greek faction has made for itself a record, in the total subversion of such walls and such a city.

While passing through the εὐκαρπος κάμπος of Plevrona, we overtook several people with mules, laden with all their worldly gear. They told us that they had escaped from the vicinity of Janina, with the intention of going to settle in Greece, but that they were stopped at the Castle of Roumelia, and 12 per cent, *ad valorem*, demanded for their mules and baggage. Not being able to pay the money demanded, and exasperated at being flung back on the vengeance they had aroused, they were returning to the country they had abandoned.

"Thousands," they said, "are preparing to fly from Albania; but we shall tell them what ελευθερία (liberty) means."

I know not whether the impolicy or the inhumanity of this measure is most to be reprobated. On arriving at Missolonghi, we mentioned the circumstance to the district Governor, who declared the demand was entirely without the sanction of Government, and that he should instantly have a stop put to it.*

Three hours after sunset we arrived at the gate of Missolonghi. We knocked, and sent for permission to enter, which was denied; we asked for food, and could obtain none;—commencements of civilisation worthy to be recorded! And such regulations are literally considered as successful imitations of Europe. Our servants and tent had preceded us while we were examining the ruins of Plevrona (from which we did not get away till it was quite dark), with orders if they found that we could not be admitted after sunset, to pitch without the walls. We could neither see nor hear any thing of them; but one of our horses very sagaciously broke loose; and, in pursuing him, we stumbled over the cords of the tent, to which he had led us.

At Missolonghi, we spent three days almost constantly listening to, or engaging in, discussions

* It is superfluous to say, that no stop was put to the exactions complained of.

on the Protocol and the limits; the circumstances, means, and prospects of Acarnania; and the portions of Etolia excluded from the new state. A great number of the Greek chiefs and old Armatoles were here assembled, Vernachiotes, the Grivas, and others who considered themselves half Tacticoes, that is, who were enrolled on the list of irregular regulars; while others were wholly untamed, and termed themselves rebels, ρεμπελλοι, in contradistinction to the regular troops.*

The insufficiency, in a military point of view, of the new limits, was so apparent, that ridicule was mingled with exasperation. I must say I was no less surprised than confused by the shrewdness of some of their remarks, — "The Duke of Wellington," said they, "is the first military man in Europe; we, of course, rejoiced that such a man was to decide on the question of our limits. He has commanded in Spain, where the mode of warfare resembles our own; and mountains, woods, and rocks, defy discipline and science; but what are we to think of this Protocol that pretends to make peace by taking from us the very positions for which the war is made, and the only defences by which peace is at this hour maintained?" I remarked, that the Duke of Wellington was deceived by

* These regular irregulars are in a state of transition from the former hordes to disciplined troops, being subject to a regular succession of subordinate grades, but not being disciplined.

faulty maps; "Then," retorted they, "he should have looked at events. It is not this war alone that has proved that Greece has two gates, and that you need not shut the one if the other be left open; and, besides, the positions we have been able to occupy, and by occupying which (without the assistance of a Protocol) *we have maintained peace for the last twelve months, must be the military boundaries:* if it were even possible to find better, these ought to be sanctioned."

If the possession of the excluded district could at all advantage the Turks, it would be by establishing strong colonies to cut off all communication between Albania and Greece. But this, of course, is entirely out of the question. With Greece *independent,* the Porte dare not foster the system of Greek Armatoles as formerly. No Turkish population could be induced to settle between the Albanians and the Greeks no longer dependent on the support of the Turks for protection against the Albanians; so that this district, thus torn from Greece, and laying it bare to the ravages of the Arnaouts, instead of being of advantage to Turkey, will only serve to maintain, by the attractions of plunder, the turbulence of the Albanians; to maintain incessant quarrels between the Porte and the Greek state, and to perpetuate a feeling of hostility by an interchange of recrimination and wrong. If the alliance acted with the avowed object of convulsing the East, it

would deserve praise and admiration for its intelligence and ingenuity. Such were the observations of Makri and Grivas.

The English bear all the odium of the measure. The surrender of the Greeks of Parga to their Albanian foe disgraced the name of England, which before had been looked up to with awe and respect. Subsequently, the policy that ejected from the Ionian Islands the families of those who were denominated Clefti by Ali Pasha (see Hobhouse), assisted in throwing this province into Ali Pasha's hands. The people now imagine that the present measure is a continuation of the same policy. No doubt, these past events would never have recurred to them, or the impression thence derived would not have been deep or general, but for the activity of the Government authorities and agents in spreading these reports.

We were exceedingly gratified with the manners, style, and appearance of the majority of the Roumeliote chiefs. They are, certainly, a fine race of men; their vices arise immediately from the slippery circumstances in which they have been placed; but, whence comes their urbanity, their knowledge of the world, facility of expression, acuteness of observation, that ardent desire for acquiring information, and facility of applying it?

Missolonghi is a place of which it would be very difficult to give an idea to one who has not seen Turkish and Greek warfare. A pigmy imita-

tion of a bastion and curtain does exist on both sides of the gate, but the contour of the place is nothing more than an enclosure of wicker-work supporting earth; round this runs a narrow ditch with three feet water. This enclosure and ditch sweep round in a semicircle from shore to shore, looking to the north. There is, however, a display of engineering which I must not omit to mention,—a lunette to which you might leap from the top of the wicker-work with a slight indication of counterscarp and glacis. The whole height of the enclosure, from the bottom of the ditch, could nowhere, except at the gates, exceed twelve feet. I speak from recollection, but I think I am rather over than under the mark.

The Turks drew three parallels round the town, the nearest within four or five yards of the ditch with numerous zig-zags; these with the breaching batteries and the lines thrown up at a greater distance, for the protection of their various camps, have cut up the whole plain in the most extraordinary manner. The fact of its being ultimately reduced by famine, notwithstanding the prosecution of the siege in so regular a manner, the slightness of its defences, and the multitudes of its assailants, excuses, if it does not justify, the vanity of its gallant defenders.

The ground is all worked into holes, and torn up by the bursting of the shells and the plunging of shot. The soil is a mixture of earth and iron;

broken shells and shot being mingled with it as stones; and within and without the circumference are scattered the now whitened bones and skulls of men and horses.

They had just been collecting the skulls of the Greeks, which were distinguished from those of the Turks by the positions in which they lay. They paid peculiar veneration to those which strewed the line by which the remnant of the garrison made their last and desperate sally; and a few of whom only succeeded in cutting their way through. I picked from out the heap one beautifully formed skull, which bore the traces of four wounds. It was grazed across the forehead by a pistol-ball; behind, on the right side, two back-hand sabre strokes had ploughed, but not penetrated the bone, and a deep cleft gaped over the left brow, — of course, wounds received in cutting through an enemy. This skull was long a very cumbersome companion.

The garrison lived in holes dug in the earth close under the walls, but were sadly galled by the Turkish fire crossing from every point. Every vestige of building had disappeared from what once had been the town, except the ruins of some stone houses near the beach. From the extent of circumference, the shells fell chiefly in the centre, and were thrown so high by the Turks, that they sank into the earth to a great depth, and, bursting under ground, did little injury.

Two hundred houses had been now rapidly run up or restored; a little bazaar was beginning to look gay, and coffee-houses to be thronged with idlers playing billiards and eating ices. We assisted at the shaving of the bridegroom, and at the toilet of the bride, of the first marriage since the destruction and restoration of their town.

We had a long chat with the father of the bride, who had saved her alone of a numerous family. Their past sufferings seemed lost in the happy present; and the exultation of feeling that pervaded all classes, was perfectly beyond my power of description, and was a repetition of what a year before I had witnessed in the Morea; no starvation, no alarms, no hurried flights, or trembling suspense, no emaciated countenances and squalid looks, ruined hearths and tattered clothing; but, in their stead, flesh and health; peace, plenty, and contentment; gaudy dresses and festive sounds. But, among these revellers, must not be numbered the remnants of the populations affected by the Protocol.

We quitted Missolonghi with regret, and were escorted to the gate by part of the family of Makri, an old chief who had for years maintained a lawless independence in the Echinades, as legitimate successor of the king who mustered thirty ships for the siege of Troy. He was one of the chief defenders of Missolonghi, and his wife and daughters had headed the fatigue parties

of the women during the night in working at the fortifications; eastern decorum constrained the women not to work by day. When we got into the plain, we were stopped continually by the ditches, zig-zags, and entrenchments, filled with water and mud; nor was it without some danger and damage, and a couple of hours of laborious toil, that we reached the base of the hill on which stand the ruins called Kyria-irene, between two and three miles from Missolonghi. These ruins, we imagined, from their style, extent, and position, to be the new Plevrona: the hill on which they stand, a portion of Zygos, is a prolongation of Callidromos. From its summit, we had a beautiful and extensive view of the plain of Missolonghi immediately below us, of the coast from the magnificent Mount Chalcis to the Echinades, the Lagunes, and the Vivaria (fish preserves), shut from the sea, and intersected by long straight lines. Round to the right, the Venetian Anatolico lay floating like a lotus on its little gulf. The plain rolled out below, is rich alluvium from the Achilous and the Evenus, but offers little now to redeem the honour of Plenty's choice, although a fatter pollution than the Centaur's blood has fertilised the Caledonian fields; and the Achelous, with his "fat waters," has gone on assembling new islands. The Vivaria, Strabo tells us, were farmed by Romans of Patras, but their extent and value must now be much greater than formerly, and they are

so amazingly stocked, as to seem quite alive. I heard applied to them an expression I remember used by the Hungarians in speaking of their Theisse, "they smell of fish." Thus, the fertility of the earth has been replaced by the productiveness of the sea; Neptune is enticed over the land to form reservoirs for the finny tribe, instead of being excluded, as elsewhere, to make room for the ears of Ceres; and the Amalthean horn, to typify the wealth of its favoured plain, must now exchange its golden sheaf and ruby fruits for kegs of salted fish and strings of smoky rows.

But the scene beneath, extending from the Curzolero rocks, or Echinades, to the opposite coast of the Morea, possesses an interest of another kind: here was fought one of the greatest of naval actions, and one which has exercised a more lasting influence on the state of Europe than any other sea-fight, from the battle of Actium to that of Trafalgar. On the 7th of October, 1571, close upon the shore now reposing in silence at our feet, and on the waters now tranquil as a lake and undotted by a single sail, were engaged in deadly combat, five hundred gallies; the waters, for the space of ten miles, were covered thick with a mass of human beings, breathing rage and dealing death; combining the savage excitement of ancient war and weapons with the sublime horrors of modern artillery. When the sun went down on this scene of carnage, two hundred and fifty wrecks lay mo-

tionless on the waves, reddened by the life-blood of five and thirty thousand men. Such was the scene presented by that memorable battle of Lepanto, the recollection of which Cervantes, in his old age, declared to be dearer to him than the right arm it had cost him.

The forces of the Turks and of the allies (the Pope, Spain, and Venice) were pretty nearly equal; both equally eager for the combat, — equally confident of success; and on either side, their distinguished leaders inspired confidence, excited emulation, insured scientific combination, and boded a desperate struggle. The Turks were stationed at anchor, eastward of Missolonghi; the Venetian fleet, running down the coast of Acarnania and passing between the Curzolero Islands, came unexpectedly in sight of the enemy. The first division of the allies, under Doria, bore away to seaward so as to allow the centre and rear divisions to come up, and form the line of battle abreast: their line stretched four miles, the interval of a ship's length being left between each vessel.

"Immediately as the Infidels were discovered," says the animated narrative of Contarini, "that happy news ran from ship to ship. Then began the Christians right joyfully to clear their decks, distributing arms in all necessary quarters, and accoutring themselves according to their respective duties: some with harquebusses and halberts, others with iron maces, pikes, swords, and poniards.

No vessel had less than two hundred soldiers on board; in the flag-ships were three or even four hundred. The gunners, meantime, loaded their ordnance with square, round, and chain shot, and prepared their artificial fire with the pots, grenades, carcasses, and other instruments requisite for its discharge. Every vessel was dressed with flags, streamers, pennons, banners, and banderols, as on a day of jubilee and festivity; the drums, trumpets, fifes, and clarions, sounded: a general shout rang through the armament; and each man invoked for himself the Eternal Trinity and the Blessed Mother of God; while the priests and many of the captains hastened from stem to stern, bearing crucifixes in their hands, and exhorting the crew to look to Him who had descended visibly from Heaven to combat the enemies of His name. Moved and inflamed by ghostly zeal, this great company assumed, as it were, one body, one spirit, and one will; careless of death, and retaining no other thought except that of fighting for their Saviour. Those who had mutually inflicted or suffered wrong, embraced as brethren, and poured out tears of affection while they clasped each other in their arms. Oh blessed and merciful omnipotence of God, how marvellous art thou in thy operations upon the faithful!" *

The fleets at first approached each other slowly

* Contarini, 48 b.

and majestically; the sun had already passed the meridian, and shone therefore dazzlingly in the faces of the Turks; and a westerly breeze springing up just before they closed, gave the allies the advantage of wind also; so that when the cannonade began, the smoke was driven full upon the Infidels. A Corsair who had been sent forward to reconnoitre, not having seen the rear division, reported erringly of the Christian numbers; and stated, moreover, that the large galeasses in the van carried guns only on their forecastles. The Turks, therefore, bore up to them fearlessly, supposing that when their bows were passed, all danger was at an end. Great, then, was their consternation when a close, well-directed, and incessant fire, in which every shot told, from the admirable level of the guns pointed much lower than those of the loftier Turkish vessels, burst from each broadside, scattering destruction over every object within its range. The wind blowing in their teeth kept the Mussulmans long exposed to these deadly volleys; and whenever at intervals the smoke cleared away, they saw a horrible confusion of shivered spars, yards, masts, and rigging: here, galleys split asunder; there, others in flames; some sinking, some floating down the tide, no longer manageable, their banks of oars having been shot away; and every where the face of the sea covered with men wounded, dead, or drowning.*

* Contarini, p. 51.

Ali Pasha and Don John, each distinguished by the standard of chief command, singled each other from the melée. Thrice was Ali's galley boarded, and his crew driven to their main-mast; and thrice were the Spaniards repulsed; till, at one critical moment, Don John, pressed by an immeasurably superior force, which had hastened to the Pasha's assistance, appeared lost beyond the possibility of rescue. By the seasonable advance of a reserve, Don John was enabled to renew the combat with his distinguished antagonist; and as his boarders grappled again with the Pasha's galley, and sprang once more upon its deck, Ali fell by a musket-shot, and his crew threw down their arms. The Pasha's head was severed from his body, set upon the point of a spear, which Don John himself displayed from the top of his own mast. The grisly trophy, soon recognised, struck terror into the whole Mussulman fleet, and decided the hitherto wavering fortune of the day.

The shout of "Victory" from the main battle of the allies was answered by the same glad word from their left, but on the right the engagement was still continued with less assured success. Doria had swept round in a wide and distant compass, as if to outflank the enemy; and had, consequently, not yet been in action. The practised eye of Ulucci-Ali perceived at once the great advantage thus afforded him by the breach in the Christian line; and bearing down upon fifteen of

their ships thus separated from their mates, he captured a Maltese and set fire to a Venetian galley.

The superiority of the tactics of the Algerine commander continued to baffle Doria, till he boldly dashed onward through the line which he had already broken, made for the Curzolari, and effected his retreat with between twenty and thirty of his squadron. This small remnant, with a reserve of about an equal number, were all that remained of the vast Turkish armament after five hours' battle. Fearful, indeed, was it, says Contarini, to behold the sea discoloured with blood and shrouded with corpses; and piteous to mark the numberless wounded wretches tossed about by the waves, and clinging to shattered pieces of wreck! Here might you observe Turks and Christians mingled indiscriminately, imploring aid while they sank or swam; or wrestling for mastery, perhaps on the very same plank. On all sides were heard shouts, or groans, or cries of misery; and as evening closed and darkness began to spread over the waters, so much more was the spectacle increased in horror.

The Turks lost in this naval action the scarcely credible number of 40,000 men, killed, prisoners, and emancipated, and above 200 vessels of war; yet, within sixteen months of this murderous defeat, the triumphant alliance had been dissolved, and a treaty signed which obliged Venice to pay tribute to the Porte; "making it appear," says Voltaire,

" as if the Turks, not the Christians, had gained the battle of Lepanto." But the cause of this event is simple enough: *in six months,* by an effort paralleled only by the Romans in the first Punic war, the Turks had equipped a fleet equal to that which they had lost, and more than a match for the allies, who, declining combat, could not keep the seas. Nevertheless, the victory of Lepanto saved Venice, and prevented the invasion of Italy or Spain by the Turks. Should the possessor of Constantinople again menace the Mediterranean, it is to be feared that Venice, Barcelona, and Ancona, will equip no fleets to maintain the independence of their common inheritance. The once Queen of the Adriatic possesses no Doria now; Spain, no John of Austria, for whose brow again might grow the laurels of Lepanto.

## CHAPTER V.

ANATOLICO — TRIGARDON — MARSH OF LEZINI — SWIMMING TO A MONASTERY—DEPRESSION OF THE COAST OF ACARNANIA AND EPIRUS.

At Anatolico we slept at the archbishop's, where the frontier line, the only subject the people have any inclination to speak about, was inflicted on us again all that evening and the next morning. Somehow, the topic assumed always a new form, and we were not unentertained by the militant prelate Porphyrius's version and opinion. He had formerly been Archbishop of Arta; but, during the revolution, had "zoned himself," wore pistols in his belt, and, on some occasion, led a cavalcade with the cross in one hand, and the sword in the other. We went to see the spot in the church where a well was luckily opened by a shell, whilst the Pasha of Scodra was besieging the town, and was on the point of reducing it from want of water.

Against regular military operations Anatolico might be much more easily defended than Missolonghi, which, indeed, has no facility for defence whatever; although far preferable for a Greek

defence and a Turkish attack, as the event has proved. The Greeks little dreaded breaches and storm, but they feared the overwhelming and unceasing showers of shells, which the great extent and soft ground of Missolonghi rendered less destructive than they would have been in the circumscribed space and rocky soil of Anatolico.

The 25th.—From Anatolico to Niochori the distance is an hour; thence to Catochi, where you cross the Aspropotamus, another hour. Turning to the left, and descending the river, half an hour brought us to the ruins of Trigardon, enclosing, within an extensive circuit of Cyclopean and Hellenic walls, three hills, which once must have been an island of the group of the Echinades. Nearly one half of the circumference touches the extensive marsh of Lezini. On the northern side, within the marsh, there appears to be remains of a port. A deep canal leads through the marsh from the sea to that point, and in its course none of the reeds were to be seen, which made the rest of the marsh, as far as the hill on the north, ten or twelve miles off, appear like a plain covered with green crops.

We were much surprised at the extent and magnificence of the ruins of Old Plevrona, compared with the confined extent of the country. New Plevrona surprised us still more; but Trigardon, and the numbers of Hellenic remains we now perceived on all sides, filled us with wonder.

Here were monuments of wealth and power, crowded into the space of one day's march, exceeding, in this almost unknown corner, all that remains of the glory of the Peloponnesus. But, then, it is to be remembered, that these were the fields for which the Augean stable supplied the manure; where the arm of Hercules held the pitchfork; where the agricultural science and the industry recorded in this mythological language, were blessed with the bounty of the earth and the tribute of the sea. No wonder, then, that it should be here that

"Plenty leapt to laughing life with her redundant horn."

Therefore were such structures raised to defend the goods which the gods bestowed, and to bear testimony, at the distance of two thousand five hundred years, to the refinement that accompanied so much energy, and the science that was associated with so much prosperity.

An elegant young lad, of whom at Catochi we inquired our way to Trigardon, offered to accompany us. He mounted his horse, and shewed us that which was most interesting, and which might have taken us days to find by ourselves. We regretted we had sent our tent on, and thus had but a few hours to wander about. The thickness of the underwood, and especially of the black thorn, which has every where been our arch-enemy, rendered difficult the visiting of every

portion, and completely prevented us from examining what must have been the ancient port. A large tower, of Hellenic construction, even now nearly fifty feet high, defends the harbour, as it were, against the city; and polygonal walls, which stretch from the tower, and encircle the port, are connected with the ramparts by walls evidently of another date. Among these ruins the polygonal construction prevailed; but entirely destitute of the characters of antiquity to be traced in the Cyclopean remains of Tyrins, or even of Mycene. The stones were of nearly equal dimensions, beautifully joined and chiselled on the edges. While scrambling over the wall encircling the port, we came, much to our surprise, to a gateway in the polygonal wall, with an arch over it. The arch was very flat, nearly semicircular, the stones that formed it preserving their polygonal character.

Although this arch exists in a wall of that style of architecture which belongs to the remotest antiquity, yet I do not claim for it equal rank with the ruins of Plevrona and Chalcis, or even with those of the age of Pericles. Still, I think it may be referred to a period anterior to the arrival of the Romans in Greece; and, if so, it will prove that, though arches were not commonly used, they were at least known in Greece before the Roman conquest. The ruins of Kyria Irene afford confirmation of this hypothesis. The small posterns in the walls are arched, although the arch is composed

sometimes but of two stones, that meet from either wall, hollowed out into a semicircle; but the arch is also at times formed of three stones, one of them a regular key-stone. At the same place there is a large cistern in the rock, traversed by three walls, in each of which there are several arches: but though their form is Gothic, the principle on which they are constructed is Hindoo. The dome of the building at Mycene, commonly called Agamemnon's Tomb, is formed by a succession of circles, narrowing as they rise, each circle being a horizontal arch.

Trigardon (a corruption of a Sclavonic term for three cities) must be the ancient Œniadæ. If a doubt existed, it would be dispelled by comparing the description I have given of the port, and the walls connecting it with the ramparts, with the following passage from Polybius, in the wars of Philip the Second with the Etolians. After his successful incursion into Etolia, and the sack of Thermus, Philip retired on Œniadæ, his fleet having been sent to that point to await the return of the army to the coast. The Etolians prepared to defend this strongly fortified place; but on the approach of Philip they were panic-struck, and evacuated it. Philip took possession; thence ravaged the Calydonian territory, and deposited the booty that had been collected within its walls, "remarking," observes the historian, "the admirable position of this city, placed at the confines of

Acarnania and Etolia, on the mouth of the Achelous, at the entrance of the Corinthian Gulf, distant only 100 stadia from the coast of the Peloponnesus; strong, besides, by its fortifications, and *the surrounding marsh* — he determined on strengthening it. *He surrounded, therefore, the port and naval station with a wall,* and joined these to the citadel."*

Our guide told us, that there were in some parts subterranean crypts, or altars (βῶμοι), to which, when a child, he had been taken down; the sides covered with paintings (ζωγράφια), not those of saints. He did not, however, recollect the place. There is a theatre cut in the rock, the right and northern horn supported by a mound, and faced with polygonal masonry; the southern extremity with Hellenic, and a flight of steps beyond the seats. The area is almost thirty-five paces across; twenty rows of seats, two and-a-half feet deep, run all round, and, perhaps, double that number behind. This city has been overturned as completely as its contemporaries; but it is so much wooded, and so extensive, that it is with more difficulty examined, and may contain unexplored archæological treasures.

The sun was not far above the horizon, when we reluctantly quitted the ruins. We had to

* Καὶ τῷ λιμένι καὶ τοῖς νεωρίοις ὁμοῖς τεῖχος περιβαλλὼν ἐνεχείρει συνάψαι πρὸς τὴν ἄκραν.—Polyb. iv. 65.

return to Catouna; thence it was two hours to the monastery of Lezini, and an equal distance to Gouria, the village where we had directed our tent to be pitched. We determined on taking the road to the monastery. Like every path in Greece, the road to Lezini was scarcely distinguishable from the sheep-walks; it lay, besides, over a thickly wooded hill, and it was not without great self-gratulation (unattended as we were), that we found ourselves, half an hour after dark, on the border of the marsh, but the monastery stood in the *middle* of it! We were now, indeed, in a dilemma; we shouted and hallooed for half an hour, and received but jackal cries in answer. What was to be done? We were exceedingly fatigued, equally hungry, and particularly disinclined to adopt either of the alternatives of retracing our steps, or of lying down supperless on the cold rocks amid the croaking of myriads of frogs, whose innumerable voices rising from so great an extent of marsh (twenty or thirty square miles), falling into a sort of measure, might be compared to pulsations of the earth. I therefore stripped, tied my shirt round my broad-brimmed straw hat, and committed myself to the Naïads of the marsh. But I made a sad mistake in my estimate of distance. The night was pitch dark; a canal leads through the marsh to the monastery; the sides seemed firm, but when I attempted to cling to, or to climb upon them, I sank in the slime, or

got entangled in and torn by the thorns and broken reeds. I was thus compelled to keep to the clear channel, and the water presently, having reached my shirt and hat, weighed down my head, and closed my ears. Swimming slowly along in this far from enviable predicament, I suddenly perceived (for I could not hear at all) a boat close upon me, and on the point of running me down. I shrieked out with all the emphasis that could be given by sudden fright, and a mouthful of water. The boatman, not a whit less terrified at the inhuman cry from the water, and the sight of a white floating substance like an enormous water-lily, under which form they personify the goul or spirit of the marsh, shrieked and roared in his turn; punted away with all his might, ran foul of the bank, and, tumbling head over heels, lost his pole. He then paddled away back to the monastery with the seat of the boat. I had nothing to do but to swim after him, when, fortunately, I stuck upon a knot of reeds, clung to them to rest myself, and thus raised my head with its wet load for a moment out of the water. Cries from a short distance met my ear of, "Who are you?" "Turn back." "Speak, or we will fire!" and only, after a quarter of an hour's assurances and explanation, was I permitted to approach the bank, having the comfortable assurance, repeated over and over again, that twenty muskets and a nine-pounder full of grape were pointed upon me,

in faith of which the lighted match was held up and whirled about. Even in the shivering, lacerated state in which I was, I could not help making myself merry at their warlike preparations; but, having convinced them that I was no spirit, for in that case I would not have asked their permission; that I was no robber, or I should not have made such an outcry; and that I was but one naked individual; they allowed me to land, and gave me the warmest reception that had ever fallen to my lot. One took his shoes off to put on my feet; another slipped off his fustanel to wipe me with; another wrapped me in his hot jacket; and my toilet was completed, to the infinite amusement of the whole party, with the canonicals of the venerable Abbot. In this state I went, or was rather lifted along, to the monastery, which was at some distance, while the boat was sent for my companion. Upon the distance, he and I could never agree: he made it but half a-mile; I, at the least, a mile and a-half: and, surely, having swam it, I should know best. The Greeks were much amazed at this feat; it had only been once performed before, though hundreds had perished in attempting it in escaping from the Turks.

The Abbot's best suit was brought out for me. An old Calogria, or nun, who was living in sisterly love with the Abbot, had me bathed in hot water and rubbed with oil, as there was not a square

inch of my skin untorn; and summed up her solicitous attentions by a restoring cup of Greek athol aroge—hot rakki and honey.

Lezini is a small, low, rocky island, in the marsh of that name, which extends from Petala to Trigardon. In some places it is separated only by a narrow beach from the sea, and, near Catouna, it approaches the banks of the Aspropotamos. It has the appearance of a fertile plain, covered with tall and green reeds, the roots of which spring from, and bind together, a constantly increasing crust of decayed vegetables. This forms a second soil, which will not bear the foot, but which, being two or three feet in thickness, is perfectly impervious to boats. It is supended four or five feet at least from the bottom, but does not float, for the winter floods rise over its surface. Canals traverse it from the shore to Lezini, thence to Trigardon; from Trigardon to the discharge to the N. W.; thence another canal winds along the northern shore, and turns round to Lezini. The discharge is near Petala, and the fall of the stream suffices to turn a mill; so that, according to the construction of their mills, it cannot be less than eight or ten feet. This makes me think that a cut from the marsh to the sea would probably convert the greater part of this immense and noxious morass into fertile fields. Besides, the lowering of the water in this basin might render it possible to lead through it the waters of the

Achelöus, where they would deposit, as in a tank, the immense load of earth now carried by that river to the sea.*

It has been supposed that the marsh of Lezini is one or both of the lakes to which Strabo gives a length of twelve miles. The resemblance of the sounds of Cynia and Lezini is adduced in confirmation of the supposition; and the difference of the breadth is accounted for by the gradual encroachment of the shore on the sea. I am inclined, however, to think that those lakes were further to the south, and are now become a portion of the firm land of the Paracheloïtis. He enumerates them in proceeding southward; after Œniadæ, comes Cynia, then Mylete and Uria, and then the Fish Marshes; so that they must have lain between the northern mouth at Œniadæ and the ancient southern mouth, or *Anatolicon Stomma*, now Anatolico. I am, therefore, of opinion, that Lezini is a marsh of recent formation.

As far as I could judge of the nature of its bottom, it is clay. The alluvial deposits have, of course, grown more or less; but I have invariably remarked on these shores, that clay bottoms, themselves liable neither to increase nor decrease, invariably indicate a depression of the coast. By

* Its modern name of Aspropotamos or "White River," is derived from the colour of its charged waters, which whiten the sea around the Curzolero Islands, and render it daily more shallow.

the evident construction of Strabo's words, the marshes of Cynia, &c. were to the south of the Achelöus. There are there no marshes of importance now; the soil is alluvial, and its level has been raised by natural growth. To the north of the Achelöus there were no marshes;* now there is a very extensive one, its bottom is clay. Leucadia was formerly connected with the Continent by an isthmus of dry land over which the Lacedemonian galleys were dragged. That peninsula is clay; it is now covered with water. The Roman paved road along the northern shore of the Gulf of Arta runs over clay: that road was certainly not constructed under water; there is now four feet of water over it. The ancient Aby, the ruins of which are called Phido Castro, was certainly not built in the water; it is now only accessible by boat. The entrance of the Gulf of Corinth is stated by Strabo to be seven stadia; it is now twice that breadth: the land on either side is low, and the stratum is clay. Of course, wherever the coast is alluvial such depression cannot be visible; and, on the contrary, such spots have risen as compared with the level of the sea.

I regretted much not having had time to ascertain this point satisfactorily by more extensive

* Polybius mentions a marsh round Œniadæ; that was with reference merely to the defence of the town: had a marsh any thing resembling that of to-day then existed, the place must have been uninhabitable.

observation; but, in favour of the supposition of a depression of the coast, I would also adduce the comparatively small increase of the Deltas of the Evenus and Achelöus in modern, compared with remoter, periods; a circumstance which, in Pausanias' time, had already been observed, since he attempts to account for it.

On the highest parts of Lezini are the ruins of a Venetian fortress of respectable extent, with very thick walls. The island has constantly been a place of refuge during the revolution; and is the only virgin spot of Greece. When the Pasha of Scodra ravaged Acarnania, the island was crowded with nine hundred fugitive families. The youthful Pasha and his Ghegs, burning with vengeance for the irruption into their camp, and the havoc made among them by Marco Bozari * and his handful of heroes, arrived on the borders of the marsh exulting in the prospect of immolating to their lost comrade the fugitives assembled in the island. They attempted to establish a footing on the treacherous crust of the lake; their foot soldiers were entangled, horsemen dashed in, and horse and rider were quickly swallowed up. The checked and disappointed horde now dispersed over the hills, stripped the branches from the trees, and commenced forming hurdles to establish a passage. But their unorganised efforts were of no avail;

* Though the story of his entering the Pasha's tent is a sheer fabrication.

when they made some progress, their weight, ill adjusted to their precarious causeway, opened a passage through the yielding crust; whole masses were engulfed; more were entangled amid the reeds, or half buried in the slime. The crafty Albanians, who had cheered them on, now sneered at their woful plight; and the Greeks from the island sent forth shouts of derision and defiance, and, secure behind their rocks, plied their "nine-pounder" and their muskets. It was next determined to fell trees and construct rafts; but where were hatchets to be procured? Delay was occasioned. The country around was entirely depopulated, and provisions were scarce. The few tools that were procured were soon rendered worthless, and no progress was made. The choler of the Pasha having, in the meantime, had time to cool, he perceived that "*le jeu ne valait pas la chandelle;*" and at length moved on. His army, which for muscle, stature, animal courage, and devotion to its leader, was one of the finest that of late years has followed a Turkish banner, was thus led about exposed to be cut off in detail, and to expend its energies on rocks and marshes, through the intrigues of the Southern Albanian Omer Vrionis. A miserable remnant alone returned to Scodra in the winter of 1823. The rising inclination of the Ghegs to interfere in the affairs of their neighbours was checked; and the Greek war remained, as before, a source of plunder, pay, and importance, to the

military Mussulman* populations of middle Albania.

The next morning we bade adieu to the exhalations of Lezini, and recrossed the Aspropotamos, at Gouria, where we got sight of our tent. A Suliote Captain, stationed at the passage of the river, hearing that we were expected, had prepared a feast, in which, of course, figured the roasted lamb, with a Suliote's frank and hearty welcome.

We pushed on that night along the left bank of the Achelöus, through an enchanting and parklike country, and pitched our tent close to the ruined little village of Angelo Castro, nestled behind a pointed hill, on which stand a portion of a lofty Venetian tower, and a small dilapidated chapel. From this point we had an extensive view of the lake Ozeros, of the river, and the disputed plain, as far as the corners of the lakes of Vrachori and Angelo Castro, on the extreme right. Immediately below runs a clear and rapid stream, over which is a bridge, and around it one of the sweetest glimpses that wood and water can afford.

The boundary line proposed by the Protocol just comes up to the fertile plain that nourishes the inhabitants of all the surrounding mountains, and then turns off to the east, leaving the plain without the Greek state. It is well wooded, chiefly with oak, but interspersed with gigantic, but

* In Mustapha Pasha's army only one-sixth were Mussulmans, the remainder were Christians.

distorted Italian poplars and elms. There appear all over it the nearly effaced traces of myriads of irrigation canals, intersecting each other at right angles; a system which here was at one period carried to the highest perfection. The luxuriance of the trees, brushwood, and wild oats, barley, and grasses, that cover the country, while they produce the most beautiful and picturesque effect, recalls at every step the regret that such a country, after the struggles it had made to obtain independence, should be again abandoned to the ravages of Albanian invasion. We met several muleteers who had escaped from the vicinity of Janina, and had abandoned their possessions, but not without infinite risk and difficulty: little, however, did they anticipate the reception that awaited them in "free" Greece!

## CHAPTER V.

EUROPEAN POLITICS AND TURKISH POLICY — COMPARISON OF TURKISH AND ROMAN CONQUEST—ADMINISTRATION INTRODUCED BY THE TURKS.

THERE are many provisions of the Protocol besides the limits, the practicability or justice of which may, perhaps, be easily explained in London, but which are very difficult to comprehend in Greece. For instance, the Greeks and Turks have each permission to dispose of their possessions. What would be the value of a Greek's property in those districts so ravaged, when the proprietor himself seeks to abandon it? But the property of the Turk in Greece has disposable value. Moreover, land unjustly acquired may thus be disposed of without reference to the real proprietor, who may be alive, or who may be the farmer of his own fields.* Ali Pasha was obliged to give up his project of sending a pilgrim to Mecca because the law re-

* This refers merely to the districts mutually ceded in consequence of the decision of the Conference. In the remainder of Greece, the Turkish property, by a fallacy which I cannot now enter into, was constituted as appertaining to the Sultan, and confiscated for the benefit of the Greek state.

quired the expenses to be defrayed by the sale of land; and the possessor of millions of stremata did not hold, according to the decision of the Turkish cadi, property, *legitimately acquired,* sufficient for this purpose.

This is a fearful and gigantic exhibition of wrong. It is not to be accounted for, by saying that Ali Pasha was a great tyrant. It is not to be explained, by saying that Turkish Pashas do such things. Our eyes have rested with intenseness on Greece alone of all the dependencies of the Ottoman Porte; and there two former revolutions, followed by wars and subjugation, have led to the confiscation of property. In Egypt, the rule of the Mamelukes, even before the wholesale robbery of Mohammed Ali Pasha, had there also familiarised us with the violation of private property, and led to the idea of its insecurity in Turkey. Without entering into the principles of their government, or recurring to past events, a single consideration will, I think, suffice to shew, that the Porte must have habitually respected property and local customs; and that consideration is, the extent of dominion and the past history of the small tribe denominated Osmanlis, who actually rule over Greeks, Turks, Albanians, Illyrians, Bulgarians, Servians, Wallachians, Jews, Armenians, Turcomans, Lesguis, Curds, Maronites, Druzes, Bedouins, Berbers, Copts, Moors, &c., exceeding twenty times their own number.

The fact which I have mentioned, respecting the unjust possessions of an Albanian Pasha, brings to light, at the same time, an indication of the fundamental principles of Turkish jurisprudence. In a matter where law and religion were both combined, the Turkish judge stood forth to utter a withering decision against the "Albanian Leopard" in his hour of apparent omnipotence.

The policy of the Porte had been to control the Albanians by fostering the Greek Armatoles, or militia; but the insurrections of 1770, and, more particularly, of 1790, which had been organised by a Christian power, and of which religion had been made the active principle, drove the Porte into hostility with this Christian militia, against whom it now combined with the Mussulman Albanians. And, perceiving the intimate knowledge of Russia of the internal state of Turkey, I should not be surprised if the overthrow of the Greek militia had, in reality, been the object she had in view in revolutionizing the Morea; a measure which, without this solution, would appear to have been ill advised.

The preponderance which the Albanians now acquired led to the granting of the horse-tails to an Albanian,—that is to say, that to those warlike bodies, which the Porte had hitherto restrained, its authority was now delegated; the circumstances were, consequently, reproduced which first led the Greeks to call in the Turks. The fountains of

justice were broken up; and in this internal revolution of power, throughout which the finger of foreign diplomacy is at every step to be traced, Ali Pasha then, as Mohamet Ali Pasha now, became possessed of a disciplined force which rendered practicable such violations of private rights; whilst not only the weakness, but the general discredit thence resulting, has fallen on the Turkish Government, to enfeeble still further its controlling power. Singularly enough, the Alliance has mingled itself up with these violations to legalise them. This, to be sure, is a minute point; but the whole questions that have absorbed the deep contemplation of the Great Allies, affect property which, even in extent, scarcely equals the estates of the Duke of Sutherland.

Again, as to allowing a year to Greeks and Turks to retire to their respective countries. Could the Turkish Government, while it yet commanded a fortress or a man-of-war, consent to a measure which would place in jeopardy the whole landed property of the empire? Had the Alliance such an object in view when they penned the provision? To carry it into effect, you must have appointed agents to see this liberty of emigration respected, and thus made the European, or perhaps the Greek consuls, the dictators of Turkey. The consequence of this liberty of emigration is still more serious, and could still less have been endured by the conference, had they understood the effect

of their own measures. The communities are, more or less, in debt: the individual peasants are jointly responsible for these debts; if one or more quits his village, the burden falls on the remainder. Suppose, then, that the right to emigrate is proclaimed under the sanction of the three great powers of Europe, the immediate effect would be a general panic. The very agitation of such a measure must disturb all relations of private interest, and convulse political order and administration. If the provisions of the Protocol were not intended to go this length, they were perfectly ineffective and nugatory; as, in fact, they have been found to be, except in so far as they threw Greece back again into uncertainty, Turkey into agitation, enabled Capodistrias to deter Prince Leopold from accepting the proffered crown, and brought about the reverse of those objects that England desired, and that the Alliance professed.

After passing through the plain, from Angelo Castro, a distance of rather more than two hours, we arrived at the Turkish burgh of Zapandi. The minarets of two ruined mosques stand picturesque, but melancholy objects. As we wandered through the deserted streets, hundreds of ravens croaked from the tops of the walls, on which they seemed as if they had long remained in undisturbed possession. This is a scene in a small province which the great powers of Europe had for three years been labouring to pacify.

Half an hour further on, we reached Vrachori, capital of the district. We passed for some time amidst the ruins before we were gratified by the not very common sight of a roofed house. At the corner of the once bazaar stood a venerable platanus, the trunk of which measured nearly twelve yards round; and a little further on, a tall pole spread to the breeze a shabby Greek flag, as if jealous of every moment it had yet to flutter in Acarnania.

A thunderstorm delayed us in the house of the Governor. We there saw the Primates of the place, who prognosticated the disasters that must ensue from the cession of the country, and of this plain in particular, which gave winter work, and summer food, to the inhabitants of the surrounding mountains. They spoke of the Makronoros as their saviour and friend, and seemed very incredulous of any protection the European powers could afford them, if the barrier of the Makronoros were thrown open. From being the most independent subjects of the Porte; where the Turkish inhabitants of the country were at best but on a footing of equality with the Greeks; where no Turkish troops were permitted, and no Turkish authority, excepting the cadi or the judge, èxisted; — they were reduced by Ali Pasha to a state of subjection below that of the rest of his dominions, as he wished to extinguish their martial spirit, which, since the commencement of the Ottoman rule, had limited, on this side, the

excursions of the Albanians. The Captain was their military chief; the Codga Bashi, the civil chief. The first held his situation on the nomination of the Greek municipality; the latter was a municipal officer (or council, as the number varied), annually elected. The Cadi, or Mousselim, was there to give the sanction of Turkish form to the authority of the Captain; but his influence was slight, save when there was dissension among the Greeks. The Bishop was the depositary of the higher judicial authority; and when he required the secular arm, he applied to the Cadi, who commanded the Captain to enforce his decrees. The impositions, which were very trifling, were, as elsewhere, apportioned and collected by the municipal body, and consisted of charatch, for which they compounded, the tithe and house-tax: besides these, they assessed themselves for the Captain's pay and for local expenses.

This policy of the Turks of balancing the power of the Albanians by the Greeks, dated from their establishment at Adrianople. Indeed, the Turks first appeared in Greece as friends and allies. This statement may appear at variance with received opinions, and I may, therefore, be excused for entering into some details to substantiate it.

After the fall of Constantinople, Demetrius and Thomas, the brothers of the last of the Paleologues, retained the Peloponnesus. It might have afforded a refuge and a sanctuary to humbled pride and

fallen greatness, if disasters and misfortune could ever have driven from the breast of the Greeks, the vain aspirations which have unceasingly urged them to sacrifice that which they did possess, in the pursuit of what was beyond their reach. But Demetrius and Thomas had no sooner secured each a fragment of their distracted patrimony, than they quarrelled between themselves. The Albanians, who had been gradually attracted by the service offered them under the various Despots, seeing the shrivelled house of Byzantium divided against itself, withdrew from the service of both Princes, and prepared to impose upon the degenerate and unwarlike, though yet warring Greeks, a yoke more to be dreaded even than that of their Latin conquerors, from whom the Morea had been so lately, and not altogether, emancipated.

Demetrius and Thomas, united by the common danger, offered tribute to the conqueror of Constantinople, and claimed his assistance. Scarcely had they been united against their Albanian foes, when a Cantacuzene was found to head a revolt amongst the Greeks against themselves; and the Albanians, who had occupied, or ravaged, the greater part of the champaign country, sent also to the Porte to offer their submission, and a tribute for the Morea, if allowed to hold it as a fee from the Porte. "At this period," says M. von Hammer, "would the empire of the Greeks in the Peloponnesus have been entirely extinguished, if the Greek

commander of Corinth had not requested, and obtained, from the Sultan, a Turkish succour. Turakhan, who, thirty years before had conquered Hexamilia, and had penetrated to Lacædemon, Leontopoli, and Gardica, and had routed the Albanians at Tavia, now again returned, with his sons and a Turkish army, as the allies of the Greeks, and to defend the Peloponnesus against the Albanians."

Chalcondylas, in relating these events, puts the following words in the mouth of the Turkish commander, as addressed to his countrymen: "You must have been ruined if the Sultan had not been moved with compassion for you, and come to your succour. It is clear you have not governed your state as you ought to have done; but now an absolute necessity requires you to govern your subjects in future in a better manner." The Turkish veteran further holds up to their imitation, what he asserts to be the secret of his countrymen's success; viz. securing the love of their subjects in peace, and inspiring their enemies with terror in war.

The Albanians were driven from the Peloponnesus, and pursued, by the Greeks and Turks united, even into their own mountains. But scarcely had Turakhan withdrawn with his Turks, when a revolt broke out against the two Despots; and after four years of revolt, treachery, massacre, and anarchy —in which figured, now as allies and now as

enemies, the two Greek rivals, the Greek party opposed to both, the Albanians and the Turks: a bloody campaign put the Turks in possession of smoking cities and a devastated country. Thus was again enacted, and from the same causes, the intervention of Rome in favour of Greece which had taken place 1500 years before; and in an equal period of time, through the same national characters of vanity and faction, did Greece disappoint the hopes, and provoke the vengeance, of her liberators; so had she hailed Rome as a saviour to curse her as a tyrant; extolled a Flaminius to the skies, and denounced a Glabrio, with the damning volubility of her tongue. In four years Greece saw her Latian allies united to her old Macedonian oppressor; and after the extinction of that kingdom, the savage devastation dispensed by Mummius far exceeded the destruction which afterwards followed in the rear of Alaric.

This is a very singular coincidence: Romans and Turks appear as protectors of Greece; and both people, within the same period of *four years*, became its oppressors. It would, however, be most unjust to compare the acts of Mummius with the advice of Turchan, and the last part of the Roman intervention with the first portion of the Turkish.* This, however, is what M. Von Ham-

* About the same period has sufficed for the Alliance to extinguish the customs, laws, and independence of the Greeks;

mer does, reversing the picture, and comparing the first portion of the Roman with the last of the Turkish intervention. He terminates in these words, the tragic scene of the conquest of the Peloponnesus: — "What a picture of volcanic horror is this, and *what a contrast* with the glorious brightness of the conquering Consul of Rome, Quintus Flaminius, who, on the day of the Isthmian games, with no less humanity than policy, on assembled Greece, which, agitated and doubtful, expected its fate, conferred, in the midst of universal jubilations, the *dream* of liberty!"*

But having, for the purpose of pointing out an honest error of judgment in a man of high and merited scholastic reputation, referred to one of those books which are written on the East, I am reminded of a literary effusion of a descendant and representative of that class of Greeks who, after sacrificing the throne of Constantine, and ruining the Peloponnesus, coiled themselves round the heart of the Ottoman empire; who corrupted the simplicity of the Turkish system by their political doctrines, the primitiveness of the Turkish pastoral habits by the servility of their own bearing and conduct; and who, after dismembering the empire

but the ingenious Alliance has been labouring in its disinterested efforts solely for "the pacification of the East."

* M. Von Hammer's work has since appeared in French: it is very singular that this passage is omitted.

by their intrigues, now stand forth to glory in their treachery towards those whom they served. I allude to M. Jacovaki Rizo's work, entitled "L'Histoire Moderne de la Grèce." Gibbon, in quoting four Greek authors of the lower empire, of whom two were statesmen, and two were monks, remarks, that "such was the character of the Greek empire, that no distinction is observable between churchmen and politicians." So the work of M. Rizo, without his name and titles as "first minister of the Princes of Wallachia and Moldavia," as minister for foreign affairs, and commissioner under Capodistrias, and member of several of the subsequent administrations of Greece, would certainly have been taken for the production of a monk, conceived in a cloister, and penned upon a *lutrin,* in the intervals between penance and liturgy. Religion (that is, the ceremonial of the Eastern church) is, with him, the all-explaining cause, the all-directing impulse; and, speaking of the state of the Greeks under Turkey, and of the causes of their revolution, he reduces all these questions to points of theology and church-government.

The only interesting part of his book is the anecdotes he gives us of the Mussulmans, which are all, without exception, instances of benevolence and of tolerance: and these, in verification of the old proverb, that the antidote grows beside the poison, present themselves in singular contrast

with the opinions which his work is intended to promote, and the epithets in which it so courageously indulges.

M. Rizo, how and why it matters not, is unacquainted with the fact that the Turkish policy had always been directed to support the Greeks against the Albanians. But this is not enough; he discovers in the strength of these very Albanians, the oppressors of the Greeks, the proof that the Greek religion had been the preserver of the remnants of Greece against the hostility of Islamism. He lays Phranza and Chalcondylas aside, and speaks as follows: — " Whilst the rapid successes of the Turkish arms filled with affright the Christians of the Eastern church, whilst Mohamet II. occupied, without resistance, the island of Mitylene, Attica, the Peloponnesus, and Eubœa, a *Greek* displayed to his co-religionists the example of heroism, in braving alone,* with his little army, all the forces of the conqueror. This Christian hero was — *George Castriote, Prince of Epirus!!* surnamed by the Turks, Scanderbeg. Alone, and during thirty years, he struggled against the power of Murad and Mohamet; destroyed their armies; infested their provinces; and ceased to conquer only when he ceased to breathe. His government did not

* Were the Caraman princes, and the remnants of the Seljouks, no allies of Scanderbeg? Were Humiades, the king of Servia, and " *the Impaler*" of Wallachia, no enemies of Mohamet?

survive him; but Epirus and Albania learned, from that moment, to despise the Turks. *From that epoch dates the establishment of the Christian Armatoles.*"

Is it possible to conceive a greater jumble of facts and sense than is exhibited in this paragraph? An Albanian! and a Catholic! and, moreover, a Mussulman renegade! positively set down as a Greek, in the political and religious acceptation of the word, by a Fanariote historian of Greece, by a professor of Greek history, by a minister of Free Greece, and by the most philosophical and the most distinguished Greek writer of the present day! The victories of the historic enemies of the Greeks are set down as—the date and the source of the establishment of the Greek Armatoles: the establishment of which is of prior date to the victories of Scanderbeg. But the adherents of Scanderbeg were finally subdued. How then, supposing them to have been Greeks, could their *victories* have led to this organisation?

"Albania," he says, immediately afterwards, "by its inaccessible mountains, the warlike spirit of its inhabitants, the extent of its coast, its proximity to the Venetian possessions," (and, why does he not add, by its adhesion to the Latin creed?) "was terrible to the Ottoman Government. Mount Agrapha, the natural bulwark of Epirus" (that is, the limits of the Greeks and the Albanians, and

the bulwark, at this day, of the former against the latter), " was the first country which obtained, by capitulation, the prerogative of having a captain, with a sufficient number of soldiers, to maintain order, and to preserve the security of its towns and villages. Its inhabitants obtained from Murad II." (that is, before the war with Scanderbeg) " the right of having two deliberative voices out of three in the administration of their civil affairs. The Turkish judge had the first; the Greek bishop,* the second; and the Greek captain, the third. *This right subsisted to the time of Ali Pasha. This organisation* was subsequently extended to all the provinces of Continental Greece." —Page 49.

Speaking afterwards of the Albanian chiefs, whom, with his usual accuracy, he terms " feudal," he says,— " There existed, therefore, between these Mussulman chiefs" (they were not their Mussulmans) " and the Ottoman Porte, a reciprocal mistrust and animosity, which turned to the profit of the Greeks of these provinces" (he means Christians, for there is no Greek population in them) " in consolidating, more and more, the constitution of the Armatoles, in strengthening these

* It was the Codga bashi, or municipal authority, which had the second voice; but that would not have suited the religious theory.

mountaineers in their retreats, and in facilitating the commerce and the industry of the Christian inhabitants of the towns."—Page 53.

Was it not worth the while of a man, clothed with the character of a statesman, and aspiring to that of a philosopher and a historian, to dwell, at least for a moment, on the extraordinary fact here recorded?

The descendants of Scanderbeg, Christians then, are now Mussulmans, and still stand in precisely the same relation to the Porte; whilst the Greeks, protected by the Porte against the Albanians, then and now, are in both cases Christians. The following extract will shew at once the power deliberately granted to the Greeks, and the union of their interests with those of the Turks.

"From the origin of their conquests in Thessaly, the Turks established, in the vast plains watered by the Peneus, a Mahometan colony drawn from Iconium, and which, up to the present day, bears the name of Coniar. These colonists, peaceful agriculturists, soon became an object of contempt to the Albanians, who pillaged them with impunity.* The neighbouring Pashas not being

* It was not the Albanians who pillaged them, but the Sclavonians. It would be curious to know the cause of the substitution of the name of the one people for the other. But without looking to other associations, the true statement of the fact which he mistates, is the complete overthrow of his theory,

able to reduce these numerous bands of Mahometan* (?) and Christian robbers employed against them the vigilance and the courage of the Armatoles, or Greek Captains. Thus did this Greek body continue always to be recognised by the Government; and was so far from being an object of mistrust, that the Hospodars of Wallachia and Moldavia were authorised to draw from them the guards of their persons and their principalities."†

Thus will it appear from the testimony of three writers inimical to the Turks, and the last of whom wrote expressly during the war to make out a case against them, and to excite sympathy for the Greeks; that the Turks appeared in Greece on the requisition of the Greeks, and twice restored to them their country, after overthrowing the Albanians; that, when they did occupy it, they left the assessment of taxes to the inhabitants; established an elective council in each district; organised a Greek militia, with elected officers; and, I may further add, that they imposed no

because this Turkish population was placed as a barrier to the ravages of a population which professed the Greek creed; namely, the Bulgarians.

* The word "Mahometan" is certainly here only introduced to keep the word "Christian" in countenance. At that time there were no Mussulman Albanians. The changes rung on the words "Greek" and "Christian" are very amusing.

† "L'Histoire de la Grèce," p. 54.

restriction whatever on commerce, and exacted no retribution or fees of any kind for their own clergy or church. A comparison with these principles, of those which have regulated the colonial policy of some other nations, might be instructive.

## CHAPTER VI.

REFUGEES IN THE LAKE OF VRACHORI — ANTIQUARIAN RESEARCHES AND MISHAPS — EFFECT OF GUNPOWDER ON GOVERNMENTS AND PEOPLE — REFINEMENT AND RUINS OF ALYZEA — A PICTURESQUE SCENE.

THE plain of Vrachori is supposed to contain 35,000 acres, of which 25,000 belonged to the Turks, and 10,000 to the Greeks. From the surrounding mountains of Carpenizi, Agrapha, Cravari, and Patragick, 10,000 men descend to work during the winter, which is here the season of labour; and, in exchange for their work, carry back with them Indian corn and grain for six months' consumption, and the little foreign luxuries they require. Peasants from other districts, having some property, and Vlachi, a distinct race of shepherds, originally from Wallachia, were accustomed to rent land from the Turks, for the season: 4000 labourers, from the Ionian islands, were in constant employment. Of resident proprietors, there were 1300 hearths in the plain, and 200 in Vrachori. Not above a third of these are to be seen at present.

The position of Acarnania, and the character of its inhabitants, rendered it peculiarly liable to the excitement of the revolution; and, though they had heard of the defeat of Ypsilanti, yet the state of Albania, and the necessity, which then became apparent, of supporting Ali Pasha against the Porte, at once excited and perplexed them. On the 21st of May, 1821, the whole country suddenly flew to arms; 1600 Albanians and Turks were butchered, or shut up in their castles; and Isko, with a handful of men hastily collected, occupied the important passes of Makronoros just in time to arrest the progress of Ismael Pasha, who, on the first indication of insurrectionary movements in the South, was hastening to quell them before they gathered head. The Greeks, startled at the new position they had assumed of resistance to a Turkish authority, were with extreme difficulty retained by their leader at their posts, and brought to fire on the Turks, who advanced, boldly and exposed, ridiculing the very idea of open warfare. After a few minutes of appalling indecision, a close and deadly discharge struck the Turks with amazement and terror, and filled the Greeks with confidence and exultation: the door was closed to all reconciliation, and the revolution was sealed. But, to return to our journey.

When the weather cleared up, we galloped down to the Bridge, across the lake of Vrachori,

or rather the Marsh, which separates it from the lake of Angelo Castro. It had previously been very sultry; but now the freshness of the woods and fields, the coolness of the air after the storm, the stillness of the two lakes that reflected, in unruffled mirrors, the surrounding mountains, presented one of the calmest and most beautiful landscapes. The bridge, of thirty arches, seems like a low and narrow causeway crossing a marsh; but the water is clear and in rapid movement among the trunks of the trees; the bottom firm, and filled with sedges: alder, ash, fig-trees, and elms, festooned with creepers, grew out of the stream. The whole country wears the aspect of luxuriant harvest. We rode through fields of fern, which covered our horses, and wild oats, some heads of which were taller than man and horse. The borders of the lakes are exceedingly marshy, and the lakes themselves very shallow, especially that of Angelo Castro: they abound in fish and eels, and are filled with tall reeds. In the various passages of the Turkish troops, the inhabitants took refuge in these marshes: on one occasion, 500 families had made themselves habitations by fixing posts and branches, and binding together the growing reeds. The Turks made desperate efforts to destroy them; many horsemen perished in attempting to reach them; rafts and monoxylos were made use of, but they could not penetrate in sufficient numbers, and were singly exposed to the fire of the

Greeks. The Turks attempted to set fire to the reeds, but they would not burn: and, lastly, they attempted to starve them out; but the shores of their little sea were open to them, and, like the Ichthyophagi of Herodotus, they were supported by the fish beneath their dwellings.

Next day, we sent on our servants to pitch our tents among the ruins of Stratus, ourselves starting in the direction of the ruins of Thermus, as laid down by Pouqueville. We traversed a mountain stream, ascended and descended thickly wooded and steep hills, and, after losing our way several times, at last climbed an abrupt hill of solid, rectangular form, that appeared from the plain below like a fortress. This rock was crowned with the ruins of the ancient Thermus; very little agreeing, however, with Pouqueville's description.* The ancient gate still gives access to the fortress; the remains of the massive walls, formed into tambours, with small stones and earth, supported with wicker-work, have oftentimes served, during the late struggles, as a place of refuge for the inhabitants of the country.†

* Those fortress-looking rocks are masses of conglomerate overlying sandstone; and wherever they appear on elevated positions, they have been chosen for the erection of places of strength.

† The position of Thermus having been the subject of considerable antiquarian controversy, in consequence of a passage of Polybius ill understood, and of the descriptions given by

We spent a considerable portion of the day in examining the country from this elevated spot. It was not till we had descended the most rugged part, and had untied our horses, which had been grazing below, in a beautiful recess, on the richest clover, that we recollected that we had four and a half hours' march to the ford of the Aspropotamos. To pass this ford by daylight, without guides, was said to be impracticable; and the sun was already bordering on the horizon. We pushed on rapidly through Vrachori and Zapandi; but neither the last twilight, nor the clear moonshine, shewed us any traces of the road. After galloping over the plain, I climbed one of the loftiest trees, and, to my surprise, perceived the extensive and white bed of the Achelöus (Aspropotamos) within a quarter of a mile. The stream was rapid, broad, troubled, and, apparently, deep; we dashed in, however, nothing daunted, and were soon on the dry ground beyond it, laughing at the accounts we had heard: but we soon discovered that our enterprise was only begun, as the more formidable streams and eddies were still to be breasted, with quicksands between, in more than one of which we got entangled. Our horses were soon knocked up, and the adventure was gradually despoiled of

Pouqueville, I consign to an appendix an account of Philip's expedition against Thermus, which, I think, will satisfactorily explain the meaning of Polybius, and reconcile his statement with the topography of the place.

all its illusions. After an hour's anxious and toilsome wading and piloting, we had the satisfaction of finding ourselves on the firm ground. What, however, was now to be done? To bivouac *sub Jove frigido,* we were in a worse condition than before the passage; and great was our joy when, after half an hour's march up the bank of the river, we perceived a light, which we soon made out to be a fire, surrounded by the ferrymen, who, with their horses, instead of boats, ply at the ford. When they heard our story, they crossed themselves; but did not believe us, till they had felt our horses and our clothes. They conducted us to Lepenou, once a rich and happy township, of 2000 souls, where we found our tent pitched beside the still-flowing, clear fountain — the only animated being in the midst of the deserted village. We perceived, on a rising ground near the ford, the outlines of the remains of Stratus, which, by "pale moonlight," gave us an exaggerated impression of their magnificence and extent.

The people of the country may, in time, and *à force de voyageurs,* become good Cicerones; but, at present, they are of but little assistance to the traveller. Many of the inhabitants, indeed, are recent settlers; and their ignorance, even of names and places, frequently misled us. A compass and Lapie's map (which has but too often followed Pouqueville) were our only guides; but the dis-

agreement of these led us into the recommendable practice of ascending the hills to take a bird's eye view. Difficulties and adventures have, consequently, been our inseparable companions, as we wandered along a country where the roads are effaced, houses and villages deserted, and the sight of man a rare occurrence; but these circumstances forced upon us a more particular knowledge of the localities than would have been obtained by greater facilities of travelling and longer residence; and gave a romantic interest to the excursion, which is wholly incompatible with straight cut and ditched roads, rectangular fields, sign-posts, toll-bars, and other evidences of civilisation.

Next morning, by daylight, we were amidst the ruins of Stratus. Strabo places it at ten stadia from the Achelöus, which he says was navigable up to this point. At present, one branch of that river runs under its walls. Their circumference is from three to four thousand paces; the blocks being of sandstone, have not the freshness and sharpness of angle that the hardness of conglomerate and limestone have given to the other ruins. The remains of the solid wall have outlived all it was destined to preserve. A gate near the water still leads into the vacant enclosure: at this spot the wall retains nearly its original height of twenty feet. On an elevated point, looking to the west, are heaps of sections of unfluted columns

(old Doric), triglyphs, and capitals of beautifully white limestone, obtained either from Vrachori or Machala. On the highest ground northwards, there are remains of a more ancient cyclopic citadel. The other ruins formed an undistinguishable mass, matted over by an impervious growth of thistles. Rock-bees had established themselves amidst the crumbled layers of stone; and large brown and reddish serpents lay basking along the walls, and, disturbed by our researches, came leaping and thumping on the stones below. From a mossy rock, under the shade of a fig-tree, fell, or rather dropped into an ancient sarcophagus, the tiny stream of an icy fountain, and supplied irrigation for a single field of Indian corn, the only cleared space within the enclosure.

By inquiry from a peasant, and the examination of our map, and a still persevering faith in Pouqueville, we satisfied ourselves that the *present* Aëtos was the *ancient* Metropolis, and made up our minds to be at Metropolis that night. Early in the morning, accordingly, the tent was sent on, with orders to be pitched at Aëtos, while we started some hours after directing our inquiries for *the* Ruins. But this was the last time we staked our bed and supper on the identity of an ancient and modern city! The morning had been fatiguingly spent in taking the plan of Stratus; and we were quite exhausted by the excessive heat, and by an hour's race after our horses, which, while we

were busied with the ancient architecture, made an excursion in pursuit of recent botanical specimens into the field of Indian corn; so that the sun was already, as the Albanians would say, "two fathoms above the Eastern horizon," when we set forward in search of Metropolis. After crossing the plain to the westward for nearly two hours, we wandered along the base of the mountains from the little to the great Ozeros (lakes), without meeting a living creature, or being able to descry any path. At length, in exhaustion and despair, we unsaddled and picketed our horses, and laid ourselves down under a tree. The day passed, and evening came; but no one appeared, so we mounted again. We had to cross the mountains, but to engage in them unless by a path, and with a point in view, was perfectly hopeless; and the more we studied the map, the more bewildered we were. In this perplexity, we had the good luck to meet with a flock of horses, and a herd of swine; the advantage of this coincidence and rencontre may not at first be very intelligible. The pigs were accompanied by a biped, whose explanations might not have served us much, but who, on the exhibition of a hundred para piece, secured one of the wandering stud, and conducted us to the path that leads up, through a ravine in these abrupt and difficult hills, to Machala.

We passed the monastery of Licovitza, beautifully situated high on our left; and the twilight

shewed us an amphitheatre of hills opening to the south, with their shelving sides studded with villages, and with a degree of cultivation which surprised us after the deserted appearance of the rich plain that we had left below.

The ruins of Metropolis are now termed Porta. Though we did not reach them before it was quite dark, we descried their position, crowning and encircling a small but steep and rugged hill, where now stands the monastery of St. George, surrounded by a score of little huts like bee-hives, belonging to fugitives who had ventured back into Acarnania. The ruins of Metropolis have an air of antiquity from their being polygonal, from the absence, or at all events the fewness, of towers, and from the destruction of the walls.

This *is* Porta; we doubted not that it *had been* Metropolis, but it certainly was *not* Aëtos; and therefore no tent was to be seen; so we had to pass a not very comfortable night within the court of the almost deserted monastery; the solitary Calogeros sparing us a very little very black bread, and a rug to cover us from the cold. But we were soon glad to rid ourselves of the treacherous gift.

Next morning we were up betimes from our bare cold dewy sod; indeed, we had paced the court during the greater portion of the night, and, descending from the inhospitable rock, passed for three miles through the little plain of Aëtos, en-

circled with lofty hills, and filled with thorns and oak. Under a perpendicular rock, crowned by a Venetian castle at its opposite extremity, we were delighted to get a glimpse of our tent among the dark underwood. The smoke rising close by, like a tall, straight poplar, bushy at the top, was indeed a welcome sight; and as the little watch-dog came running towards us, and we saw our accustomed beasts of burden hopping in their shackles among the trees, the strange wilderness appeared familiar. The whole of this day our tent was allowed to occupy its position; nor for the rest which Nature demanded, could we have desired a more delightful spot. On the opposite hill, there was a hamlet from which smoke arose, and which, therefore, was inhabited. As we had molested neither a flock of sheep, nor a herd of swine, in our vicinity, and appeared altogether very tame and peaceable creatures, the women of the hamlet, towards evening, made a trip of curiosity and traffic; they brought their pitchers for water (we had pitched by the well), and eggs and yaoort for sale. We were soon on the best terms with our fair visitants. An old dame, jocose and *spirituelle,* was the *chaperone* of the party; and wherever she moved, the young ones all ran and clustered behind her, so that they always presented to us the apex of a Macedonian phalanx, the leader cased in the armour of sixty winters, the rank and file from the rear

wielding "eyes for their lances." We gratified the old lady with a cup of coffee; but our liberality could go no further,—they were too many for our cups or our coffee, and we had no wish to fling the apple of discord among them by partial preference. Afterwards, we had a visit from the men, who chatted about ancient Greece, Turkey, Europe, and, of course, about the Protocol; and we amused ourselves in thinking how the hinds of any other country would have kept up a conversation on such subjects.

From Aëtos we ascended, for one hour, north, to Zeuki, once a considerable village. Another hour brought us to a gorge, through which a torrent, descending by Zeuki, forces its way into the plain of Mitika. On the height of the gorge, above the road, stands, almost entire, a small and beautiful Hellenic tower, fifteen feet square, and twenty high; the wall only a foot and a half thick, and the loopholes, on the outside, three feet by five inches.

As we descended, we perceived ruins upon one of the hills to the left, in the chain through which we were passing. We were sorry to leave them unvisited, and yet their numbers increased so rapidly upon us, and they were often of such difficult access, that the task of examining each was beyond our strength. We, at present, determined on dividing our labours. My companion scaled the hill, and I directed my course through the plain of

Mitika, to the ruins of the ancient Alyzea, at its northern extremity.

The ruin on the hill is Cyclopean, without towers; has only two gates, formed by a transverse slab resting on two uprights; there is a cistern quarried in the rock. There are two extremely rude bas reliefs, cut in the limestone rock, and much obliterated. One exhibits two figures, seated, with a snake between them; the other represents a warrior, naked, holding a spear, and a woman, draped, standing beside him.

What a strange state of society do these remains indicate! Populations pressing on each other by their density, shrinking from each other by their fears, expending their labours in the construction of defences, and their time in toiling up the mountains and precipices, where their places of strength were situated. The projectiles of modern warfare would have either put an end to the causes of mistrust, or, perhaps, they would have annihilated the sources of this plethoric population. Rival towns could then almost insult each other from wall to wall; and some powerful states of antiquity could now exchange shot and shell from capital to capital.*

We have been so much in the habit of considering the effects of gunpowder, as used by one state against another, that we have neglected to

* Olynthus and Potidea, for example.

consider the effect of this invention on the states themselves. I believe that it may be shewn to have materially influenced, throughout Europe, the character of society, of institutions, and of government. By artillery, the advantage and resistance of localities have been lost, the most warlike tribes have had their spirit broken; and, amidst the strongest positions, the once sturdy mountaineer is pursued, if unarmed, by his armed oppressors; or, if possessed of these means of destruction, is tempted to become a robber and an oppressor in his turn.

In the West, gunpowder, with its concomitant standing armies, has succeeded in extending a tranquil domination, which disguises the military character of the sources of European power. The political institutes of the West, more or less oppressive in their uniform and regulated operation, provoke not local resistance, but awaken general discontent. Local resistance becomes ineffective, because of the increased military means of the executive; local resistance is superseded by the moral character of the resistance which is called forth by the exceptional principles which have found their way into the administrative practice and science, so called, of Europe; which degrades, amongst the people, respect for their own perceptions, by substituting laws for justice, and a Government's regulations, for duty and for right.

In Turkey, the feelings and habits of the people

not having been levelled by a military power of this description, the abstract principles of the administration have retained, in a great degree, their primitive simplicity; the increased efficiency, therefore, given by gunpowder to the proportionably small number of men who carry arms by the right of authority or revenge, serves to increase the accidents of wrong, but not to establish uniform but legal injustice. The difference is rendered immense between the soldier and the bandit, now wearing a musket, and the peasant who no longer can match his sithe or his flail with the spear or sabre, or escape, by a single stride, beyond the reach of such weapons. But the soldier in Turkey has been, as yet, only the retainer of the Pasha. When he becomes the servant of the Government, happy indeed will be this country, if that Government retains the moderation, the simplicity, and the character, of supreme and impartial judge, now imposed on its military weakness as the only prop of its authority, or support of its existence. Still the cultivator of the ground, superior in the relative scale of civil society to the cultivator of the soil in Europe, has sunk below that consideration which he formerly enjoyed, and must sink infinitely lower when discipline has been added to gunpowder, and a disciplined insurrection* imposes

* Has not the insurrection of Mehemet Ali — does not the state of the peasant in Egypt and Syria — forcibly illustrate this truth?

conditions on the Porte, or a standing army levels all differences before its equal weight and constant pressure.

The plain of Mitika is a triangular level. The shore is the base; two chains of lofty and abrupt mountains form the sides, and stretch beyond it into headlands. The island of Calamo rises from the sea, in front of the plain, at the distance of one or two miles. The mountains are limestone: some conglomerate crops out at their base, inclining towards them. The plain is clay, and is marshy towards the shore, from want of cultivation. The Vernacus has forced a magnificent passage through the limestone, near the angle of the plain; and there, restrained by an embankment at the gorge, accumulates its waters for the irrigation of the plain. I speak of it as it was, not as it is. This embankment is the vestige of antiquity which pleased me most in Acarnania. Here Hellenic construction, and Cyclopic labours, have been devoted to a useful work, and remain, at the present hour, an instructive lesson. The discovery of this ruin gave me a peculiar interest in this city, and every thing connected with it. I fancied that its protecting barrier of rocks disconnected it from the events of Acarnania, shielded it from the desolating neighbourhood of the Etolians; that its little lake gave exuberant fertility to the soil; that its sheltered harbour brought commerce to its shores; and that here the peaceable, intellectual, and ima-

ginative portions of the spirit of Greece enjoyed, in not inglorious peace, and not unmanly refinement, the richness of this lovely spot, and the security of this strong position.

Alyzea possessed, among many other inspirations of "Sculpture's Attic muse," the "Labours of Hercules," from the chisel of Lysippus. I heard, from the peasants, of a great many inscriptions among their huts, but could discover only two. The walls are in the best Hellenic style; and, probably, of all these cities, Alyzea would best repay excavation and research.

The excitement which the arrival of Europeans every where produced, was here called forth in a most striking manner. They thronged round me, anxiously inquiring where the limits really were to be; and, when I told them that they were without, they stood like men who had listened to a sentence of death. A fine, intelligent boy, certainly not more than ten years of age, and who, for an hour, had been leading me about the ruins, exclaimed, "We never will allow the Turks* to come here again!" "Will you prevent them, my little man?" said I. With a look and attitude full of indig-

* It may be worth while to remark, that the word Turk is used in Greece much as it is in Europe. These populations had never but once seen a *Turkish* army—they had never fought against Turks. To the Turks they owed, as already stated, their original institutions, and continual protection against their historic enemies, the Albanians.

nation, he replied, "You may laugh, if you please, but the Turks will never take alive even a little child" (δὲν θὰ πίασουν ζοονδανὸν μήτε μωρὸν παιδί). "I would shoot my sister," pointing to a girl older than himself, "sooner than that she should again be made a slave."

Half an hour before sunset we left Candile for Vonizza: we put spurs to our horses, and reached, with daylight, the gorge near Alyzea, through which the Vernacus passes. On the shoulder of the right precipice, which rises perpendicularly at least five hundred feet, stands a Venetian fortress, called Glossa. After passing the cliffs, the gorge winds to the left; the mountains rise on either side. We were here suddenly stopped by a Hellenic wall, filling up the whole glen. We dismounted, and, after groping about for some time, discovered a passage to the right. This was the dyke to which I have before alluded, the superior layers receding so as to give it a pyramid-like inclination: eleven layers still appear. The night had closed in, but we had the advantage of a most brilliant moon, which threw a flood of light through the gorge we had passed. We stood in the deepest shade, to acknowledge the *religio loci*, and enjoy the fragrance and freshness of an eastern evening that succeeds a fatiguingly brilliant and sultry day. We threaded our way through groves of myrtle under the deep shade of the lovely and magnificent *Chenar*, that, filling the bed of the stream and the

bottom of the glen, threw their spreading branches like arches over our heads. An hour's distance from the first, we came to the second gorge; there the want of fodder prevented us from passing the night. Half an hour brought us to a mill, before which, on a green sward, a circle of muleteers sat in the moonlight, smoking, singing, and playing the guitar.

About midnight we established ourselves on an exposed brow, close to a clear fountain; turned out our mules and horses to graze, and lighted a blazing fire, which added much to the picturesque character of our situation, but did not seem to please the wild boars and jackals, which kept up a continual snorting and screaming around us. After pipes and coffee, I prepared to taste not the least of the traveller's enjoyments, slung between two trees in a Mexican hammock, after one of the pleasantest days of a most delightful journey.

Next morning we were *en route* at dawn, and, in two hours, crossed the highest part of the pass of the Acarnanian Olympus. An hour further on, we looked down on the fertile little plain of Livadia. As we passed by, some shepherd-soldiers, from a little grove on the right, brought out and offered us milk newly drawn, and fresh "mgithra" (curds) the Italian ricotta. We went to visit their woodland habitation: huts, sheepfolds, roofs, and palisades, formed of green boughs and live shrubs bent into the forms of walls: it was quite a labyrinth of

foliage—a hamlet of live verdure; their arms and rude implements were hung upon the trees; the sun, which shone brightly on the opposite hills, and on half the plain below, had not reached them; the grass was still wet with dew. We gladly accepted their hospitality, and made a hearty breakfast on their simple fare, while they were churning, cleaning their arms, milking their goats and sheep, and shearing around us. They were astonished at our inquiries, and could not credit the admiration we expressed at their encampment; they even suspected that we were amusing ourselves at the expense of their simplicity: some of them, who knew a little of the world, began to expatiate to the rest, on the palaces, luxuries, and learning of England, and wondered how *milordi* could find pleasure in observing their ignorance and poverty, "we, beasts that we are"—(ἡμεῖς ζῶα οπὸυ εἴμεθα).

On a little hill to the north, are the ruins of Pyrgi, or a farm establishment, built by Ali Pasha: it has remained for years untouched by the plough, and is now a rich meadow; for the right of their respective adherents to pasture on which, Vernachiotti and Zonga are at present at variance, and probably may soon be at war.

We descended gradually from plateau to plateau. The country is partially wooded: the basins, although the rocks are limestone, filled with rich soil. The path descends several times

through chasms, burst open by the torrent, which reproduced, in miniature, the grander scenes of last night. These chasms were overhung with varieties of oak,—the quercus, smooth-leaved, prickly-leaved, ilex, and with ash, elm, and other forest trees. Moss, which is uncommon in this climate, hung profusely from the damp rocks and from the trunks and branches of the trees, over which wandered innumerable creepers, chiefly the clematis, which flings its slender stems from the very summits of the trees to the banks of the stream below the rock, where they coiled as loose rigging hanging from a mast.

About an hour from Livadia, we came successively in sight of the serrated shores and bays of the Ambracian Gulf, the Leucadian Promontory, and the Ἄκτη Ἐπειροῖο. Before us rose the land of Pyrrhus, Scanderbeg, and Ali Pasha; and, to the right, the mountain altars of ancient mythology, the ridges of the Pindus, "sublimed with snow." An hour more brought us to Paradisi, when, turning to the left, we saw a narrow plain stretching to the Gulf, on the shore of which rose a small round knoll, crowned with the Venetian towers and fortifications of Vonizza.

It was near mid-day when we reached the base of the hills: the heat was tempered by ample shade, and by the sea-breeze that had just set in. The country seemed to smile around us in its reckless richness. We found ourselves on a bright green sward, half encircled by a bend of the

rocky stream, and shadowed by a deep border of that constant ornament of running waters, the friendly Chenar. The foreground presented a masterpiece of nature's art, which a Salvator Rosa or a Byron, alone, was worthy to look on. A troop of Palicars, though there was no village nor even house in the vicinity, had chosen this situation for their encampment, and fixed their habitations among the trees. They were allured only by the amenity of the place, the abundance of water and shade, and their innate taste. Each Palicar had woven for himself a pallet of green boughs covered with fern, which, according to his fancy, he supported by stakes driven into the bed of the stream or its banks, or nestled in the forks of the massive trunks and branches of the trees, or, to catch the cool current of air, suspended from the boughs crossing each other from the opposite sides of the stream. Their goats, for every soldier has one or more, were resting under these pallets, or standing in the water. Some of the Palicars were bathing, some, in their rich picturesque and warlike costumes, seated crosslegged, smoking; some grouped round fires preparing their food, while the smoke rising through the thick foliage, passing over the trunks, or curling round the light-green smooth branches, caught and reflected the rays that had penetrated through the canopy of verdure, and produced a thousand beautiful effects. The sharp tingling of a single tambouriki, softened by the

murmur of the tumbling torrent, formed a happy accompaniment to the dream,—for such it seemed.

The Platanus, the Chenar of Persian poets, is a tree so elegant in its form, so docile in its growth, that it gives beauty to all that surrounds it; shooting up like the poplar when confined; spreading, when at liberty, like the oak; and drooping like the weeping willow over streams—it adapts itself to every position of soil, and assimilates itself to every style of landscape. The foliage, by the broadness of the leaves and their springing at the extremity of the branches, is bold and massive, without being dense or heavy. Vast and airy vaults are formed within, excluding the strong light and the sun's rays; and through these verdant domes, the round, long, naked boughs, of a light-green hue and velvety texture, meander like enormous snakes.

We lingered in this valley, which deserves its name, if aught on earth can deserve such a name, (Paradisi), to allow time for the pitching of our tent at Vonizza, and for preparing a dinner to compensate us for our long privations: but, alas! on our arrival we found ourselves in reality restored to terrestrial cares, for neither tent nor dinner were there,—our servants had quarrelled by the way, and were literally at daggers-drawing.

## CHAPTER VII.

CHANGE IN THE PALICARS—THE VLACHI SOLDIER-SHEPHERDS —POUQUEVILLE'S BLUNDERS—FETES IN THE MAKRONOROS —BOAR HUNT—ARRIVAL IN ALBANIA.

STEP by step, as we proceeded northward, the alarm of commotion and anarchy vanished before us. Like fame and the rainbow, that fly the pursuer and pursue the flier, alarms now flourished in our rear; and we heard of nothing but commotions in the Morea. We were arrived at the place which had the reputation in the Morea of being the very focus of disaffection and disorders; but here, as elsewhere, we found the most perfect tranquillity: nor had we to take the slightest precaution for the preservation of ourselves or of our most trifling effects; nor, during our whole peregrinations in Acarnania, had ever the idea of precaution presented itself to us.

General Pisa was Military Commandant of Western Greece; and we were soon put in possession of all the details of its state and organisation. Some months before serious disturbances had taken place amongst the soldiery; but these were ex-

cited, I will not say by the incapacity, but by the very sight, of Augustin Capodistrias. The Greek Armatoles might submit to the authority of a European officer, commanding respect by his abilities, and sharing with them their dangers and fatigues: the arrogant bearing of an upstart Frank, and, above all, a Corfiote, no soldier, and, withal, a vain and silly man, could only excite amazement, to be followed by contempt.

Since the appointment of General Pisa, the most perfect tranquillity has prevailed, from no other reason, I believe, than because he is not Augustin Capodistrias; nor, by intermeddling, has he yet informed them, that he is General Pisa.

Vonizza is the head-quarters for the troops posted on the Makronoros, and in different points of the Gulf, with which the communication is maintained by Mysticos. The regular alternation of land- and sea-breezes, renders this inland navigation most sure and expeditious. When we proposed going to visit Caravanserai by land, that we might inspect the southern shores, we were recommended to go by water, because the passage was usually made by water; the route by land being circuitous and bad, and the breezes favourable and certain,—I retain the remark, because it may prove illustrative of the passages of Philip and the Lacedæmonians from Leucas to Limnæa, in the last of which the omission, as I imagine, of the word "by sea," has given rise to discussions

among learned commentators in their closets, which the inspection of the localities would easily set at rest.

We were much gratified, not only by the good feeling that seemed to exist among the soldiery, but also by their strict and cheerful subordination, which the example of the Peloponnesians had hardly led us to expect. Since the organisation had been effected, one single case requiring penal animadversion had occurred. A subaltern officer, not in activity (*απόμαχος*), had beaten, in a quarrel, an old man at Vonizza. He was tried by a court of his peers, and sentenced to lose three months of his half-pay, and be confined for six months in the Castle of Lepanto. This sentence was the spontaneous suggestion of the officers themselves, as was also the mode of putting it in execution; namely, delivering the order for his confinement to the convicted officer himself, that he might present it to the Governor of Lepanto, offering himself, at the same time, for imprisonment. This is an exemplification of the point of honour,* which is, of course, quite unknown in the East. The officers spoke with delight of their first judicial proceedings.

* It is strange enough that the word "honour," which we have been told by travellers has no synonyme in Turkish, is itself a Turkish word, "Huner" which is, in its strict sense, *order*. In Greek, the word for "honour," *τιμή*, means, also, *price*.

Though Vonizza was the head-quarters, there was no body of troops in it, and only one of the Capitani, Zongas, the chief of the Vlachi,—a population which has contributed to the revolution, at various times, as many as ten thousand men: Zongas has mustered as many as two thousand at once. The Vlachi, though not Armatoles, more readily become soldiers than the Greek Rayah. Their nomade habits, and the little contact they have with the Turks, render them less submissive, and familiarise them with danger and the use of arms; while their property in flocks and cattle, which they can so easily remove, and in butter, cheese, and capotes, which are disposed of every where with equal facility, leaves their roaming habits unconfined, while it deprives them of the necessity or inclination to engage in brigandage. I suppose I need not observe that the Vlachi are originally from Wallachia; and that, to the amount of about half a million of souls, they are wandering shepherds all over European Turkey, changing their abode with the seasons, possessing a large proportion of the sheep of the country, and often having additional flocks confided to their care by the stationary populations.*

* The following description of the Vlachi in the thirteenth century, is a curious illustration of the permanency of Eastern habits and interests:—

"The Vlachi are a wandering race, who have acquired considerable wealth by their flocks and herds, whose pastoral life

Their celebrated chief, Cach Antoni, who was one of the Klephti heroes of Ali Pasha's reign, had been a wealthy proprietor of sheep and goats, of horses and mules. A party of Albanians once alighted at his encampment: sheep were killed, and skins of wine untied. When they had feasted themselves, they proceeded to the most shameful outrages; and fell victims, during their sleep, to the violated chastity of the Vlachi establishment.

Cach Antoni, exasperated by the dishonour of his family, and now irrevocably excluded from all hope of pardon, set fire, on the spot, to his tents and weightier movables, mingled the blood of two thousand slaughtered sheep with that of the Albanians, and, as they emphatically express it, "took to the mountain" (επηξε τὸ βουνό). A man of a daring, not to say of a lofty mind, and of an iron frame, he now became the hero of the Vlachi name, recruiting his band from these hardy mountaineers, no where fixed, but always to be found where the wolves have dens and the eagles nests. For many years he defied the power of Ali Pasha, but was caught, at length, suffering from the ague, and concealed in a cave; whither one of his sons, who had carried him far, had been

has inured them to fatigue, and endowed them with great strength and hardness of body; while a habitual practice of the chase has taught them the first rudiments of war, and frequent skirmishes with the imperial troops have trained them to a considerable skill in the use of arms."—PACHYMEER, *Hist. Andr.* lib. i. cap. 27.

forced to deposit him. In this state he was brought to Janina; and suffered a cruel and lingering death by the successive fracture of every bone in his body, while he uttered neither groan nor complaint; and reproached one of his sons for dishonouring his house, by evincing weakness while undergoing the same torture.

Zongas was his Proto-palicari, and, shortly after his death, submitted to Ali Pasha. He inherited his former patron's authority among the Vlachi, who thus appeared, for the first time, as Armatoles. Though distinct from the Greeks in language and in race, they were identified with them in every other respect; and thence the same ready transition, on the breaking up of the dominion of Ali Pasha, from Klepht to Armatole, and from Armatole to Patriot.

After spending three days at Vonizza, we proceeded to make the tour of the Gulf. General Pisa placed at our disposal one of the government mysticos; and when the sea-breeze had set in, we left Vonizza, and skimmed along the Gulf right before the wind, "wing and wing." Our first object was Caravanserai, where we had nearly made up our minds to find the Amphilochian Argos; and were certainly exceedingly disappointed at the uninteresting appearance of the narrow cove, the barrenness of the limestone hills, and the insignificance of the ruins themselves. They consist of a simple Hellenic wall, two thou-

sand five hundred paces in circumference. The walls extend from the shore round the summit of a little rocky hill: to the north is the narrow cove of the Gulf; to the south, the long river-like lake called Ambracia; and to the east and west rise abruptly two barren mountains, which intercept the view, and scarcely afford, in the vicinity of the ruins, a spot of level ground large enough for a garden.

This place has been pitched upon for the locality of the Argos Amphilochicum by D'Anville, Barbié de Bocage, Arrowsmith, &c. D'Anville, not content with finding an Argos, has made an Inachus for his Argos, by drawing a meandering line from the Achelöus entering the Gulf at this spot. The description I have given of the locality will shew that there never could have existed any stream at Caravanserai. Pouqueville, with his usual exuberance of blunders, makes it out to be Olpæ. He observes, that D'Anville calls this place Argos Amphilochicum, and that the peasants call it Ambrachia, "which is no less an error on the part of the geographer than on that of the peasant; but," continues the facetious consul, "*pour moi qui savois* that Ambrachia is the Acropolis of Rogous, and Argos is the submerged town of Philo-Castro (Phido-Castro—snake-castle), I *discovered* in Ambrachia the ancient Olpæ." Above all, is he fixed in this conviction by the "*precise*" distance from Argos — his Philo-Castro. Shortly before this, he

had "discovered" in Combote, some ten or twelve miles to the north, Crenæ, which the Lacedæmonians, coming from the south, had to pass during the night, to arrive at Olpæ in the morning; and as to his "precise" distance, instead of the twenty-five stadia between Argos and Olpæ, there are at least two hundred and fifty between Phido-Castro and Caravanserai. The quotations he gives in confirmation are themselves perfectly conclusive against his suppositions, besides being, as usual, misquoted. The perfect confidence, no less than the errors, of Pouqueville, would, at times, make one think that his book was intended for a hoax. Throughout Acarnania his discoveries have not extended much beyond the one we have just seen of Olpæ in Caravanserai, and of Thermus, where it is likely no mortal will ever "discover" it again; but he tells us, "j'ai soulevé le voile qui couveroit des problèmes géographiques jusqu'à present insolubles, j'ai révivifié l'Acarnarnie entière."! Again, says he, "Je donnai, par une sorte d'inspiration, des noms à tous les lieux qui m'environnoient!" What an invaluable accompaniment he would have been for Ross or Parry's northern expeditions! *

* Pouqueville places Lymnæa at Loutraki, and, to support this position, says that Cnemus "l'abandonna au pillage *en se detournant un peu du chemin* qu'il tenoit pour penétrer dans l'Agraide; en effet, ce general parti de Leucade *avait dû prendre* sa route au midi du Lac Boulgari pour se porter vers le défilé de Catouni, et ne put passer à Lymnée qu'en dérivant à

We returned to sup and sleep on board our mystico, and sailed about midnight with the soft land-breeze that dies away again in the morning. A little before sunrise, we were awakened by our

gauche." It belongs but to Pouqueville to combine, in so short a sentence, so many errors, misconstructions, and such inconceivable assurance. In a note he reports some of the words of Thucydides, adding again, within parentheses ("*en se detournant un peu de sa route.*")*

Thucydides says that Cnemus left Leucadia in great haste, leaving some of his troops behind, to reach Stratus, thinking, if he could surprise it, the rest of Acarnania would submit. He, therefore, passed through Argis (not "l'Agraide" of Pouqueville), and, arriving by sea, as Philip did afterwards, and as seems to have been, as it still is, the common practice, pillaged Lymnæa; but there is not a single word about quitting his road for that purpose. The words are:

Καὶ διὰ τῆς Ἀργείας ἰόντες Λιμναίαν κώμην ἀτείχιστον ἐπόρθησαν. Ἀφικνοῦνταί τε ἐπὶ Στράτον.—κ. τ. λ.

"Stephanus, of Byzantium," says Pouqueville, "is wrong in making Lymnæa a burgh of Argolis" (as Thucydides, in this very passage, does), because he had not the benefit of Mr. Pouqueville's discovery of Argos, in Phido-Castro, and, consequently, "a pris le change relativement à Argos Amphilochicum." Palmerius quotes this very passage of Stephanus, in rejecting a proposed emendation of this passage of Thucydides by some commentator. And Gronovius, in his notes to Stephanus, says that, in carefully examining the passage of Thucydides, he must adhere to the correct judgment of that learned geographer.

* And, besides, this intercalation supplies Thucydides with a reason for the pillage—"pour encourager les soldats."

keel grazing the beach of the Makronoros. The commander Verri was standing on the beach to receive us. The style, the outline of the figure, the arms, the *tail*, suggested the comparison with the old Scottish chieftain; but the climate, the refinement of manner, the classical language, and I must, in spite of early associations, say elegance of costume, were in favour of the Greek. The struggles of the Scotch Highlanders and of the Greek mountaineers, probably, had very many points of resemblance, but their principles and results have been very dissimilar. The Scotch bravely shed their blood for the sinking cause of bigotry; the Greeks for that of rising liberty; and, fortunately, the same principle triumphed in the failure of the former and the success of the latter.

Thus did we lucubrate then and there; and these dreams of Greek regeneration afforded us many an hour of real enjoyment. The enthusiasm of mutual sympathies opened to us many a heart, now closed in bitterness against every thing that comes from incapable Europe.

Verri, the Tagmatarch, led us to a chamber, fresh wove of the boughs of oak, arbutus, and myrtle, supported on posts, driven into the sand within the sea-mark. It was open towards the sea; a rugged trunk of a tree was laid in imitation of a natural ladder to the entrance from the beach. I was quite enchanted with the novel and beautiful idea. A similar apartment had been prepared for

us wherever we halted during our stay in the Makronoros, varying in style and form, but always fresh; and, seeing the trouble they had taken to do us honour, we could not but be strongly prepossessed in favour no less of the taste, than of the sedulous hospitality, of our entertainers. Just such another little apartment must have been the earliest Temple of Delphi, woven of green laurel boughs.

It is, of course, superfluous to say that the whole of the morning was spent in abusing the Protocol. The point of chief importance here was the practical means of frustrating it. "Here we are," said they, "not because the Europeans have put us here, but because the Turks have been unable to drive us out. If the Alliance orders the Greek troops to retire from Acarnania, the Greek troops will retire; that is to say, our commissions in the Greek service will be sent back, but WE will remain in Makronoros. The Protocol will neither make the Turks' swords sharper, nor their powder stronger. The Alliance will not be able to attack us, for we will renounce the connexion with Greece; and if shots are again fired across the frontier, independent Acarnania will have a hundredfold more to gain than to lose, and may render to the North the service she has already rendered to the South; and the Protocol, intended to give peace instead of war, will bring war, where peace at present exists. Our state is now very different from what it was at our former

rising. From our mountains all around, we could then only look upon our enemies: now half the horizon is filled with victorious co-religionists. Then, we struggled for existence: now, we fight for independence. Then, our wives and children grasped our fustanels, and implored us to hold our hands: now, our women and children encourage us to resistance, and would revile us for submission."

This sad Protocol has alienated no less the respect than the confidence and affection of these people. Little could we then have anticipated the lengthful series of these dire diplomatic instruments, whose snakelike and tortuous course has wound itself in many and deadly folds around the destinies of Greece. No! never can revive again those moments of hope and exultation; no revolution can bring Greece back again to that state in which she was, at the period here described. Her futurity has been shipwrecked after the danger was passed; and the wreck will remain a great and lamentable example of the crimes that benevolence can commit, when destitute of knowledge.

At noon the roasted sheep made its appearance, imbedded in a wicker tray of myrtle; and we were afterwards lulled to our siesta by the rising ripple brought in by the sea breeze, which, as it freshened, dashed the swelling waves against the stakes, and rocked us in our cradle of verdure. When we awoke we found horses ready capari-

soned, and adorned with boars' tusks, to carry us to the position above. Our intention was to sail from Makronoros that night with the land breeze; but we found that, before our arrival, where and when we should eat and sleep for three successive days had been decided on, and preparation accordingly made. An officer from each of the other Tagmata came to meet us; and, of course, all our plans were gladly sacrificed to the enjoyment of such distinguished and interesting hospitality.

Accompanied by several officers, and a guard of Palicars, we proceeded to the Tagma of Veli, an old friend and companion in arms. The road first lay through low brushwood, myrtle, lauro-cerasus, bramble, tall heather, thorns, and palluria, a shrub with multitudes of long and slender branches, set with strong thorns, perfectly unapproachable itself, and binding up the underwood into an impervious mass; when a sheep gets entangled in it, unless found by the shepherd, it perishes. These thorns have been the principal strength of the Makronoros. The path was like an arched way cut through this underwood, and we rode along almost doubled on our horses. In some places it has been cleared by fire, in others it opens into forests of oak; and still, under a canopy of verdure, one seems passing from corridors to spacious halls. After a couple of hours' journeying on, without seeing any thing of the country through which we were passing, we

came at length to a space open to the heavens above. A band of the forest was before us, a green brow rose close behind it, and on its summit were squatted Veli and his men; their white fustanels were soon flying about, as they scampered down the hill; and, after we entered the forest, we found them drawn up in two lines, waiting for us.

We dismounted at the proper distance, saluted and embraced, and then walked with Veli through the ranks of his men, who gave us a hearty welcome as we passed. Our guard from below went on a-head; these followed two and two behind; their fustanels were all snow white, their persons and clothes clean and tidy to minuteness, their looks fresh and cheerful, their manner orderly and submissive; and I said to myself, "Are these the same men — the 'horde' — that I saw eighteen months ago, filthy and discontented, in the camp before Lepanto?"

Rizo has truly said, and Mr. Gordon has given tenfold weight to the remark by repeating it, that a man who sees Greece in one year, will not recognise it in the next. Most forcibly was this observation pressed upon me, by the state in which I found the soldiery of Makronoros. On leaving Greece for Turkey, little more than a year before, if I had been asked, what the greatest benefit was that could be conferred on Greece, I should have

said, — a deluge, to sweep away the whole race of Liapis.* On my return I found, to my surprise, industrious and docile labourers and muleteers, who had previously been soldiers. I explained this by the supposition that the best disposed had resumed habits of industry, but was still far from supposing that any improvement had taken place in the mass, or from suspecting that, in judging of them formerly, I had not estimated correctly their capabilities. It was now, therefore, with quite as much surprise as gratification, that, by observing them under other circumstances, I formed a truer and a higher estimate of their qualifications and their dispositions.

Arriving at Veli's bivouac, we found on a little knoll, shaded by an oak, and commanding a prospect of the Gulf and Plain of Arta, a large table, and an ample sofa on each side, formed of branches fixed in the ground, wove with boughs, thickly covered with oak-leaves; quite of a different character, but quite as tasteful — more so it could not be — as the chamber over the sea in which we had been received in the morning. Whilst we were taking our coffee, the Palicars formed a large circle around, and shewed, by the conscious smile that followed our encomiums on their Arcadian taste, the part and the interest they had taken in

* Liapi is one of the tribes of Middle Albania, celebrated for its rapaciousness and filth. Hence the word has become an epithet of contempt.

the preparatives for our reception. They paid us a pretty compliment by the mouth of the Grammaticos; and, after standing about ten minutes, their chief said, "The Hellenes may now retire." Formerly it would have been the "Palicars;" but their hopes were now warmer, their aspirations higher, and they disclaimed even the names that were associated with their previous history.

Our evening repast was positively sumptuous; five large fires had been put in requisition for it. A community of shepherds could not have boasted of greater variety, or excellence of laitage; and here, in the wilderness, we had whiter and sweeter bread than I ever tasted in Paris or London. Young zarcadia (wild deer) and little brindled boars picked up the crumbs around, and disputed them with the pups of Macedonian greyhounds. When the evening had set in, and the moon arose, the long Romaika was led out on the mountain's brow.

> "Their leader sung, and bounded to his song,
> With choral voice and step, the martial throng."

For two long hours did the leaders dip and twirl, while the long tail ebbed and flowed, like a following wave, to the mellifluous air—

Πῶς τὸ τρίβουν, τὸ πίπερι
Οἱ διαβόλοι καλογέροι.

Next morning we were very anxious to get up

a boar-hunt, but we abandoned the idea when we understood, that young Botzari had prepared for receiving us at noon; and, an active messenger promised that in the afternoon we should there find every thing prepared for a regular Chevy Chase. We were taken to see a tomb which had been discovered in making an oven; it contained some bones, some pieces of a broadsword, and two Roman coins — it makes an excellent oven. There seemed to be many others in the neighbourhood.

Accompanied, as before, by the "Hellenes," we ascended the highest point of the Derveni, towards the south, where it looks down on the plain of Vlicha, and where, if my calculations are correct, still remains to be discovered the site of the Amphilochian Argos. Here we found the remains of an Hellenic city, of considerable extent, and, apparently, of a superior style of architecture; and, in the uncertainty of its locality, I might have supposed this the disputed Argos, had it not been for its remoteness from any thing like a stream, and the commanding position, which, had that city been possessed of, must certainly have been recorded. Standing on this point, Thucydides' description of the march of Eurylochus is perfectly graphic. Passing by Lymnæa (Caravanserai), he ascended the Thyamus (the Spartonoros), then descended into the plain of Argos (the plain of Vlicha), then passed between Argos and Crenæ,

where the troops of the enemy were stationed, probably on commanding positions, and were reached after passing from the plain below; therefore, they were on the hill on which I stood; this very place, Crenæ. Olpæ a ruin, on a commanding situation, three or four miles to the north; or, if this were Olpæ, Argos would have been three miles lower down. In either case, the ruins of Argos are still to be discovered in the plain of Vlicha, or between it and Makronoros. Having ascertained it to be between those two points, we must not despair of finding it, because there is no river worthy of the name of Father Inachus, and because there is no ruin on the shore. Thucydides calls it ἔπι θαλάσια, but not ἔπι θαλάσσης. The term "maritime" might be applied to almost any city in the neighbourhood of the Gulf; and had he more strictly defined its position to have been on the sea, the difficulties, instead of being diminished, would have been increased. We do not dispute the locality of Stratus, because Livy calls it a city "super Ambracicum sinum."

The stream which Pouqueville's map calls Crickeli, may very well answer for the Inachus. Strabo merely says that it flows to Argos towards the south;* the Crickeli first flows to the south, and then to the west; the simple mention of the

* Strabo, Book vii.

stream when so much importance was given to water of every description, shews how insignificant it must have been.*

We now turned northwards along the ridge, and in about an hour and a half, descending among rocks and through oaken forests, we caught a glimpse of the pretty little encampment of Botzari, in a small and sheltered flat, where rocks and woods would have hidden it from observation, except from above. A shot from our guards was answered by a bugle from below; here was no formal greeting, but the Suliotes came bounding up the rocks with their young chief foremost in the race. Here we found a perfect temple of green boughs; it was raised high on stakes, and had windows all round it; the sides, roof, and floor, of green oak boughs; the floor strewed with fern, and the windows wreathed with garlands of wild flowers; the whole so fresh, that they seemed scarcely plucked an hour.

Botzari was Upo-Tagmatarch, and had the command in his superior's absence; he is a fine

* Purus in occasus parvi sed gurgitis Æas
Ionio fluit in mari, nec fortior undis
Labitur avectæ pater Isidis.—LUCAN, lib. vi. v. 362.

Inachus, or Ino, father of the Egyptian Isis. — See Pulmerii Græ. ant. dem. lib. ii. c. 7.

However, the original Inachus might have been contented with a very slender streamlet for its representative. Again, Pausanias says, τοῦδὶ ὕδωρ ἐπὶ πολὺ ἐξικνεῖται τῆς γῆς.

manly youth, not above twenty, if so much, and the youngest brother of the Suliote hero: I cannot say that his countenance was distinguished; in manner he was shy and bashful, but I have been seldom so interested by any one on so short an acquaintance. Here, again, we were astonished at the excellence and variety of their dairy; our young host observed that it was but natural, since "it was May, and the flocks feed only on flowers, and our milk is drawn by hands which have been hitherto accustomed only to the musket and the yatagan."

Afterwards, we had a delightful boar-hunt. Not that the game was rife. There were about three hundred men engaged in it. They ascended, by a circuitous path, to the upper part of a ravine, then beat it downwards, on both sides of the slope, with the stream and with the wind. The principal party of marksmen were placed at the opening of the dell; and large Albanian greyhounds were turned into the cover, but did not succeed in disturbing many deer. We were in want of proper dogs, and were too near the encampment; our sport was, therefore, confined to a few ineffectual shots at a couple of wild goats, which broke away. During the *battue*, we had a splendid prospect of the plain and gulf. The land and water below displayed the most strangely variegated tints; and the descending sun burnished the still vivaria (fish preserves). Amongst the lower mountains, to the

north and east, lead-coloured thunder-clouds were thickly rolling; heavy peals came echoing along the hills, while the plain, to the left, seemed undisturbed by a breeze; and the lofty cliffs of the Djumerca, which rose out of the very thickest of the storm, reddened by the evening sun, looked serenity and smiles.

In the evening, we enjoyed the merriment of the men, and their indefatigable dancing, in the moonlight. I could not help repeatedly expressing to their young chief the lively impression that the happiness of their condition made upon me. His answer expressed, in one single idea, the strong thirst of the Greek character, and more particularly of the young men, for information. "The boys," said he, "are happy, because they know no better; but do you think I can be happy, while I see strangers, like you, knowing every thing about my country, while I know nothing of theirs?"

I was here much struck with the strict military subordination which, without accompanying discipline or instruction, had taken place of the previous turbulence. It is generally supposed that the Greeks had a great objection to become regular troops, and that this objection was the most embarrassing question under Capodistria's administration. With all the means at his disposal, with French officers and French commissariat, the President mustered eight hundred men, and these, for

the most part, adventurers from Turkey and the Ionian Islands. Favier, by his own next to unassisted efforts, and on a portion of the eleemosynary contributions from Europe, managed to collect, at one time, three thousand regulars. The President expressed, indeed, earnestness to form troops — his actions implied no wish of the kind. To organise the Greeks, regular pay alone was requisite, as the present state of Makronoros proves. The men were not clothed in uniform, but they were dressed very much alike, if not entirely so; some with white jackets and blue embroidery, some with red; and all of them with clean fustanels. They were divided, though undisciplined, into Lochi and Tagmata, with successive gradations of command, with titles from the Spartan bands. The utmost subordination and etiquette divided these ranks, a result of eastern habit and ideas; but the authority of the Capitan had altogether vanished. They were precisely at that point where the uniformity of the action of a machine met, without having as yet impaired the value and intelligence of the individual. The greater portion of these troops are lads whose services commenced with their recollection, who have lived like goats, amidst rocks and caverns, and who have been spared much that was debasing in the hard experience of their fathers. They are proud to call themselves the children of the revolution, and distinguish themselves as such from the old men,

whom they call Turks. The common epithets of Klephti, or Palicar, are now become terms of reprobation. Their only designation is Hellenes, which they apply to each other in familiar conversation.

Next morning, we bade adieu to the Suliotes, and descended to Palaio-koulia, the second ridge. Here are the remains of a small Hellenic fortress, six hundred paces in circumference; thence we descended to the little plain of Menidi, where we had disembarked.

I have had occasion several times to allude to the strength of the position of the Makronoros; I have mentioned Iskos arresting here, with forty men, a body of Turks, which, had they passed, would have extinguished at its dawn the revolution in Acarnania, — perhaps, in the Morea. The recovery of Western Greece, and its present addition to the New State, is owing to a bold movement of General Church, who, with five hundred men, surprised the strong posts of the Makronoros: by this movement a convoy of provisions was arrested; and the fortresses of Lepanto, Missolonghi, the castle of Roumelie, with four thousand prisoners, consequently fell into the hands of the Greeks.*

* General Church was recalled by the President, in disgrace, after this splendid achievement, which secured to Greece that portion of territory, which was no sooner withdrawn by the

Before visiting the spot, I could not understand how a pass of such evident importance should not have been more particularly indicated by Thucydides, in describing the double action in its vicinity between the Ambracians and the Acarnanian league; but an inspection of the localities reconciled the apparent discrepancy, for the position is very much stronger now, than it was anciently.

Makronoros is a sandstone hill, in three escarpments, appearing one above the other. The face is abrupt, but seldom precipitous; the back dips considerably but equably; they present their abutments to the gulf and the west; and, consequently, the ridges and the valleys are at right angles to the frontier line: this, of course, is not a strong military frontier, and it has only become so now, because covered with an impervious mass of thorns, underwood, and forests.

In the night we sailed; and awoke in the morning at Caraconisi, an island connected with the fish preserves and shallows on the north of the gulf; it is occupied by the Greeks. We there got into a monoxylo, and punted away to Phido-Castro, so pompously announced by Pouqueville as his "revived" Argos Amphilochicum, and were,

conference, than the President declared it necessary to the existence of Greece, and made it the principal subject of his Jeremiads to Prince Leopold.

of course, disappointed. This ruin is in the middle of the vivaria; is a small circuit of Hellenic walls, the base of which is submerged four or five feet: we heard of inscriptions and columns that had been blasted, and carried away for building, by the Turks. The bottom of the vivaria is covered with a thick succulent grass, on which they say the mullet feeds. The preserves were farmed this year, for 40,000 piastres, to Nicholas Zerva, the Suliote Tagmatarch at Vouizza.

On our return to Caraconisi, we found a perfectly English breakfast — coffee, eggs, toast and butter, &c., awaiting us at the quarters of Malamo, the Suliote Tagmatarch, who had been in the English service. We passed a most interesting day with him, though he was suffering from the ague.

As usual, we sailed with the land breeze at night; and when we awoke in the morning, found ourselves between the points of Actium and Anactorium, and opposite Prevesa. The mystico would not run up under the fort; but we hailed a fishing-boat, and soon rejoiced in pressing, at length, the shore of Albania: our journey was now to commence.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE PROTOCOL.

In quitting Greece, I must, in a few words, explain the nature of the Protocol of February 3d, 1830, which gave rise to so much confusion. The previous Protocol of March 22d, 1829, had been framed in accordance with the suggestions of the Ambassadors of the Three Powers, who, assembled at Poros, had instituted an inquiry into the previous government of Greece, and into the statistics, topography, and finances of the various populations of Continental Greece who had taken part in the war. This Protocol fixed, as the boundary of the Greek State, that which was the natural line of demarcation between the contending populations, and which constituted the real military frontiers both of Turkey and of Greece; defined by natural lines of demarcation, and supported by positions of military strength. This was the great and practical object of an intervention aiming at pacification; and the Ambassadors, in adopting the line so recommended, did little more than admit what did exist, and sanction rights which had been practically acquired.

This frontier extended from the passes of Thermopyle, on the Gulf of Volo, to the passes of the Makronoros, on the Gulf of Arta.

The Protocol of the 22d March further established the independent administration of Greece; reserving the *suzéraineté*, and a yearly tribute, to the Porte.

This act received the approbation of the Greeks. The Porte rejected it officially, because it bore, together with the signatures of the plenipotentiaries of England and France, *that of the plenipotentiary of Russia*, with which power she was actually at war on the receipt of the document; and, as the allies persisted in forcing this signature upon her, she declared the arrangement as established "*de facto*," and admitted the intervention as "*sous entendue*."

A few days, however, previously to the signature of the treaty of Adrianople, she formally acceded to the Protocol. At the treaty of Adrianople, that Protocol was made a positive stipulation between the contracting parties, being considered as binding as if inserted verbatim in the treaty.

The Protocol of March 22d, was thus proposed by the parties to the treaty of the 6th July, and was finally admitted by the belligerents; it therefore satisfactorily settled the material questions relating to the pacification of Greece. It was the conclusion of the acts emanating from the Triple

Alliance, and was, furthermore, established by a separate treaty between Russia and the Porte: and the basis thus definitively settled, after costing so much anxiety and labour; exposing for so long a period the peace of Europe to continual hazard; involving pecuniary sacrifices to so great an amount; after having given rise to the battle of Navarino and the Russian war; — was now ratified with a solemnity no less imposing than the previous complications had been alarming: and Europe and the East, for the first time after ten years of war and convulsion, could breathe with freedom; and yielded to the illusion, that, at length the alliance of July had accomplished its end — the "Pacification of the East."

This illusion had endured for four months, when it was dissipated by the Protocol of February 3d, 1830, which created Greece an independent and sovereign state; and, in compensation to Turkey for this change in the original stipulations, reduced on one side the territory previously assigned to Greece — restoring Acarnania to Turkey, but extending the Greek territory on the east, for the purpose of fixing a better frontier line: that is to say, the natural frontiers were thrown open by this new act; and, while an expensive system of government was imposed on Greece, its territory and resources were diminished; the previous acts of the Alliance set at naught, and the solemn compact with Turkey violated.

Thus the Alliance interfered, without necessity, under the pretext of adjusting differences between parties, who neither of them, in this respect, claimed its intervention: the judgment, so given, was a violation of compact, it unsettled that which did exist, and it was rejected by both parties to whom it was offered.*

When powers with hostile interests, stand face to face, each with half the world at its back, balancing each other's power, and controlling each other's supremacy;—when two powers, one aiming at universal dominion, by disorganising and convulsing states; the other looking only to peace, and seeking to consolidate and defend—sign a compact by which they are bound to act together, then either the aggressive or the conservative policy must wholly triumph throughout the world. By this Alliance, either the ambition of Russia was sacrificed to the preponderance of England, or the power of England was rendered available for the projects of Russia. A knowledge of the East would have given to England the means of controlling

* "Having by this treaty (of Adrianople) imposed upon Turkey the acceptance of the Protocol of March 22d, which secured to her the *suzéraineté* of Greece, and a yearly tribute from that country, Russia used all her influence to procure the independence of Greece, and the violation, by herself and her allies, of the agreement which she had made an integral part of the Treaty of Adrianople."—*Progress of Russia in the East*, p. 106.

Russia; our ignorance of the East has given to Russia the control of England, the disposal of her treasure, the direction of her foreign department and marine, the keeping of her character and her honour, and the patronage of her diplomatic service. Thence the perversion of the national mind, toleration of insult, familiarisation with contempt; and, finally, we have arrived at that point of political degradation, where we pursue the policy of Russia, believing it to be the interest of England.

Greece, when struggling for existence, passed fundamental laws for the exclusion of the influence of Russia, her former patron, the projector of her revolution, and the enemy of the Porte; and she surrendered herself to England, invoking her protection, direction, and a sovereign of her choice. Now, England has there neither consideration nor influence: Russia is supreme! England has advanced to Greece nearly 5,000,000*l.*, and has no right to remuneration — certainly, none to gratitude. Russia has advanced 666,000*l.*, of which a sum of 500,000*l.* has found its way back to her, and holds the mortgage for two-thirds of the allied loan of 2,400,000*l.*! England having abandoned her claims, and having sacrificed her former mortgage for the previous loans of 2,800,000*l.* Greece, in an evil hour for her and for us, invoked our protection; we have betrayed her to the power she dreaded; we have transferred her and our money to

the power we sought to restrain. In Greece, no less strikingly than in Turkey, Persia, Central Asia, &c., has Russia advanced towards supremacy and dominion, by the use she has been enabled to make in the East of the power of England, while exhibiting to the Eastern world her European preponderance, in insult and injury, heaped with impunity on Great Britain.

Turkey is perishing, and, useful lesson! perishing through the absence of diplomacy. But some of the greatest men of England have considered England's power and dominion, and therefore existence, contingent on the preservation of Turkey. May not this consideration have occurred to other cabinets? Unless some mind arises in England equal to the circumstances, most certainly will the desire and prospect of sharing the spoils of England present themselves to the governments whose aggressions we suffer to proceed unopposed; whose appetite will be whetted, and whose power will be increased, by the incorporated fragments of the Ottoman empire. The partition of Turkey will become a maritime, as that of Poland was a territorial, bond of union.

## CHAPTER IX.

THE THREE COMMISSIONERS — DEPARTURE FROM PREVESA — PROSPECTS OF CONVULSION IN ALBANIA — THE PLAIN OF ARTA.

THE seclusion of our worthy consul, Mr. Meyer, had not been broken in upon by a stranger for eight years. We remained here a couple of weeks, crossed to Santa Maura, visited the opposite point of Anactorium, and roamed about the ruins of Nicopolis: of all which places enough has been said.

Permission had been requested for H. M. S. Mastiff to enter and survey the Gulf; the Meteor, also, Captain Copeland's surveying vessel, was heard of in the Gulf of Volo, at the other extremity of the proposed frontier line: their simultaneous appearance occasioned great alarm, to which our presence added, being supposed to be the commissioners sent to fix the boundary. My companion's valet being dressed, as we then were, *à la Française*, there was no use in denying that we really were the three commissioners,— English, French, and Russian, sent to plant stakes.

We were very anxious to visit the Greek chiefs, Gogo and Coutelidas; but Mr. Mayer induced us to forego this plan, lest the Turks should have suspected us of some political object. We had, therefore, no alternative but that of returning to Greece, or endeavouring to reach Janina, which was actually in possession of Veli Bey. The road was safe as far as the Pende-Pigadia; thence we might get to Veli Bey's camp; and then trust to chance, and to the movements of the troops, for penetrating further; and, if we found that impracticable, we had only to return, as, whatever might become the relative positions or circumstances of the adverse factions, Veli Bey had his retreat secured on Arta and Prevesa.

Having determined, therefore, on an attempt to reach Janina, on the 16th of June we sailed with the sea-breeze at noon for Salaora, where we arrived in two hours. Our boatman was an Arab, whom we had hired in consequence of having been spectators of a dispute between him and the harbour-master of Prevesa, a Greek, and formerly commander of one of the mysticoes that had forced so gallantly their way into the Gulf. The Arab, with great patience, submitted to insults and exactions from the Greek and his Albanian underlings; but, when he got on board of his caïque, while the shore was lined with Turks and Albanians, he stood, like Palinurus, on the elevated poop,

and, taking off his cap, raised his arms, and imprecated Heaven's wrath on the whole Skipetar race.

We saw at Salaora several of the Greek sixty-eight-pound shot, which had destroyed the few houses that were there. It was no easy matter to procure horses. A Cephaloniote went to the Aga, and proposed that we should hire his *ati* (charger), saying, " They will pay you a dollar for the trip ;" at which proposal the Aga seemed very indignant, which produced on the part of the Greek a torrent of the most foul-mouthed abuse. During the altercation, several Greeks, squatted around, and gave evident signs of approbation, while the Turkish soldiers * pretended not to understand the matter, and the Aga affected to laugh.

" Are dollars so rife amongst you," exclaimed the Ionian, " that you spurn them so ? Why, then, do you not get a new fustanel for yourself, and pay your soldiers their arrears ? And what have you to do with horses ? Get *zarouchia* (rude slippers used by the mountaineers) instead, for you will soon have to run and hide yourselves among the rocks."

This seemed most strange, according to our preconceived notions of Albanian fierceness and haughtiness ; and, putting together the scorn of

* This, of course, should be " Albanian soldiers." In my journal, large additions have been made, but the records made on the spot, of impressions received, have been preserved.

the Arab, and the volubility of the Greek, we began to think that, after all, even the Skipetars might be more sinned against than sinning.

Along the road, on approaching Arta, we saw on all sides gardens and well-cultivated fields, filled with labourers. We passed 140 pack-horses between Salaora and Arta. We met the Greeks armed, Greek priests singing in chorus, with wild-looking Albanians, and could not resist the momentary conclusion, that we had come all this way for nothing, and that Albania was as tranquil as any other land. We asked our muleteer (a Greek) if the Turks oppressed him? he answered, "sometimes;" but immediately afterwards related how, some days before, twenty of his countrymen had been taken (*angaria* *) to transport to Janina the baggage of Veli Bey. There, other Turks had seized upon them; and only eighteen returned to Arta: two had been killed, and their mules taken. We asked him how they could endure such treatment, and why he did not go into Greece? He said it always had been so, and if he attempted to escape he might be killed; and who knew if, after all, he would be better treated in Greece? This fact, the first that came more immediately under

* That is, *corvée*, or forced labour; which, in Turkey, is not in principle the same as the former practice throughout Europe, or of some countries at the present day. The *corvée* in Turkey is allotted by the municipal authorities. The present and similar instances are, of course, direct violations of the law.

our eyes, relieved us from further alarm; we saw we were yet in time to come in for a share of the dramatic and the picturesque.

From Salaora to Arta they calculate three hours and a half; but, displaying a regard for our property which we denied to our persons, we had left our watches behind: we were, therefore, never able to keep any exact register of distance by time. The necessity of travelling with the lightest possible baggage not only deprived us of every species of convenience, such as canteen, bed and bedding, but also of the more important utensils for a traveller, books of reference. We were generally prevented, by the jealousy even of our own guards, from taking notes; and, so far from being able to carry away geological and other specimens, I had to make it a rule not to pay attention to the strata. However, the political circumstances of the country, and the present condition and future prospects of the inhabitants, were the inducements which led us to run the risks, and undergo the hardships of such a journey at such a moment, and left us little time for collecting a *hortus siccus*, or for forming a register of births and marriages.

We soon came on the road which Ali Pasha had made for carriages, from Prevesa to Janina. It looks quite civilised; thirty feet wide, a ditch on either side, supported by a wall; but it is traversed every twenty-five paces by a row of stones, intended, I suppose, to preserve it in form,

and to ensure its convexity. But the soil having been worn away, the rows or walls of stones rise above the level of the road, and render it perfectly impracticable for carriages, and strange hopping for foot passengers, whether bipeds or quadrupeds. The plain, as well as the portion now under water, that forms the Vivaria, is clay. The small portions of it which I have been able to examine contain neither organic remains nor minerals; neither are those under water, nor the borders on the shore, covered with vegetable soil. Further from the shore, and in the centre of the plain, it is covered with a thin crust of earth; to which circumstance I am inclined to attribute the proverbial fertility of the plain of Arta. Their ploughs, which scratch and move the soil to the depth of three or four inches, never reach nor turn up to the surface the deeper soil, which has been fertilised by the sinking of the finer earth, and the filtration of decayed vegetables and animal matter. In deep soils all this is irrevocably lost to them; but here, on the clay, which, once saturated, is impervious to moisture, the natural manure remains mixed with the shallow soil, and is kept within the reach of their superficial cultivation. The clay is very tenacious, and cracks excessively in drought; so, that in the lower part of the plain, trees are scarce, and the few there are have spreading roots.

As we approached the city, the road, though

broken and clogged up, with its ditch on either side, and overhanging trees, presented a scene such as I had not had the gratification of seeing for four years. Vineyards and gardens smiled around, mingled with fruit-trees, and divided by hedges; and some apparently magnificent building appeared above the trees, and marked the position of the city. The very dust along the road had its interest; and I anticipated finding an equally pleasing contrast in Arta with the ruined cities I had become accustomed to of late. Very different, however, was the prospect awaiting me. In Greece the destruction of the towns is so complete, as now to present little more than the interest of historic facts: but here the causes of destruction are still active; and, on entering Arta, we were stopped by masses of ruins, over which a path had not yet been formed, and from which the dust seemed scarcely to have been blown away.

At the commencement of the revolution, and before its characters were well defined, the Albanians, who at first saw only the fact of resistance to the Turks, were inclined to make common cause with the Greeks; but the moment they perceived that the Greek movement was a national one, they immediately abandoned the hasty alliance. But, on the other hand, the Albanians have frustrated every plan of the Porte for the subjugation of the Peloponnesus. At Arta the Albanians assisted the Greek rising; but the house we occu-

pied, designated "Casa Comboti," was defended for fifteen days by the Turkish muselim, who had been sent by Ismael Pasha, then besieging Ali Pasha at Janina. The walls and upper windows still bear the marks of bullets—the door, of fire and the axe; the traces of Marco Botzari's first exploit. Here his name was first made familiar with men's lips, and his daring boldness recorded as that of another Capaneus,—

"πῶς εἴποιμ' ἄν ὡς ἐμαίνετο."

Ammunition failing, the Greeks offered to supply it; and Taïr Abas was sent by the Albanians to receive it at Missolonghi, and, at the same time, to observe the condition and penetrate the designs of the Greeks. He soon returned, and told his compatriots that he had seen flags with crosses, and heard of nothing but "γένος" and "ἐλευθερια," "race" and "liberty." They received the ammunition — turned their arms against the Greeks (who were also betrayed and deserted by their co-religionists, Gogo and Contelidas) — and drove them beyond the Makronoros. Then, in turn, abandoning Ali Pasha, they submitted to the Porte. The Greeks did not injure the town. Many of the inhabitants, who had not been connected with the insurrection, but who feared the indiscriminate vengeance of the Turks, retired with them. The Turks, again in possession of the place (that is to say, the Albanians, after they had changed sides), destroyed the houses of those

who had fled; although, when too late, they repented them of their blind fury. A few hours after the flight of the Greeks, the Albanians arrived, ravaging the country in their march. The whole population, suddenly panic-struck, took to flight. The Albanians, exasperated, pursued them, and were but at a short distance, when — "fortunately it was near supper time"— a flock of 5000 sheep crossed their path and spoiled the scent. The fugitives, during the night, put Makronoros behind them. Among these was the owner of the house we occupied. She had spent five years at Corfu, and returned still possessed of some little property, which she expended in fitting up a house and clearing a garden. On which twenty Albanians were immediately quartered upon her, and she took refuge in the consulate (the house is hers, but rented by the English consul), and lives now in one of the stalls of her father's stables.

Within the year, the township, in its present wretched condition, has paid 200,000 piastres to Veli Bey. To me it is inexplicable where these Greeks get their money; but, however little men may gain, if they spend less, they are rich. Besides the contributions in money, they have to lodge, feed, clothe, serve, and even shave the soldiers, gratis; unless we reckon notes of hand, and "promises to pay" when they receive their arrears. I forgot to inquire at what discount this scrip

could be obtained. Thus, under circumstances that would have driven to desperation the more impatient and less easily satisfied Gothic tribes of Western Europe, this population perseveres in industry and in hope; improving every hour, husbanding every resource; sowing their seed by stealth, and reaping their own as if it were a theft. What must be their condition, when they look back with gratitude to Ali Pasha! His tyranny, though indiscriminate, was single: neither robbery nor oppression, indignity nor violence, had any one to apprehend whose account was settled with him. They say, "We thought him a tyrant, and we rejoiced in his destruction; but it is not his feet we would kiss, but the very dust beneath them, could he be restored to us!"

## CHAPTER X.

POLITICAL, SOCIAL, AND DIPLOMATIC DISQUISITIONS, WITH A GOVERNOR, A NOBLE, AND A JUDGE.

17th.—We spent this day in paying (and receiving in return) visits to the governor, two beys, and the cadi. We found our vice-consul, Dr. Lucas, an excellent cicerone. He is of Albanian extraction, that is, from the Albanian colonies established in Sicily, has long resided in this country, and speaks the Greek as well as his mother tongue. His quality of physician is, no doubt, of great service to him; and we found him most attentive and communicative. He is the only servant of the British government whom I ever met with in the East, who has assisted me in my endeavours to establish an intercourse with the natives of the country. Musseli Bey, the governor, brother of Veli Bey, who is ruler of all Lower Albania, occupies the palace of the archbishop, once the residence of Porphyrius, our host at Anatolico. The church is a granary; a mosque, a den of palicari.

Devastation is now the ruling deity, and "no fond abodes" circumscribe its worship. The palace is one of the few buildings that still stand. The apartments are airy and spacious; and the view from the windows of the divan, overlooking a bend of the river, and extending towards the hills, was so beautiful, that it constantly distracted me from the long and varied conversation we had with the Bey, and his Albanians who filled the spacious apartment. We obtained so much favour among them, that when he came to return our visit,* they crowded every part of the house we occupied, though it was not a small one. They stood up even on the sofas, and left behind them an odour which scarcely with ventilation and time was got rid of.

* This circumstance may appear remarkable. Turkish governors are not in the habit of paying such honours to travelling gentlemen; and there was no possibility of our having acquired, immediately upon our arrival, any personal consideration peculiar to ourselves. We attributed the circumstance at the time, and I think justly, to the remarkable contrast between the English agent here and in other places. However humble his station, he had a character for honesty; and mixed with the people as in other parts of the world, knowing their manners, and speaking their language. Strange that such qualification in the holder of a most insignificant vice-consulate should be a subject of remark and observation to two English travellers, and should be the cause of their receiving marks of respect and means of information.

Musseli Bey had heard the report that we were come to settle the frontiers, and was exceedingly satisfied to learn that this was not the case. He anxiously inquired where the line was to be drawn; and exclaimed against the injustice done to Albania, whose "bread" was thus given away. We answered, that they had already lost not only so much, but more than the Protocol had assigned to the Greeks; that so many years of war had advanced them nothing; and that the Greeks complained of not having at least all the territory they had conquered. It was here evidently the realisation of the old proverb. The Greeks made an outcry, why should the Albanians be behind them? The Protocol was the mad dog, and every one flung his stone. The conversation now turned on the greatness, power, and inventions, of England. We were overwhelmed with questions, which might have gone on till now, had we not stopped their mouths with steam-coaches and Perkins's guns. Going from Arta to Janina in an hour, and mowing down a regiment, while a barber was shaving a single chin, were calculations which they immediately made. When their astonishment had somewhat subsided, a last, lagging question surprised us in our turn: "And what have you invented *since?*"

A Bin Bashi, who had been listening in silence, at length turned round to his people, and said,

with a thoughtful shake of the head, "We must take the crown from them, and give it to the Americans."

They fancy the Americans our enemies; that they were formerly our rayas; and that they will overturn England, as Greece will Turkey. The Bey overheard the remark, and, having had his eyes opened at Shumla and Varna, reproved him sharply. "Are you not ashamed," said he, "of such filthy ignorance? Are we, who owe to others the crown we have kept, to speak of giving away the crowns of Europe?"

The Albanians seem most anxious to display, on all occasions, their respect for England; and are most forward to confess their obligations to us in the Russian war.* But you may perceive, in every expression, a mixture of hatred and fear; for they look at Greece, that severer wound to Osmanli pride than any triumph of the Russians, and attribute its independence to England. Our

* This gratitude, which I, no doubt, then thought justly founded, I have since been puzzled to account for; but certain it is, that, through the whole of Turkey, the belief was at that time established, that England had saved Turkey from imminent destruction. Perhaps, it was merely because they thought she ought to do so. This general conviction was strengthened by the dread of the Russians for England, which every Albanian or Turk, who had come in contact with a Russian bivouack, must have obtained the consciousness of.

power and our motives are equally incomprehensible to them; and no wonder.

The subject of religion was broached among them. One of the party was defending high church principles, when an officer — filthy, ugly, and, though not old, toothless, and altogether a jovial sort of savage, calling himself a "Frank"— came and placed a chair before us, and seated himself in our fashion. He pointed his finger at the defender of the faith, and burst into the most immoderate fit of laughter. When he had recovered his breath, he exclaimed, "That fool, then, goes to his mosque and prays one way, as if God were not every way." Then, pointing to us, "You go to church, and pray to your Panagia (Mary), and each thinks the other will be damned; which one or other, or, perhaps, both of you certainly will be. I worship both, and revile neither; so, when I go to Paradise, I am sure of one friend, if not of two." The other inveighed against the depravity of the age that tolerated such unbelievers; and said, that even the Greeks would not suffer amongst them an infidel like him. The scoffer had, however, the laugh on his side; and, when his antagonist muttered something of his repenting this one day, he was seized with a louder fit of laughter than before, in which the bystanders joined; clearly shewing the tendency of Albanian faith—ἡ σακκουλα

ἔναι ἡ ψυχή μου αὐτὴ να ἔναι καλλὰ —" My purse is my soul; may it prosper." We recognised the freethinker for a Turkish freemason, or Becktashi, by the polished piece of stalagmite from the cave of Hadgi Becktash, suspended round his neck. Another of the Bin Bashis wore the same symbol; but we could not extract from them any information as to the extent and feelings of the order in Albania, except this, that a Christian may become a Mussulman, a Turk, a Jew; but a Becktashi is a Becktashi for ever.

Hearing that Musseli Bey was going into Chamouria, to put an end to a dispute betwixt two factions of the Chami, 2000 of whom were fighting hard only twenty miles from Arta, we requested permission to accompany him. He would have been very glad of our company, he said, but that his presence was no longer necessary; we had nothing left, therefore, to do, but to submit, with what patience we could muster, to the disappointment of being twelve days in Albania, existing in the midst of the most perfect tranquillity.

The Bey is a middle-aged man; spare, but well put together. He left on me the impression not of the best parts of the Skipetar character: his unquiet eye, his lank and sallow countenance, were deeply stamped with depravity and cunning. For the sake of contrast, I suppose, was seated by his side, the governor of the fort — a fat, stupid,

good-natured looking being, short and round as Bacchus, or a butt. The men were rather tall than short; some of them handsome; no superfluous flesh; clean limbed and round jointed, with expressive countenances, and free carriage. Muscle seemed to beat both bone and blood; and energy to bear away the palm from strength. But there was no family-like resemblance amongst them; and their dress, which shews so well the outline of the person, and leaves completely bare the neck, forehead, and temples, is not a costume calculated to give an air of uniformity. None of them were particularly cleanly; but every kirtle, or fustanel, was flounced about as if it had been a peacock's tail; and every urchin of three feet strutted along with the air of a Colossus.

We next went to Calio Bey, the first Osmanli family in the country; and, as Mr. Meyer had told us, one of the most intelligent men. He received us with extreme politeness and urbanity. On our previous visit to the governor we had been amused at the avidity with which every expression was caught at that could be construed unfavourably to the Sultan, or the Turks. We now, amongst the Osmanlis, heard the Albanians abused in the most unqualified manner, and, of course, the poor Greeks, who are free game to both parties. Our Osmanli host did not know which of the two, Albanians or Greeks, he detested most; but he was very sure of two things, that

they were both degenerate races, and that neither of them would come to a good end. But he had held a situation in Greece under Veli Pasha; and when we came to speak of things in detail, we found that there were many lights to pick out in the broad shadows of his national prejudices. In answer to his inquiries, we informed him of the rise of value of land in Greece; of the progress of building; of the extension of cultivation; of the immunity of the peasant, save from government taxes (fortunately, he was not inquisitive upon that score, nor as to the election of municipal officers, or the administration of justice, because all these things seemed to the Turks as the necessary accompaniment of tranquillity), and the security of the property of the rich.* We told him we had seen Turks pleased and contented in Greece, and allowed to retain their arms while the Greeks were disarmed. Though he said little, he seemed to reflect much on these facts, which he could believe from the mouth of an European. Perhaps we left him less certain than we found him, of the bad end the Greeks would come to, determining on our next visit to endeavour to set the Albanians also right in his opinion, which, I must allow, we should have found rather a more difficult task.

The political affections of the Osmanlis are strangely distracted. They are generally satisfied

* This, of course, refers to the progress made between 1828–9, before Capodistrias could pull up.

with the destruction of the Janissaries; but they greatly fear the consequent increase of the Sultan's power. They detest the Albanians, to whose violence and tyranny they are subject,* and apprehend more the protection of the regular troops, because they see in them a system which, once established, will be all powerful. They wish the Albanians to beat the Greeks; and they wish the Albanians to be beaten: they wish the Nizzam† to thrash the Albanians; but are excessively averse to the Nizzam being in any way successful.

At Constantinople, we had found it very difficult to ascertain the sentiments of the Turks on the subject of the new military organisation. Here there were no motives for disguise,‡ and Calio Bey candidly allowed many of its advantages, while, instead of concealing his objections, he anxiously endeavoured to convince us of their justice, and urged them not as a matter of party, but of faith. We thus discussed the subject with him at great length.

* In such a state of humiliating dependence are the Osmanlis kept, that Turkish Beys are often not allowed to visit their farms without the written permission of the Arnaout governor.

† Regular troops.

‡ And, what was far more important, *there were* opportunities of intercourse. The supposition of there being motives of disguise originated in this, that when I began to have means of intercourse, my ingenuity was taxed to find reasons for not having had it before.

The following conversation, which I set down nearly *verbatim*, immediately after it occurred, will, perhaps, best illustrate the opinions of the best class of Turks on these heads.

"Our law," said he, "is the Koran; and we must judge of the acts of the Sultan, not by the praise or blame of the ignorant, but by their conformity with the precepts of our religion. For some of his acts I applaud him; for some, I condemn him. Our law and our practice are widely different. The law justifies a Raya in killing a Mussulman if he enters his house by force, or even against his will. What connexion, then, can it have with the oppression and injustice which now pervade the land? 'One hour,' says Mahomet, 'usefully devoted to the administration of justice, and the state, is worth seventy years of Paradise.' The Koran tells us that 'the ink of the wise man is more precious than the blood of the martyr.' Is it, then, our religion that has rendered us ignorant, or has driven away the science by which we flourished, to raise the Europeans over our heads? Religion and policy applaud the Sultan for humbling men who were oppressors and tyrants, enemies of the people, as well as of the Sultan, and alike ignorant of and despising religion and letters. The Sultan has thrice saved Turkey from perdition; he has destroyed the Janissaries, the Dere Beys, and the great rebel chiefs. As to regular troops, when our law flourished were not

ours the best disciplined in the world? and had that law been maintained, would the Janissaries have become a wound instead of a sword in the hand of the state? Can religion forbid men to stand or to walk together, to obey their superiors, and fight their enemies? Is it not, besides, from our very practices of religion, that men first learnt discipline? Do we not kneel all together with the Imaum? do we not rise up with him? do we not raise our hands at the same moment? Men may object to the Nizzam because they are enemies of honesty and peace, but not because they are friends of the law of Islam. But there are other points upon which the Sultan is to be condemned. He has violated our system of taxation; he has, more than his predecessors, falsified the coin; and, in copying Europe, he has introduced practices and manners which are no profit to him, and which exasperate men's minds against him. He has dressed all men alike, so that respect is not paid where it is due; and he has dressed Mussulmans like Franks, so that we risk giving the salutation of peace to infidels. One of our principal articles of faith is the *abdest* five times a day: why, then, dress us in tight sleeves and pantaloons, and, above all, with stockings and shoes, to the constant inconvenience of the whole people, so as to make the observances of religion oppressive?"

We asked him, if the Sultan, as Caliph, and the Ulema, could not, by their joint authority,

change an article of faith? He replied, warmly, "The Sultan as Caliph, and the Mufti and Ulema as expounders of the law, would lose their own authority if they attempted to undermine the sole basis on which it rests. The Sultan and Mufti, to preserve the unity of the faith, may decide upon a question that divides the faithful; but the subject of the difference, and the grounds of the decision, must be alike drawn from the Koran."

We asked him, if these opinions were universal, how they had not prevented the Sultan from attempting such innovations? He said, "the best portion of the people, rejoiced at the destruction of the Janissaries, were strongly prepossessed in favour of the Sultan, and, if they were dissatisfied with other things, they held their tongues, through ignorance of their own feelings and power. They had, besides, before their eyes, the apprehension of a reaction; the decision and executions of the Sultan had inspired universal terror. The defection of Greece, the Persian and the Russian war, had broken the spirit of the nation, while the subdivision of interests, and the separation of races, allowed no union to be formed which would have brought the national feeling to bear usefully. But, above all, were the Ulema and Constantinople to blame? They should have secured a national and permanent Divan, before sanctioning and effecting the destruction of the Janissaries. How has the Sultan maintained him-

self hitherto? What is his Nizzam? What is their number or instruction? They will no doubt become powerful; but what have they been hitherto, but boys of ten or twelve years of age, who know not what religion or duty mean, and who already presume to despise their betters, and will grow up to divide Mussulmans into two factions—and all about pantaloons and turbans?"*

Our next most interesting acquaintance was the Cadi, an Osmanli from the metropolis: a man not unlike Rossini in features, though I had no means of judging of his musical powers; but he was free of speech to volubility; and some of his louder tones, though diplomacy was his *thème*, positively broke into recitative. He was at dinner when we first called on him; but the hospitable habits of Osmanlis know no unseasonable intrusions. With him—a man acquainted with "the town," and versed in public life and affairs—our conversation turned on foreign politics. He expressed the greatest indignation at the interference of the three powers in the affairs of Greece; and asked us by what arguments our governments pretended to justify to their own people so flagrant a violation of the rights of nations; which, backed by such power, had dismembered their empire, overcast every prospect

* We went to visit a farm of Calio Bey, celebrated for its tobacco. For an account of the cultivation of this article, see Appendix, No. 6.

of internal amelioration, and cast them, a bound victim, to their treacherous foe, and our treacherous friend? However, we debated the point with him; and, of many arguments used, one alone succeeded in making any impression; I may therefore mention it, as, in fact, it is the only ground upon which the question can be put in opposition to a Turkish antagonist.

The Sultan, I observed, as sovereign of Greece, had entered into treaties with us for the commerce of that country; these treaties became null by the confusion that prevailed; we could only appeal to the legitimate sovereign. The Greeks, subjects of the Sultan, had committed piracies to an enormous extent on our commerce; we applied to their sovereign for indemnification. He has one of two courses open to him—to give us compensation; or, by declaring them pirates, to abandon them to the justice of those they had injured. Our government, in justice to their own subjects, had but one of two courses open to them also—that of compelling compensation from the Sultan, or from the Greeks. The Sultan would adopt neither course; the European governments leniently deferred the enforcing their just claims, and seven years of procrastination and patient remonstrance, had only accumulated wrong on wrong, and left the solution as hopeless at the end of that period as it was at the commencement. The enforcement of our treaties, the compensation

of our subjects, the restoration of so long interrupted tranquillity, and the free navigation of the seas, required us, at length, to exert the power we possessed, not to avenge, but to pacify; not to make war, but to restore peace. With what wisdom that intervention was exercised, facts would shew: the intractable rebels and incorrigible pirates had immediately become quiet and peaceable; the seas were reopened to commerce; from enemies they became useful allies, and offered to the Turks a place of refuge from their own internal convulsions, and a personal security, which their own government could not afford.

The Cadi said that this was to him altogether a new argument, and that he felt its force; but that, still, he could not see that our right to indemnify ourselves, gave us any right *so* to exercise our power, that the Ottoman empire should be overturned by our good intentions and benevolent support.

We answered, in turn, that his objection was equally just; and that the independence of Greece, which did not enter into our first plans, was brought about by the obstinacy of the Sultan. He has only to go on in the same course to bring about the independence of more countries than Greece, even with our best dispositions to prevent it. "*May the devil's ears be stopped!*" exclaimed the Cadi. "Well, well," said he, after a moment's pause, "wrong or not, we are always sure to

suffer; the weakness and corruption of our government are likely enough to give you a pretext. I know," he added, "that it is to you we owe our deliverance from the Russians, who were brought upon us by the perverseness of the Sultan,* at the very moment that he had taken from his people the means and the inclination to resist them. What would you say of a man who would invite his friends to a marriage-feast, without having butter and rice in the house? and if you cannot make a marriage-feast without *pilaf*, can you make war without *pilaf*? Not content with cutting off the Janissaries, he immediately afterwards attempted to exterminate the Becktashis. I was then at Constantinople, and every morning I felt my head with both my hands (suiting the action to the word) before I was sure that it was on my shoulders. In the midst of this panic, he assembles the Pashas, Beys, and Ayans, and asks them if they would fight the Russians? Who would dare to say to the Sultan that he would not? But who would fight for such a government when they would have preferred a Jew or a Gipsy for a Sultan? I have left my home and avocations at Constantinople for the hovel you see me in, and am contented to live among these savages, because

* The war was by no means the Sultan's act; but I give the conversation as it occurred. It illustrates the political effects that may be the result of the dissemination of news; which power is altogether in Russian hands.

I am out of the Sultan's reach." I need not add that our friend was a Becktashi.*

The discordant opinions and interests of the different communities into which the population is split, the changes in progress in Turkey, and the altered position of Greece, the agitation of the question of the limits, the ignorance in which they are of, and the eagerness they have to know, the dispositions of the European cabinets, together with the strange occurrence of travellers in their country, have surrounded us with an interest, and a confidence, quite extraordinary. They overwhelm us with questions, and hang upon our answers; and thus are exposed to us their secret aims and motives. Here Turkish opinion, unveiled and undisguised, displays an activity and intelligence that would in vain be sought for in Constantinople;† and the hope daily grows upon me, that the present fermentation will lead to political regeneration—a thing not so difficult in Turkey, I should think, as many suppose.

* This, and all other individuals of whom facts or opinions are recorded, which, by any contingency, might be injurious to them, have been ascertained to be beyond the reach of consequences.

† The people here almost all spoke Greek, and I did not then know a word of Turkish.

## CHAPTER XI.

### STATE OF PARTIES, DISPOSITIONS FOR OPENING THE CAMPAIGN.

By the intelligence which has arrived to-day, June the 19th, the plot seems to thicken fast. The military chest, baggage, and avant-guard, of the Sadrazem, we were informed by a Tartar, had left Adrianople eight days ago, and are expected to-day at Monastir. The avant-guard is composed of eight tambours (regiments), and amounts to between five and six thousand men, regulars, who have served in the Russian campaign. The Sadrazem's (Grand Vizir) departure is retarded, for a short time, by the measures he is taking to crush Arslan Bey at the first blow. Before proceeding westward, he wished to put in movement the Ayans and Spahis of Roumeli, with the twofold object of making them act against the Albanians, and of preventing insurrectionary movements in his rear. He wished, also, to give time to Mahmoud Pasha, of Larissa, to obtain some advantage over Arslan Bey, to add *éclat* to his arrival. The devastations committed by Arslan Bey and four thou-

sand followers, at Zeitouni, Triccala, and on the northern borders of Thessaly, and the recent sack of Cogana, afforded the Sadrazem a splendid opportunity for declaring himself the protector and avenger of the agricultural population, and for resolving the struggle between the Albanians and the Porte into a question of government or no government. Arslan Bey has consequently been placed under the ban of the empire and the church, and declared a Firmanli. Ten thousand men, it is said, are assembled under Mahmoud Pasha, who promises to send the head of every rebel follower of Arslan Bey to Monastir. The result of this first operation will, no doubt, materially affect the prospects of both parties. Arslan Bey, if beaten, will find a passage by the mountains into Albania; but he will bring discouragement to his party. The line of separation between the Sultan's Skipetar friends and foes is not distinct and straight, but confused and undulating; and many of the waverers will watch the first turn of fortune. Should Arslan Bey be successful, the Sadrazem may mount his horse and return to Constantinople, for his only strength lies in opinion, and in the Sultan's name; and, by declaring Arslan Bey Firmanli, he has staked every thing on this throw.

Arslan Bey is a young man and an Albanian hero, tells a story well, is good-looking, sings well, fights well, and drinks well, and has inherited from his father, Meuchardar of Ali Pasha, a quarter of

the hoarded treasure the Vizir left in trust to his four principal favourites. He was named Governor of Zeitouni by the late Roumeli Valissi, who also made Selictar Poda Governor of Janina, and strengthened, as much as possible, that party. The difference betwixt the party of Selictar Poda and Veli Bey is entirely of a personal nature. There is blood between their houses; but their retainers enlist with either, according to the conditions they can obtain. They all of them turn their eyes towards the pay of the Porte; but they are all equally indignant at the attempt of the Sultan to controul them in their native mountains, and, above all, to compel them to enlist in the regular troops, and to wear trousers.

Veli Bey's feud with Selictar Poda made him a fit instrument for the designs of the government; while he was glad to obtain, by such a coalition, consideration and importance. Thus a party, favouring the Sultan, was established, though the individuals composing it had no common interest with the Porte, or inimical feelings to the other Albanians. Their numbers were few, but they had possession of the important positions of Janina, Arta, and the passage over the Pindus by Mezzovo, from Epirus to Thessaly.

Selictar Poda is not the chief, but the most influential man of the other party. He holds in his hands the cords which connect the remnants of the faction of Ali Pasha; he is wary, artful, and,

if his reputation is not great in the field, it is unrivalled in the council; he has great wealth, and possesses a fortress which has the name of being impregnable. The other chiefs are men of little consideration, and little known beyond their own sphere. They are, Geladin Bey, of Ochrida, uncle to Scodra Pasha; the Beys of Avlona, Argyro-Castro, Tepedelene, Gortcha, and Colonias (though the most influential of these last is attached to the Grand Vizir). These men are rivals, rather than confederates. They will not yield obedience to any of their peers, and, consequently, cannot act with union or energy. If the contest is prolonged, their rivalries and their rapacity will lead to defections; and mutual distrust will bring them to anticipate each other's treachery. As for the men, they will stick to their leaders as long as they can: it is, indeed, the respect and regard of the common men that alone elevates one man above his fellows. At present, this confederation occupies all the plains and fortresses of their country. Impunity and license, under a powerful chief, may keep them together, without regular pay; but, if shut up in their mountains, where clothing, food, and every necessary of life, have to be procured with money, and also to be obtained at sea-ports, or regular marts, and transported by fortresses, and through guarded passes, their resources and patience would soon be exhausted, and they would abandon their chiefs, and the cause of Albania, for

the accustomed rations and pay, even if these were only granted on the hard condition of doffing the fustanels.

Looking on the Albanians and Turks as open enemies, and on their struggle as regular war, the supposition of their being shut up in their mountains, and expelled from the plains and fortresses, could only be the result of a successful campaign; and yet I have assumed this as a *preliminary* step to the operations of the campaign. The fact is, that, though each party looks upon the other as an enemy, yet, in the forms of their intercourse, the greatest harmony appears to exist, and the rebel does not dare to avow opposition, or to encourage himself or his followers by a watchword or a symbol. A buyourdi, or order, of a Pasha, is received by an Albanian commander of a fortress with the utmost submission. It requires him, perhaps, to give up the fortress; he answers, that he is most ready to obey his highness's orders; that he is most anxious to come and kiss the fringe of his sofa, but that his troops, having arrears owing them by the Porte, retain him as a hostage, and the castle as a pledge; that he is daily in danger of violence at their hands, and entreats and implores the Pasha to send the money that is owing, for that otherwise he cannot answer for the consequences, nor for his own life. And this was often said with truth. In fact, the Albanians would hardly commence by positive opposition, without

some justifiable grounds. Here, too, lies the strength of the Porte—a moral strength, which, if properly wielded, laughs at numbers and at arms; but therefore does all depend on the intelligence that directs. This, too, in a more practical and commonplace point of view, gives the Porte the immense advantage of choosing the moment of action and the point of attack; and, without proceeding to open hostilities, by satisfying claims and liquidating arrears, it can obtain the evacuation and possession of places of strength and importance. Thus, the Albanians may be enclosed in their mountains, which is, as I have above said, but a preliminary step to the approaching struggle, should Arslan Bey be beaten, and the war carried into Albania.

If, however, Arslan Bey, after being declared a Firmanli, maintains his ground, blood having been spilt, the fortresses will be held without scruple, and pay and provisions will be exacted from the peasantry. The want or incapacity of a chief would then alone prevent them from carrying their ravages elsewhere, and raising, in earnest, a standard of revolt, before which the sixty horse-tails of Roumeli might be humbled in the dust.

The Albanians feel the precariousness and dangers of their position, though they despise their enemies, and are convinced that their numbers and warlike vigour would assure them an easy victory, if they could be properly directed; but

they want confidence in each other, and they want a leader. In this dilemma, their eyes are turned towards the Pasha of Scodra. The independence of the Ghegues (or northern Albanians, subject to the Pasha of Scodra) has ever been more complete than that of the Albanians; they are united, too, under one head; are equally warlike, but a more stubborn race, who have not been accustomed to take service among the Turks. "They unite," says Colonel Leake, "the cruelty of the Albanian to the patience of the Bulgarian." Rich in territorial possessions, with an equal distribution of substance, they care as little for the spiritual as for the temporal authority of the Sultan. The spirit of Scanderbeg may have but scantily descended on his successors, but the geographical positions and military strength that made Croia (a dependency of Scodra) the centre of a momentary empire, still exists, and Scodra is now, as it has ever been, the capital and the pride of Albania. The dispositions, then, of Mustapha Pasha are all important, but, as yet, they are enveloped in mystery. The Albanians affirm that he is in perfect intelligence with them; nor is it likely that, owing, as he does, his Pashalik to a victory of his grandfather over the Sultan's troops, he should like to see the Albanians forming a part of the standing army of the Porte.

The positions occupied by the partisans of the Grand Vizir are as follow: the plains of Thessaly,

by Mahmoud Pasha, a Circassian, and *protégé* of the Grand Vizir, a man devoted to him, of great personal courage, Persian address, dignified manner, and said to possess great ability; Janina, the Plain of Arta, and the communication by sea of Prevesa and the Gulf, by Veli Bey, a dependent of the Grand Vizir, bound to him by domestic ties, equivalent to those of blood. For an Albanian, Veli Bey is a man of letters; and, though not exempt from the vices of his country, nor unsullied by the crimes of his times and station, yet I should think it very difficult to find amongst his compeers his intelligence or extended views, or the talents that have raised him to, and maintained him in, his precarious elevation. The important pass of Mezzovo is confided to the ability and devotion of a worthy veteran Gencha aga.

The Albanians—I mean the hostile party—are in strength to the north of a line drawn north-east from the shore, opposite Corfu, to the Pindus; to the west of an undulating line which, from the vicinity of Castoria, encircles the central group of the Albanian mountains, leaving Monastir to the east. On the north of this tract, the Ghegues, the Mirdites, the Bosniacs, and Servians, secure the insurgents from attack, even if they do not afford them the powerful assistance now expected.

To the south of the Albanians, the mountains of Chimara, Paramithea; to the east, the central chain of the Pindus, and the Pierian mountains, are

occupied by twenty thousand armed Greeks, Armatoles, who now stand between the contending parties, and may cause to preponderate the scale into which they throw their weight; but they are geographically dispersed, without common motives, or a chief.

The centre of the Grand Vizir's operation is Monastir. This position, not defensible as an insulated point, is most important, as at once the civil, the political, and the military centre of Albania. Its military strength consists in the surrounding passes and fortresses, which draw closer and closer circles of defence against every approach; while, from this point, the plains of Albania are open on one side, and of Macedonia on the other. Thessaly and Epirus are equally accessible. From Monastir, it is easy to intercept the communication between Albania and Scodra. Concentrating the communications of the surrounding country, this position is no less available for receiving supplies from Constantinople, and for collecting the contingents of Roumelie, than for directing operations against Albania, and for overawing the Pasha of Scodra.

I have spoken of Veli Bey as commanding at Janina; but the nominal authority belongs to Emin Pasha, son of the Grand Vizir, who had been sent, the year before, to Monastir, to keep up communications with the Sultan's party in the south, but without venturing into the country. A secretary

of his, a young Greek, by all accounts of considerable ability and extended views, but, being educated in Europe, little acquainted with the nature of the people with whom he had to deal, was received at Janina, then in the possession of Selictar Poda, with every demonstration of submission and respect. He was assured, by that crafty disciple of old Ali Pasha, that he was ready to obey, and proud to submit to the orders of his master's son; that he rejoiced in the opportunity of proving his allegiance, and refuting the calumny that would make him the enemy of the Grand Vizir, because he was the enemy of his unworthy favourite, Veli Bey. The secretary despatched letter after letter to his master, entreating him, by his presence, to secure these favourable dispositions; and the youthful Pasha, dazzled with the prospect of reducing both factions of Albania to submission before he could receive an answer from his father, then engaged in the Russian campaign, hastened to Janina, was received with unbounded devotion, carried in triumph to the palace of Ali Pasha, within the castle, which had been prepared for his reception, and found himself a captive and a hostage. Veli Bey, indignant, of course, at the insult offered to his master's son, sought and found the means of expelling the adverse party; arrived, triumphant, at Janina, to deliver his adopted brother from his unworthy thraldom, and transfer the prize to himself.

Such was the state of parties at our entrance into Albania, which coincided with the expedition of Mahmoud Pasha against Arslan Bey, the departure of the Grand Vizir's first troops from Adrianople, and an attempt, by negotiation, to gain possession of the most important fortress to the north, which shewed the extraordinary justice of the Grand Vizir's *coup d'œil,* and was attended with his usual success. The value of the acquisition to which I allude, the fortress of Berat, can best be illustrated by a comparison of the position of the two parties in the war of Ali Pasha, and at the present moment.

Though Ali Pasha possessed the fortresses of Gortcha, Castoria, and Ochrida, and the surrounding mountains, yet Monastir, for five years previous to his fall, had been in the hands of the Roumelie Valissy, who had succeeded him in that office, and who was devoted to the Porte. Thus, to the Porte the value of that position was neutralised by Ali Pasha's possession of the surrounding country, in which he again was not secure, by the enemy's lodgment in Monastir. In the present struggle, the importance of Monastir will equally depend on the reduction of Ochrida.

In the former war, the attack upon Albania was simultaneously made from three different points. An army, under Pechlevan, penetrating through Thermopylæ, and, ravaging Phocis, Doris, Locris, and Etolia, fell upon Acarnania, and, leaving

Prevesa blockaded by the Turkish squadron, occupied, without resistance, the Pente-Pigadia, at the moment that Ismael Pasha had but shewn himself on the Thessalian passes of the Pindus, to receive the submission of Omer Vrioni and Moustas, with twelve thousand Albanians and Greek Armatoles, the strength and the trust of Ali Pasha; a force which would have amply sufficed for the defence of the eastern and southern passes of Albania against any force of the Sultan's, had they been attached, by interest or inclination, to the cause of the Vizir. The third army was that of young Mustapha Pasha of Scodra, who had assembled his Ghegues and Mirdites, occupied Tyranna, Elbassan, and Cavalla, and had already reached Berat, when the news of an incursion of the Montenegrins, supposed in consequence of the intrigues of Russia, into his Pashalik, was gladly seized by him as a pretence for returning; for, however rejoiced he might be at the humbling of so dangerous a neighbour, he would have been very sorry to contribute to his total overthrow; still he wrote to Ismael Pasha, urging him to occupy the champaign country of Middle Albania; and, shortly afterwards, the Roumeli Valissi commenced operations from the strong positions he occupied against Mouchtar Pasha, who held Berat; and, in this, if not assisted, at least was neither menaced nor incommoded by the Ghegues. Yet, after the loss of all these positions, after the defection of his

troops and his sons, Ali Pasha, but for treachery, would at last have been conqueror.

In the present contest, the independence of Greece guarantees the Albanians from attack from the south. The dispositions of the Pasha of Scodra, to all appearance, not only protect them from open aggression on his part, but close to the Grand Vizir the strong barriers that stretch from Ochrida to the passes of Catchanic and the Bosnian mountains; but, as Janina is already in the hands of the party of the Sadrazem, and as, besides Janina and Scodra, there is no position, combining at once military strength, territorial riches, and a succession of lines of military defence, I should be inclined to think that, unless the Pasha of Scodra places himself at the head of the league, a central point of communication will be as fatal a want to them as that of an efficient leader.

The Grand Vizir, therefore, having only the means of penetrating into Albania by Monastir or Mezzova, it is all-important to him, as he is already in possession of Janina, to carry his point as far north as possible, to strengthen Monastir by the acquisition of the surrounding positions, to reach the plains of Tyranna, Croia, and Berat, where his cavalry could act, so as to interpose himself between the Albanians and the Ghegues, while he takes the Albanians in the rear, and cuts them off from the plains and the sea.

These preliminary observations will render intelligible the events I have now to relate.

While we were congratulating ourselves in not having been deterred, by the fears of our friends in Greece and Roumeli, from entering Albania, and in being so fortunate as to arrive at the very moment of the explosion, a Greek captain, a relative of the Consul's wife, entered our apartment, and told us that he had just arrived from Berat, and that there the first scene of the tragedy had been enacted. "At Berat!" we exclaimed. Our previous impressions were confirmed by this single word, which declared at once the dispositions of Mustapha Pasha, the apprehensions of the Grand Vizir, the plan of his campaign, and the depth of his views.

The castle was held by a relative of Selictar Podas, with a garrison of five hundred Albanians. The Grand Vizir's Meuchardar (seal-bearer) had presented himself before the gates, and summoned it to surrender. The Commander answered, that his men would not allow him to give it up till their arrears were paid. The Meuchardar answered, "Perfectly right;" requested to be made acquainted with their claims, examined the accounts, struck the balance, then repaired to Scodra, and received from the Pasha, it was said, 800 purses, about 6400*l.*, with which he returned, and displayed the money before the walls. The Albanians were

now in a sad dilemma. They had no orders, they knew not to whom to look for any; they knew not the dispositions of their compatriots; they feared committing their cause, or compromising themselves; and they were, above all, perplexed by the unaccountable intelligence which seemed to exist between the Pasha of Scodra and the Grand Vizir. The Commander went mad; whether the derangement was real or feigned, is immaterial; it served for a pretext for delaying the surrender of the castle, and it shewed, evidently, that the Sultan's name, and the Grand Vizir's ability, were yet a tower of strength. The brother of the Commander, who succeeded him, professed entire ignorance of the state of the accounts, and refused to give up the fortress; but there was little doubt but that the Grand Vizir's agent was, by this time, in possession of it.

The Meuchardar Effendi had been received with apparent submission by the Beys of Berat (the castle is on a rock, beneath which, and on either bank of the Beratino, extends the town), but they seemed inclined to traverse all his plans, and little disposed to afford him the assistance and support he required. A public assembly was held, in which he indignantly reproached them with their want of spirit, and told them that he had very little to say to them, only this: "that if they were Jews, they might at once renounce their faith; that if they were Mussulmans, they owed

obedience to the Sultan and his Vizir." "What!" said Souleman Pasha, "are the Odjacks of Albania to submit to the dictation of a stranger? Are you, because the slave of the Vizir, to speak to your betters with insolence? Are you, or am I, Odjack here?" "Did you get no schooling," replied the Meuchardar, "in the dungeons of Ali Pasha? Has the Balta, suspended over your head, not sharpened your eyesight? Have the 500,000 piastres revenue, which the Sadrazem has restored to you, given you neither sense nor gratitude? You ask, whether you or I am Odjack here? You are Odjack,* and I will tell you what that is — two upright stones, with burning wood between them; but the master's foot is close by; one kick overturns stones and fire, and nothing remains but smoke and ashes." The refractory Odjack was silenced, and all professed their readiness to cooperate in the reduction of the castle.

Our informant had, in two days' march, counted fifty dead bodies along the road. Even between this place and Pente-Pigadia, four tambours, or posts, are not sufficient to secure the road; and, within the last few days, two parties have been attacked, and several men shot.

* Odjack, which means a fire-place, is the designation assumed by the Albanian, and other chiefs of substance and family.

## CHAPTER XII.

TOWN OF ARTA — DEPARTURE FOR AND ARRIVAL AT JANINA — STATE OF THE COUNTRY — FEMALE COSTUME AND BEAUTY — DOMESTIC INDUSTRY — DISTRIBUTION OF THE TROOPS — SUDDEN PANIC, AND PREPARATIONS FOR AN EXPEDITION.

THE river of Arta, opening from the hills, is met by a prolonged sandstone ridge, running north and south. The river bends back, and encircles its northern extremity, skirts it on the western side, then runs southward to the Gulf. On the low point of this ridge, to the north, stands the castle, a long and narrow structure, with lofty towers, of all forms and dimensions, over them; and over the wall the ivy rambles, fills up the embrasures, and even clusters round the muzzles of the few harmless guns. Storks, the only visible occupants, stand sentry on the towers, or solemnly pace the battlements, undisturbed by the flocks of crows, with gray crops and bright green plumage, that croak and flutter around them. This structure is rendered quite Eastern and allegorical, by a ruined tower, that rises above the others, bearing aloft a date-tree, which waves "the banner of the clime," beside a tall dark cypress, the dismal telegraph of the times. Behind the castle, but still on the low

ground, are spread the ruins rather than the town, remarkable for the number of the arcades, arches, and built columns, still standing amongst them. The ancient circumference of the walls embrace four times the extent of the present town: they are of old Hellenic construction, but, on the eastern side, the structure is perfectly unique. The stones are joined with the greatest precision, the surface hewn perfectly smooth, the layers exactly parallel, but the stones not always rectangular. The first layer is of five feet, and the stones are some of them six, seven, and nine feet in length, and four in width: we found one eight feet by ten and a half, and four in thickness.

The church of Parygoritza is a large square building of brick and mortar, with well-turned arches and good masonry. It contains marble and granite columns, taken from Nicopolis. Its external appearance is strange and curious, and, as we approached Arta, it looked like a palace. At Barletta, and in other parts of Apulia, there are similar churches, which are erroneously termed Gothic, or Lombard. The Albanians had been bivouacking in the church, and defacing the little that remained. We found the inscription, so magniloquently announced by Pouqueville: we could scarcely make out three letters together; but this we could satisfactorily ascertain, that there was scarcely a single letter in his copy corresponding with the original. We were not the less

provoked for having made out ΑΠΟΛΛ ΗΡΑΚ ΔΙΟΝΥΣΙΟΣ.

Close to the castle is a kind of open mosque, where the first day of Bairam is celebrated. Close to the raised steps for the Imaum, a cypress grows out of the trunk of another tree, the name of which, both in Greek and Albanian, I have forgotten; but it is the emblematic tree of Albania; has a small, oval, serrated, and glossy leaf, hard wood, and I was told it bore a small berry, which they eat in winter.

On the 23d we left Arta, recrossed the bridge, then, turning to the right, soon reached the low limestone hills, which are a continuation of that above Arta. For an hour we skirted their base, having on our left a marsh, and, beyond, the plain. Ali Pasha's road runs on the rocky base of the hills, or on a causeway, over and through the marsh. Under, and sometimes over, this causeway, clear and abundant streams of water gush from the perpendicular fissures of the limestone. This marsh had been drained in a scientific manner, under Ali Pasha. A deep canal collected the waters at their source, and, carrying them first northward, then, turning to the west, crossed the plain, and discharged them into the river of Rogous. Ali Pasha was in the habit of ascending this canal in his boat. At an hour and a half from Arta we came to the first guard-house, on a projecting rock between the hill and the marsh. After an-

other hour, through a low valley, where the heat was suffocating, we arrived at a ruined Khan.

The scenery had the worst characters of limestone country: the hills were lofty, without grandeur or variety; they were rude, without boldness; or tame, without richness or beauty. The precipices and asperities are rounded and obliterated; but the wildness thus lost is replaced neither by forests nor verdure, fountains nor shade. But I speak as a prejudiced person, for I candidly confess I dislike limestone rocks; and was once moved to most sudden and sympathetic friendship for a Turkish proprietor, who told me he liked to pay dear for the carriage of his lime.

In an hour and a half more, we came to the third guard, where a fat, jocose, old, and dirty captain, seated on a ragged sofa, in a tottering hovel, did us the honours, with coffee, milk, cheese, and butter-milk, and begged us to excuse him, as he was in the wilderness, and could treat us neither as we deserved, nor as he desired. He told us that his men had stumbled on a ruin in the mountains hard by; but we were not now in Acarnania, and could not think of venturing off the road. We had already been often enough chid by our guards, who declared they would not be responsible for us, unless we kept the place and pace they prescribed. Two hours and a half brought us to Pente-pigadia, which is a castle, or a Khan, enclosed with high walls, overtopped by a

Martello tower, and placed in a gorge at the highest part of the chain looking towards the north. A rapid descent brought us to a little plain, whence we again had to ascend the hills. The rocks are limestone (which slits almost like slate), aluminous schist, and sandstone. The country now suddenly opened to the left, and descended in successive levels to the deep bed of the river of Rogous, which was hidden from our view. We could trace, however, its course, till met by the barrier of the mountains of Pentepigadia, through which it disappears by a subterraneous channel. The hills of the theatre around (no longer limestone), presented a scaffolding of terraces, with vines, fields, and villages; and above them rose the bleak gray peaks of the Metzekali. Descending from this last elevation, we entered a narrow plain, which, winding and extending as we advanced, spread an undulating surface around us, without a tree, a house, or even a ruin, to recall the richness of this same scenery ten years ago. The only striking feature in the landscape was a wall-like chain of lofty mountains diagonally crossing the direction of our road, and which we knew to rise behind the long-looked-for lake of Janina. At length, we reached the summit of the last undulation, and, at last, looked down on the lake, the island, the ruined fortresses, and prostrate city!

Here is the centre of all the associations con-

nected with the events of this country, with the history of the various populations of Souli, Acarnania, Epirus, Illyria, and even Thessaly and the Morea. This is the Manchester and Paris of Roumeli. It was the capital of the ephemeral empire of Ali Pasha; it was the arena of his last protracted and desperate struggle. To him, and to that epoch, it was that our thoughts incessantly reverted as we looked upon it now, and we anxiously inquired where the beleaguring hosts had encamped, where the flotilla had lain, and listened with untired curiosity and renewed gratification, to each soldier's and peasant's description of events which, in their time, have excited, even in Europe, such dramatic interest.

The place is now a scene of complete devastation; the only distinction is between the wrecks of nine years and the catastrophe of yesterday. During that long period of unceasing destruction, faction, and anarchy, the accumulation of ruin, and the flow of tears and blood, may have won for Janina a name in the annals of misery, equal to that of Carthage or Syracuse. But here no mutilated statues, no fractured columns, no prostrate temples nor pillared precipices, woo the pilgrim of taste to the shrine of desolation. Massive dungeons, tottering battlements, gaudy shreds of barbarian splendour, alone encumber the banks of the Acheron, and leave the stranger to marvel how a race, known only for its genius for de-

struction, could have afforded aught for others to destroy, or had the merit to awaken foreign sympathy by its ruin.

On arriving at Janina, we went straight to the conak of Veli Bey, from whom we met with a most cordial reception. His appearance and train were in the first style of Skipetar magnificence; his manners prepossessing, and air dignified. His house, he said, should have been ours, but he feared that there we might be disturbed, and he had therefore given directions for our reception at the only new and good house in the place: the Dragoman of the Grand Vizir should be our host.

We were exceedingly pleased with this arrangement, and had every reason to be so. We intended making Janina our head-quarters for some time; and it was no small matter to be so established. Alexis, the Dragoman, we understood, was a man highly respected by the Turks, and as he had been constantly attached to the Grand Vizir for the last five or six years, and had accompanied him during the wars in Greece, we promised to ourselves no little instruction from his society. During the month that we were his guests, the unceasing attentions, not only of our host and hostess, but of every branch of their family, would have rendered it difficult to quit a less interesting place than Janina. His wife was of one of the first, if not the first, family of Janina. Under Ali Pasha, their house had generally been the abode of Eng-

lish travellers; and I think both Dr. Holland and Mr. Hughes speak highly of the venerable and excellent old man, Dimitri Athanasiou, uncle to our hostess; who, though not, strictly speaking, a beauty, was a pretty lady-like person, and with all the style and manners of a leader of *ton* in the centre of Greek and Albanian fashion. Notwithstanding all her amiable qualities, I fear that, in London, she would not have escaped the damning character of a blue. She presumed to admire Sophocles as well as Alfieri. Her dress was in the style called Chami, or lower Albanian; which, when arranged by the *artistes* of Janina, is, for composition and colour, the most perfect thing in the way of costume I ever saw; and is indebted for effect neither to pearls and precious stones, nor to the false glare of gold and silver lace, or of gaudy and contrasted colours. The inner garments are of silk, or silk and cotton, closely striped, or of chali of delicate tints. The outer garment, which gives the costume its characteristic beauty, is of cloth of a light but not a lively colour, such as fawn, drab, or stone, and beautifully embroidered with small round silk braid, generally of the same tint, but a shade lighter or darker than the cloth. Now that Turkish embroidery is so much the fashion, this hint will not, I hope, be thrown away, for nothing can be more un-Turkish than the mixture of all discords of colour, that one sees, as our neighbours say, "swearing at each other," under

ladies' fingers. This outer garment has no sleeves, fits like a cuirass to the form, especially round the *ceinture* behind, and then spreads into flowing skirts. On the back, and on the waist at either side, the embroidery is most elaborate.

Art assists nature less than with us, in setting off the *contour* of Eastern *belles*. Their costume can neither conceal nor disguise faults and imperfections. Many circumstances tend, in the East, to give a great variety to character, physiognomy, and, consequently, to beauty. Races are kept distinct from each other; populations are fixed to localities; and great changes of atmosphere, variations of climate, and exposure, act upon physical constitutions, which seem more delicate and more susceptible of these influences than the inhabitants of northern regions, which, by their geographical structure, are exposed less to atmospheric change. In the fair sex these variations must be more sensible than in the firmer constitutions of the men; and beauty, in some parts of the country, is as rife as it is rare in others. We may be, very naturally, inclined to overrate Eastern beauty; the difficulty of approach, the sanctity of the harem, envelope with new charms the goddess that delights in mystery. The female form is never seen, save in deep shade, shrouded by veils, or screened by lattices. It is never vulgarised by robust exercise, never tinted by exposure to the sun. The distinguishing

charms of the East are a most beautiful skin and clear complexion, large, full, vivid, and intellectual eyes, and a marble forehead.

> " Heart on her lips, and soul within her eyes;
> Soft as her clime, and sunny as her skies,"

may be said of all women, and is said of every mistress, and would be repeated with equal fervour by a wooer of New York, or a swain of Abydos. But the exquisitely striking, the contrasting character of Eastern beauty, is the eye; it can only be described, and that description cannot be surpassed, by the comparison of the Persian, who must have felt its nearer inspiration when he likens his Eastern mistress's eye to a " starry heaven, bright and dark." *

The fortress of Janina offers an irregular outline of dismantled battlements, crowned by the shapeless remains of the ruined Serai: behind it, some of the loftier points of the Coulia and Litharitzi appear, overtopping the enormous cairns of

* It may be doubtful whether Byron's

> " Like the light of a dark eye in woman "

be a plagiarism or not; but, at all events, the celebrated lines on Kirke White—

> " Lo! the struck eagle stretched upon the plain," &c.

are almost a verbal translation from the Persian, and are far from equalling the original.

their own wreck. The Coulia was a fortress of five stories, with a palace of two stories on the top of it. The thick masses of masonry, the solid pilasters and arches of hewn stone, that, rising one above the other, support the structure, or, rather, keep the space open, and appear like caves in a mountain, had internally suffered but little from either fire or shot. The palace above had disappeared, and, in wandering over the Egyptian-like pile, we found Albanians at work, wrenching out the stones to extract the cramps and bars of iron that secured the lower works. The Coulia communicated with the lake by a little canal. Ali Pasha used to enter with his boat, then step into a small carriage, drawn by mules, which, rolling up an inclined plane, round a large staircase, landed him, a hundred feet above, at the door of his Serai. There is but the interval of a few yards between this building and the Litharitzi, the first fortress he constructed. Its upper part alone has been destroyed during the siege. So important, in Turkish warfare, is the advantage of ground, that this place, defended by 150 men, was stormed in vain by 18,000, who are said to have left an incredible number at its base. The true secret of the defence, perhaps, is, that the chiefs of the besiegers were as little inclined as the defenders, that the treasures within should be placed at the mercy of the storming horde.

The day after our arrival, we went to pay

our visit, and present our letters and firman, to Emin Pasha Sadrazem Zadé, that is, son of the Grand Vizir. We were left waiting for some time without: the haughty Odjacks, with their sweeping trains, were passing in and out; and the stare of retainers, strangers, and attendants, became so annoying, that, at length, we left the place in disgust; but, in getting home, we lost our way, and found messengers already arrived from the palace. We felt very little inclined to return; but the messengers protested, that their heads or backs would answer for our appearance, and put us in good humour by the mode they took to prove to us the Pasha's regard, who, they said, was so anxious to see us, that, unless we came voluntarily, he would have us carried by force. On our way back, we met messenger after messenger; and we were reconducted with an ovation, which made up for the scowl the menials had cast upon us in our retreat. We were led through the divan, from which the Pasha had retired; then through a labyrinth of rooms, passages, and stairs, and hedges of capidgis and guards, to a small remote apartment, where the young Pasha, attired in a most splendid Albanian costume, received us in a very courteous, and, as it was intended, friendly and unceremonious manner.

The Sadrazem Zadé is a handsome and elegant youth of nineteen, very inquisitive about Europe: he occupies a still, habitable portion of the palace

of Ali Pasha, whose Tourbè or tomb, in a cage of iron filigree-work, stands in a corner of the court, or square, before it. His head alone is buried at Constantinople.

Before the gates of the fortress, a coffee-house was pointed out to us, where Ali Pasha had taken his stand, when, on the approach of the Sultan's forces, the Albanians within the fortress closed the gates against their master, with a sudden resolution, but without preconcerted plan, of making their own peace with the Porte. Ali Pasha, who had been reconnoitring, found, to his amazement, the gates closed on his return: he entered this coffee-house, which was close to the ditch, and a parley soon ensued betwixt him and the Albanians on the walls; and, after cajoling them with assurances that his peace was made with the Porte, and that the march of Ismael Pasha was only a feint, their resolution wavered, and some of them unbarred the gates. No sooner was he within than his repressed fury broke forth; the most faithful of his men were rewarded, and the doubtful attached by the immediate plunder of the city, which, when only half plundered, was fired; and, when fire was not sufficiently destructive, shot and shell levelled to the ground every thing within their range. A population of thirty thousand souls were thus scattered in the most perfect state of destitution; the plain to the north of the city was filled with fugitives, of all stations and ages — mothers

carrying their children, others endeavouring to save some wrecks of their property — many perished from want, and the rest were scattered far and near from Corfu to Constantinople.

Janina is the centre both of art and of fashion, and fits all the beaux of Roumeli. The silk braid and gold lace, so universally used in Eastern costume, are most extensively prepared by its Jews. The Morocco leather of Janina is in highest repute, and also extensively manufactured. The savat, or blackening of silver, their mode of ornamenting guns, drinking cups, cartridge boxes, and the buckles that they wear, and which ornament their trapping, is an art almost exclusively exercised by a settlement of Vlachi at Calarites. In their vicinity grow the herbs they use for dying, which is here a domestic art. Every house has its looms, where the women, as in the patriarchal ages, employ their leisure in weaving, according to their wealth, coarse or fine cotton stuffs, and that beautiful and delicate texture of silk and cotton gauze, or of silk alone, which they use for shirting. They are no less celebrated for their skill in confectionary; and the preserves of Janina are as much distinguished as those of Scotland. Elsewhere women may be as laborious, or as industrious; but I never saw so much activity combined with so much elegance as at Janina, or housewifery assume such important functions. To the most sedulous attention to all the business of domestic economy

were added the rearing of the silk-worms, the winding of silk, the preparing of cotton, the dying and the weaving of these materials, and the preparation from them of every article of wearing apparel or household furniture.

Their tailors are no less characterised by taste and dexterity; and the costumes of the men by the elegance of the cut, the arrangement of colours, and excellence of workmanship. What a contrast the artizans of this clear sky present with ours! Sudden disasters may fall upon them; but no industry falsely bolstered up leaves them a prey to incessant fluctuations. Money may, at times, be extorted from them by violence; but they have not the irritating example before their eyes of injustice of taxation, which spares the rich and oppresses the poor.* They tend their silk-worms, prepare their dyes, weave their delicate tissues and rich laces, and embroider their fermelis and zuluchia, not by smoky firesides, but under shady vines; and instead of becoming callous and indifferent under the unfortunate insecurity of the times, they exert themselves the more to avert

* No hatred can be there conceived between master and workman, no combination, no strikes: taxes fall in a mass on the district; therefore, each individual constantly feels that he is interested in every neighbour's prosperity. The excellence of the principle prevents all difference of political opinion; the working of the system unites all classes, and maintains sympathy and good-will between man and man.

or to meet danger and oppression. This appears most unaccountable to Europeans, who are acquainted with oppression and its effects only by examples of systematic despotism; but the difference between the tyranny of man and the tyranny of law is one of the most instructive lessons the East has to teach. The one is uncertain, and leaves to the oppressed chances and hopes of escaping it; it varies with the individual; and those who suffer, if not benefited, are, at least, consoled by the vengeance that, sooner or later, overtakes the guilty. The tyranny of law is a dead and immovable weight, that compresses at once the activity of the limb and the energy of the mind; leaves no hope of redress, no chance of escape; is liable to no responsibility for its acts, or vengeance for its crimes. For fifty years, in Turkey, convulsion has followed convulsion as wave rolls after wave; and Europe, judging by its own cumbersomeness of machinery, and consequent difficulty of readjustment, has looked on each succeeding disaster as a prelude to the fall of the Ottoman empire. Turkey's political state may be compared to its climate: an unexpected hurricane in a moment wastes fields and forests, covers the heavens with blackness, and the sea with foam. Scarcely is the devastation completed, when nature revives, the air is all mildness, and the heavens all sunshine. As destructively and as suddenly do political storms and military gather-

ings overwhelm the provinces; and no sooner are they past, than industry is busy preparing her toil, and security is scattering seed, or wreathing flowers.

Emin Pasha had placed at our disposal his boat, the only one saved from the flotillas of Ali Pasha, and of his adversaries; there are, however, a great many monoxyla on the lake. There is abundance and variety of water-fowl; and one of our friends, a great sportsman, was anxious to shew us how they manage these matters at Janina, but the disturbed state of affairs prevented us from seeing a regular duck-hunt. It is conducted in this manner: thirty or forty monoxyla, with a sportsman in each, and covered with boughs that hang into the water, form an extensive circle, which, gradually narrowing, drives the fowl to a centre. As the monoxyla approach them, they dive, or rise; the sportsman who raises a bird fires, or the opposite line fires if it attempt to pass; but the alarm is not general; they do not rise all together, as the circle is not drawn very close: thus the sport continues long, and generally there is great havoc made.

The first object of our curiosity was, of course, the island, and its little monastery, where was concluded the tragedy of Ali Pasha's life. With no little interest did we visit the mean chamber in which he expired; the dirty little kitchen, which was Vasiliki's harem; the grotto, where his remaining

wealth was concealed. We examined the bullet-holes through the floor, and listened, in the midst of the undisturbed witnesses of his death, to the details of the destruction of a tyrant, whose memory has been consecrated by the crimes of his successors. Courchid Pasha, bringing his pretended pardon, landed close to the monastery, and entered by a small passage under the chamber occupied by Ali Pasha; a ladder conducted to a small corridor, into which the chamber opened. The court within, and the rocks overlooking the court, opposite the entrance, were occupied by Ali Pasha's adherents. Courchid Pasha's train followed him to the foot of the ladder, and filled the passage below the chamber, and the lane without, to the landing-place. The Pasha ascended to the corridor, and Ali Pasha came to the room-door to meet him. While in the act of embracing, Courchid Pasha fired a pistol, which was concealed by his long sleeve, at Ali's body, and wounded him in the arm; he fell back into the room, shutting the door. The Albanians on the rocks feared to fire, lest they should hit their own people. A *chami*,* named Flim, celebrated for his unflinching devotedness to his master, was lying in the corridor, with a fit of the ague; he was for a moment alone with Courchid Pasha, and, starting up, he aimed at him a sabre-cut, but his erring blow was arrested

* Inhabitant of Chamouria.

by a beam, which still bears its mark. The moment Ali Pasha was wounded, he called out to his remaining attendant within to shoot Vasiliki; but before the order could be obeyed, a discharge from the passage below passed through the flooring, and a ball entered his bowels. His death once known, his adherents had nothing more to contend for, they instantly submitted to Courchid Pasha, whom their guns had, the moment before, only spared for the sake of their sick comrade, Flim. Courchid Pasha arrived, effected his mission, and retired in less time than it has taken the reader to peruse the relation of the event.

Well may this lake and its streams claim the gloomiest names of ancient fable. Cocytus, Styx, and Avernus, have no imaged horrors to vie with the real atrocities which have left their traces and their memory fresh on the scenes around us. Each rock, each stream, each patch of earth, has its distinctive tale of blood and crime. As we sailed under a rocky projection of the island,— "Here," said the captain of the boat, "were thrown, pinioned, into the lake, the Cardikiots, confined in the castle on the night of the destruction of Cardiki." This captain had been twenty-five years in the service of Ali Pasha: he commanded his brig on the lake, and was present at the destruction of Cardiki, which Pouqueville has dramatised. The facts were thus:—After some ineffectual resistance

the Cardikiots were brought down to the Khan, in the plain where Ali Pasha sat in his carriage; a portion of the population, after being stripped of their property, had been sent off to Prevesa; the remainder were brought before him. A secretary took down the name and family of each, and the place where his treasures were concealed. Those who were not of the race of his former enemies were suffered to depart; the remainder, under 100 men, were sent into the court of the Khan. Masons were in attendance, and the door was immediately walled up, while the devoted victims stood like statues, awaiting their fate in silence, but not in suspense. The Mirdites and Ghegs were ordered to the rising ground that overlooked the Khan to fire on them,—they refused. Athanasi Vaïa, devoted to execration by Pouqueville, for his officious services when Ali Pasha was on the point of pardoning the Cardikiotes, was not even present; he was collecting their property in one of the villages, the name of which I have forgotten; but Zongas, the companion and successor of Catch-Antoni, was called upon by Ali Pasha to shew his new fidelity by destroying the Cardikiotes. He collected eighty of his vlacks, who commenced the work of destruction very reluctantly, but it was soon completed by other tribes of Christians and Turks that joined them. The revolting details of the horrors perpetrated by his sister on the Mus-

sulman women of Cardiki are but too true; as also that she used to sleep on a mattrass made of their hair.

During the siege the lake must have presented a most magnificent spectacle. Ali Pasha had a flotilla and a brig; the Sultan's party had a flotilla of twenty-two gun-boats; the heights were lined with tents — the plains covered with cavalry, and tribes of all races, from the Caucasus to the Adriatic; breaching batteries and mortars encircled the wide extent of the city. The besiegers plied their guns with more assiduity than effect, while Ali answered fast and well by 250 mouths from the island, the castle, the Koulia, and Litharitza. Sixteen months was the siege prolonged, the besiegers often in want of ammunition and provisions, and blockaded in their turn by the Christians, whose hopes had been excited, but with whom faith had not been kept. Meanwhile, Ali Pasha, with well-stored magazines and coffers, and commanding his little sea, had fresh provisions from the mountains, and fresh fish from the lake. How grand must have been the scenes at times presented, when the day was clouded, and the night illumined, by the crossing fire, on such a theatre, of so many points of resistance and attack.

During our stay the place was pretty tranquil; the troops had been principally sent out of the town, and were encamped, to the number of 7000,

at two and three hours' distance. Selictar Poda remained quiet; but the country, to the north, was every day assuming a more hostile and determined attitude. The troops of Veli Bey dared not penetrate above twenty miles among the mountains north of the city. We could gain no information whatever as to the ulterior objects of either party, but were exceedingly anxious to see Selictar Poda, and then to visit, if possible, Argyro Castro, Tepedelene, Berat, and Monastir. Having arrived at Janina without the slightest risk, after being assured in Acarnania, by those who seemed best acquainted with the state of the country, that such a journey would be attended with the greatest difficulties and danger; having passed unmolested through Acarnania, after being assured in the Morea that we should certainly have our throats cut if we ventured into that distracted province, we were now at first inclined to disregard the warnings we received, against attempting to penetrate further into Albania. We were not long in discovering that however certain we were of the best protection the chiefs of either party could afford, still it was next to impossible for us to pass from one party to another, nor could we venture even outside the town without a considerable guard. In this dilemma we asked counsel from Veli Bey: we told him how anxious we were to penetrate into Upper Albania; and even frankly confessed that we were desirous of seeing Selictar

Poda; thinking, that by telling him what our intentions were, we should save ourselves from the possibility of being suspected, and prevent him from secretly thwarting our plans, by giving him an opportunity of objecting to them directly. He urged us to abandon our proposed journey, adding, that if we persisted in it, he could have us safely conducted as far as the first passes occupied by Selictar Poda; but, said he, "I cannot allow you to start without an escort of 200 men." At such a moment as this, when men could only with difficulty be obtained for the most necessary services, the mention of such an escort was tantamount to a positive refusal. There was clearly nothing now to be done but to remain quietly at Janina, or to return to Prevesa.

While we were debating which of these two alternatives we should adopt, news were brought that Arslan Bey was approaching Janina, and was now posted on the heights to the north of Mezzovo, with the intention of cutting off the communication by Mezzovo with Thessaly; and placing himself between Monastir and Janina, he hemmed in the plain country on every side, and could annoy, blockade, or attack Veli Bey at his own convenience. The fortresses of Janina were not provisioned; the population and the soldiers depended on the corn that was daily arriving from Thessaly by Mezzovo; so that the occupation of this important position would have probably led to dis-

turbance among the troops of Veli Bey, and to the loss of the city. It was therefore suddenly determined that Veli Bey should anticipate him, if possible, in occupying the mountains at Milies, or, at all events, should be ready to support Mezzovo in case of his making an attack upon that place. This resolution we learned accidentally, and immediately hurried to the palace of the Pasha in the castle, where troops and chiefs were crowding, and where every thing seemed in the greatest disorder, and every indication was visible of a sudden decision, as well as of an unexpected movement. Our object was to obtain permission to accompany the expedition.

Veli Bey was too busily engaged to give us an opportunity of conversing with him; we therefore desired the Dragoman to repeat to him our request, and to bring us his answer. He soon returned, and told us that Veli Bey had other things to think of, and that he was much surprised at amateurs thrusting themselves in where they could be of no use, and might give a great deal of trouble. This was a dreadful disappointment; we little expected language so severe from Veli Bey; we thought it strange, but, nevertheless, could not say it was unjust. We were now deprived, at the very moment when the door seemed thus opened, of every chance of realising our long and ardent hopes of mixing in the events of this land, or even of looking further upon its mountains and its

plains. We had no further chance of seeing Veli Bey, or of hoping to soften him; still we lingered, vexed and disappointed, about the spacious court, watching the movements, and admiring the accoutrements, of the various chiefs and their tails, which never had the same interest for us before, and gazing upon the preparatives for an expedition which had lost all its perils, and preserved only its attractions from the moment we found ourselves debarred from accompanying it. While in this mood, a young Albanian lad, a relative of Veli Bey, came to us and asked us if we should not like to accompany the expedition? we answered, that nothing would delight us so much, and asked if he would undertake to be our advocate with Veli Bey. The request was no sooner made than granted, and the young Albanian ran off to catch his relative as he was passing from one chamber to another. We waited for some time, but with very little hope of a favourable result; yet, congratulating ourselves upon our dexterity in not having cooled the ardour of our new advocate by informing him of the unfavourable decision to which his chief had already come. When he returned, he told us that Veli Bey was very much surprised with the request, and would not believe that we were in earnest, and that he would speak to us himself upon the subject. We went to him; we expressed to him, concisely, but earnestly, the anxiety we had to become acquainted with Al-

bania, which had induced us to come so far—the pain he would give us if he refused—the gratification we would derive from his permission—the chances of benefit from Europeans becoming acquainted with their country—the tendency of the Turkish Government, which could not render intercourse with us disadvantageous to him, and might have the contrary effect.

After thinking some time, he said, "Well, if you will go, the risk must be on your own heads, for I cannot answer for my own; and if you do go, you must be ready to start to-night." "In ten minutes," was our reply. His eye suddenly brightened, and he looked all round, leisurely, on the Beys seated on three sides of the room, and seemed to say, "Look at the confidence that strangers place in my fortunes and in me." We recollected the characters, but did not gather the sense at the time.

But what will be said of the interpreter who brought us the first pretended message? It being one of the first opportunities I had had of understanding that race, I was very much puzzled to account for his conduct. He could have no motive in deceiving us; he had hitherto shewn us the utmost kindness and hospitality, and it, probably, originated in a purely kindly feeling, because, had he been unfriendly, he would have been glad to have got rid of us; but here broke out, not the man, but the Dragoman, in their habitual control

over the minds and bodies of those between whom they are intermediaries.

We followed Veli Bey into the divan, to take leave of the young Pasha. We had seen him half an hour before, playing at the djereed, an exercise in which he displayed the greatest ardour and dexterity. He had now relapsed into the sombre and stately Osmanli, and, wrapped in the ample folds of Benishes and Harvanis, reclined in the centre of the spacious divan that once was Ali Pasha's. He was exceedingly surprised at our determination of accompanying Veli Bey, and charged him to take the greatest care of us. The Bey answered, "On my head!"

That night the town was all in movement, but the Bey's departure was postponed till next morning; and, after obtaining his promise that we should be duly warned of the hour at which he was to set out, we retired to our quarters, to complete our own preparatives. Next morning we were ready to start before the dawn, and waited anxiously for a summons to join the Bey. Our impatience increasing as the day advanced, we despatched messenger after messenger, but could learn neither when he intended to start, what road he intended to take, nor even where he actually was; whether or not he intended to go, or was already gone. The intelligence received, and the operations about to commence, were alike a mystery to us. The most contradictory and

alarming reports were in circulation: at one time the rumour was that Arslan Bey had gained a complete victory, had occupied the mountains to the north, and even that he had interrupted the communications with Triccala; immediately afterwards we heard that he had been completely beaten, that he was a fugitive, and ready to submit. We remarked that the Albanians spread the rumours of his success, the Greeks those of his discomfiture, which, if they were of little value as news, were of importance to us, as confirming, in our minds, the identity of interest between the Sultan's party and the Greeks; a novel combination, as we, coming from Europe and from Greece, naturally imagined. The chiefs we knew and could fall in with, either knew no more than ourselves, or were too busy with their own affairs to attend to our questions. In this uncertainty we remained, until *ikindee*, or three o'clock, when we positively ascertained that the Bey *had* started two hours before, and had already reached the south-eastern extremity of the lake, on his road to Mezzovo. We immediately determined on following him; our friends joined to urge upon us arguments and entreaties, but, in spite of these, in spite of fresh difficulties about our horses, and the impossibility of obtaining guards, or even guides, we found ourselves, at sunset, just beyond the skirts of the city. Our travelling establishment had been gradually reduced, and now consisted of but a single attend-

ant, who had previously been dignified with the title of Dragoman, but now had to perform the offices of Dragoman, valet, Tartar, and cook. Our Surrigee, who was attached to us for the expedition, was a savage-looking Ghegue, who could speak nothing but his own barbarous tongue, and devoured, on the first evening of our march, the whole of the provisions we had taken for two days.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### SKIPETAR EXPEDITION TO THE PINDUS.

THE sun, as we have said, was but "one fathom" above the western horizon, when, unheeded amid the prevailing bustle and confusion, we issued from the gate of Janina, secretly rejoicing at the discovery that we could pass unobserved. But, no sooner were we in the open plain, than we felt all our helplessness. Up to this time we had worn European clothes—short jackets and straw hats—upon which the natural effects of wear and tear had done their worst. Our now single attendant wore the same costume, and, amid such a movement and such excitement, without escort or protection, ignorant alike of the language and manners of the people, our forebodings were gloomy enough, and the figure we cut was rather of the scarecrow kind. Our baggage, hastily packed, was constantly tumbling off; our wild Ghegue of a postilion, in the absence of any civilised means of intercourse, exhibited the state of his mind by an almost uninterrupted flow of imprecation, now directed against the baggage, now against the horses, and some-

times against ourselves. Our interpreter consoled us, on every tumble of our baggage, by assuring us that the breakage of our coffee service, telescope, pistols, &c. was of no moment at all, as "our throats would certainly be cut before morning."

An hour after sunset, we, however, arrived at a Khan, called Baldouna, four miles from Janina, at the eastern extremity of the lake. We were there rejoiced to behold a face we knew, Abbas Bey, a relative of Veli Bey. We thought our troubles and our dangers now over; but gratification at the rencontre did not seem reciprocal. We soon perceived that, while anxious to appear kind, he was much embarrassed at being seen by his countrymen with two such questionable looking figures seated beside him. He left us abruptly, and we presently learned that he had removed with his people elsewhere. This circumstance deeply affected us. There is a sense of loneliness in the world, a coldness that comes over the heart, when you feel yourself despised and avoided, that curdles the feelings, and jars upon the nerves; then do dangers and sufferings, in their worst forms, seem enviable, if blessed with the companionship of our fellow men.

Our friends at Janina had prepared a well-appointed wallet. We thought the time had arrived when such appliances might give a little distraction to our thoughts, and vigour to our philosophy. But, alas! while we had been discussing

public affairs, our single Ghegue had devoured the whole of our provisions! Supperless, exhausted, and not venturing even to ask for water, for fear of betraying our helplessness, and of meeting with a refusal, we retired to a rising ground, and being unable to keep watch, we set up a figure, with a turban, having the end of a gun resting on its shoulder. Thus, gaining confidence, and satisfied with our device, we laid ourselves down, and fell asleep, after having relieved ourselves from our fears, rage, and irritation, by giving them vent.

That evening, what were the contrasts we drew between the scenes we had witnessed on the Makronoros and that now around us; between the enthusiastic greeting and splendid hospitality of the Greek bands, and the contemptuous scowl, and the savage air, of the Skipetar hordes! Yet here we were entirely at the mercy of any one of these bandits, without any means of protection, or the slightest chance of retribution to arrest violence. These reflections, placed in every possible light, led us to no other conclusion than a sincere wish to find ourselves, once more, in our comfortable quarters at Janina. But we had maturely resolved on making this attempt; we had been strengthened in our resolution by the dissuasion of our friends, and we could never have brooked the commendations we were sure to have heaped upon us if we had re-appeared at Janina.

We ascertained, the next morning, that Veli

Bey was to remain the whole of the day at a Khan, twenty-four miles distant. With the dawn, we were in motion. Troops had been arriving and departing continually during the night. Between two and three thousand men might have passed; but the bustle and confusion would have led one to suppose that there had been three times that number. There was no order of any kind; they were grouped around chiefs of great or little repute, and the minor chiefs again clustering round the greater. These bodies had each their independent views and modes of action. The men looked but to their immediate leaders. The relationship or intercourse between these depended on, or was modified by, a thousand influences, but all wore (as every thing in the East does, in consequence of the absence of political and party differences) a personal character; the very antithesis of our notions of military discipline and political combination.

We managed to start by ourselves, and a little before a Bey with a large retinue, so as to appear to belong to his party. After ascending a low chain of sandstone hills, we reached, by a rapid descent, the vale, or rather the channel, of the river of Arta, which opened out straight before us, and seemed to penetrate to the very roots of Pindus. Through this channel we journeyed, incessantly crossing the stream, and, at each turn, stopping to admire the magnificent peaks that towered

up before and around us, in grandeur and in beauty.

At mid-day, without more adventures, and almost without having seen a single Albanian, did we arrive at the Khan of Roses, where, to our infinite joy and relief, we were told that Veli Bey really was. We were conducted by a ladder to an upper loft, rather than a room, where, with a couple of men in strange costumes, Veli Bey was seated on the floor. Miserable as the hovel was, the group was a picture; and the chief we had sought with so much anxiety, reclining on his white capote, magnificent in figure, and no less classic* than splendid in attire, was a subject for a Lysippus, and the personification of a monarch.

Veli Bey stood up on our entrance. This single act shewed us at once our position, and his intentions, and relieved us from all doubts as to his disposition or his power of making his good-will effective. It established our character and

* Veli Bey wore the white Arab benish over the golden Albanian fermeli, which, with the fustanel and leggings, embroidered in gold, to represent metal grieves, gave him the air of a Roman statue, and was the most magnificent costume I have ever beheld. It was made for the masters of the world. In Titian's wood-cuts to the work on costumes, published at Venice, in 1598, the "Ambassador" and the "General" of Venice are represented as wearing that remarkable cloak. It may be recognised by the three tufts on one shoulder—that is, when the arm is drawn through the hood. The tufts come to the throat when the benish is drawn over the head.

position, not alone among his retainers, but also in the camp, and, I may say, in Albania. A western, accustomed to the broad shadows of social equality, can have no conception of the effects and combinations of manner in the East. From the moment that manner becomes a means of action, not a movement or a sign can be matter of indifference. It is a conventional mode of intercourse, like speech, and thus they have two languages to our one. But this was the first time, after an intercourse with easterns, which I then thought both long and instructive, that a Mussulman had got up to receive me. I thought such a thing alike repugnant to their faith and their habits.* The fact opened a new, but still indistinct field of inquiry: however, it served, at least, to excite curiosity, encourage observation, strengthen resolution, and, above all, filled us with self-satisfaction at having undertaken this expedition, and at not having turned back to Janina the night before.

At the very moment that we entered, dinner was preparing to be served; no words passed, no invitation was given, and scarcely had we time to look about us, when the round leather tray was unfolded

* At the time, I was not aware, nor do I conceive Europeans in Turkey generally are, that in Turkey alone do Mussulmans decline to pay this mark of respect to the professors of other faiths. Further on, I shall endeavour to explain the cause of this peculiarity, which has grown out of the hostile feelings of Europe.

on the floor in the middle of the party, and the long napkin, whirled by a dexterous hand, fell at once over the knees of the Bey, the two Turkish strangers, and ourselves. An admirably roasted lamb, dressed whole, but served cut up, with excellent wheaten cakes, composed our fare. During our repast, not a word was exchanged, and we had too much to think of, and to do, to make the meal appear long or the silence irksome. The Bey seemed to have forgotten that we were present, and we felt that all we could expect was to be suffered to be there, and that, from untimely questions, we should neither fare the better nor know the more. Perhaps, accustomed to that laconic, but expressive manner which we then first began to feel, he thought that our reception told us all that it was necessary for us then to know,—namely, that he was not displeased with our coming, and would give us a share of his carpet and his lamb. The reserve thus imposed upon us, and the dependence of our position, brought us to that happy state—attentive and humble observation—a benefit which, perhaps, few western travellers have enjoyed. Instead of speaking, criticising, and deciding, we watched, examined, waited, and held our tongues, and felt, for the first time, not only the elegance of eastern style, and the dignity of Turkish manner, but its real power.

Fearful of being in the way, we retired immediately, and wandered to a grove above the Khan, to converse at liberty on all we had seen. The

Bey was taking his siesta, and the few attendants had followed his example. In about an hour and a half, several horsemen arrived in haste: we had placed ourselves so as to observe the Khan and the road, determined not to be again left behind. We returned to the Khan, where now all was astir, and the Bey, whom we found alone, gave us a frank and hearty welcome; he expressed his astonishment at our following him, and confessed he had intentionally omitted to send to us before his departure, as he feared that even if no misfortune happened, the poor entertainment he could give would send us away to England with a bad opinion of Albania. Peace was soon made, and we assured him that we felt the propriety of his disinclination to take with him in such an expedition a couple of useless and, as he might suppose, inquisitive and intractable Franks; but that we should give him no trouble, ask him no questions, and never be seen by him except at his own desire.

Having come to this satisfactory understanding, he told us that we must now prepare for the mountains — that he was to encamp that night at ten miles distance, in a vale on the summit of the Pindus.

On leaving the Khan, we turned off to the left from the Janina road, and commenced the ascent of the lofty chain that separates Thessaly from Albania. We were at that time in possession but of scanty and uncertain light respecting the

strength and object of the expedition, or the positive force, intentions, and character, of the insurgents; however, we perceived that the peasantry were in the greatest alarm, and that the hearts of the Albanians, even those of our own party, were with Arslan Bey, who, they asserted, had fifteen or twenty thousand men. We were astonished not to see any troops with ourselves, and Veli Bey starting with a retinue of not more than twenty horsemen. Without obtruding ourselves on his presence or attention, we endeavoured to read his countenance. He rode along by himself, his chin almost resting on his breast, quite lost to things around him. His pipe-bearer from time to time rode up with a fresh lit pipe, which he took and put to his lips mechanically. What might be supposed to occupy his thoughts? On one side, Arslan Bey, master of Mezzovo, the rations cut off, Janina fallen—Selictar Poda there again, and in possession of the person of Emin Pasha—Veli Bey sunk for ever, a fugitive in Greece, or his head on the Seraglio gate. On the other, Arslan Bey beaten back—Janina saved—Emin Pasha retained—Selictar Poda humbled—Albania organised—the Albanians disciplined—Veli Bey general of brigade—Veli Bey farmer of the fish preserves—Veli Bey governor of Prevesa—of Arta—of Janina—Veli—*Pasha!* Ay, and who could tell? perhaps Vizier! The day even might come when Veli Jacchio might be Zadrazem! Such may have been the

waking visions which the Father of the Gods and men had mingled for him, from either vase which contains the dreams of ambitious mortals. But not less anxious must have been the cares imposed upon him by his actual state, immediate danger, and necessities. Subordination to maintain without money—an enemy to meet without troops—a master to obey whose success was destruction—an antagonist to resist in self-defence, whose discomfiture was fatal—and implements to use which could neither be trusted nor neglected. Lost in the mists of destiny which a breath might call down in iron rain, or dispel in brightness and in sunshine, well might he refuse to add a traveller's questions to his cares, drop his chin upon his breast, and smoke his empty pipe as if it had been full.

The mountain we were climbing was, as I have already said, the central range of the Pindus, runing north and south through continental Greece, separating Thessaly from Epirus—long, lofty, and narrow—rising like a wall from the dead levels of Thessaly on one side, and the plains of Arta and Janina on the other. We were crossing it near the central group from which flow the five largest rivers of Ancient Greece, running eastward and westward, and also north and south. On our right, detached from the more continuous ridges, arose this group, high above the rest, with its breaker-like peaks. Masses of earth and rock, rather than mountains, were piled up and scattered all around. The cliffs

were naked, and as if fresh broken off; the earth seemed just to have slipped down, and the landscape looked like a scene in a crater, or the morrow of the Deluge, idealised by the magnificent sensation of silence, which is half the poetry of desolation.

In this eternal amphitheatre of nature, what were the human atoms that might be discovered creeping along its cornices and domes? Their passions disturbed not its sublimity; their shouts of victory or cries of agony could scarcely break in upon its repose! If the sight of masses of the earth towering to the clouds—aspiring to and shutting out the heavens from our eyes—turns us back at all times to our fellow creatures, inclined to pity, but more inclined to wonder;—if

> "All that refines the spirit, yet appals,
> Gather around these summits"—

how much the more must their grandeur strike with awe when seen in such company; how must their mass and their eternity impose when standing beside, measuring with the mind and eye the petty mortal of a fathom and a day, that calls himself their lord and master!

We had started with a slender escort, and wondered what had become of the numerous bands which we had seen scattered over the plain of Janina, and which had passed us during the night. As we ascended, the Pindus appeared a perfect solitude, but our escort imperceptibly increased;

we could not comprehend whence came the accessions to our numbers; we turned round to admire the view, and to see if any bodies were overtaking us. When we resumed our march, the whole mountain above us was suddenly covered with men. This had been the place of rendezvous and refreshment; and, in taking their siesta, the troops had composed themselves to sleep with a Skipetar's instinct of concealment. Soldiers now started up from under every bush and tree, and from behind every rock—and what a place for this sudden apparition! The road ascended by divers zig-zags over five or six successive summits. It was instantaneously thronged with Spahis and lance-bearing Chaldupes; Beys on gallant chargers, and long lines of the kirtled Skipetar, in all the gorgeousness of glancing armour, and of shining colours, and in every variety of martial and picturesque costume. These files, set quickly in motion, produced an effect which no words can convey;—now seeming to cross each other with the turns of the zig-zag path—now lost in the foliage, now appearing in bold relief on the rocks—now drawn out in straight and lengthened lines on the face of the dark mountain—now suddenly breaking from the regular path, and clambering like goats to the road above; thus diminishing on the receding distances and ascending heights till we could trace them only by the white line of their snowy capotes and fustanels, and by the glittering of silver and of steel.

As if nature had resolved on adorning the prospect with all the charms her fancy could suggest, and with all the power her elements could bestow—mountains of snow-white clouds rose into the deep blue sky; and, during twenty minutes, a thousand changes of light and shade were cast over the heavens and the earth. Then the storm approached, darkened, descended; and long, distant, and melodious chords of music, worthy of the scene, pealed among the halls of Pindus. Large drops of rain began to fall, glittering through the not yet excluded sunshine; but the dense and heavy masses came on, enveloping us in darkness and drenching us in rain; stunning peals burst like explosions from the earth, or fell like blows dealt by the unseen genius of the storm, shattering the rocks, while the flashes shot from cloud to cloud, and the thunders were sent around from cliff to cliff. The road became a torrent; the rain was succeeded by hail, driven by tremendous gusts of wind, which now dashed the torn clouds against us, and now swept them past. As we took shelter under a rock, a break in the driving clouds opened, for a moment, a glimpse of the world far below: there lay the vale we had traversed in the morning, in silence and in beauty, gazing upwards, as Love is figured watching Madness. There no shred of the tempest had fallen; not a rain-drop had broken the mirror of its fountains, nor a breath stirred the leaves of its bowers. The stream meandering below sent up to our region

of strife and darkness the reflected rays of the declining sun, and gliding through meadows of velvet green, shone like a silver chain cast on an embroidered cushion.

These summer storms are rare, and scarcely ever fall on the plains; but where they do fall their fury is uncontrolled. Sheds, houses, and trees, are torn up, and cattle and sheep are blown over the precipices; but their ravages do not extend far, nor does their fury endure long. When they sweep the sea of this ship-strewn shore, their destructiveness is not less felt, though not so much sung, as of yore. Still, every man who has been a schoolboy exclaims, as he sails along the coast, resplendent in the sun and fragrant in the breeze—"Infames scopuli Acroceraunia!" I had before seen such a storm from the Makronoros, and have described the effect it had from a distance. The plain below was tranquil; so seemed the cliffs above; but midway a chaos of black and leaden clouds seemed writhing in agony, and casting their zig-zag lightning against the mountain, or on the plain. An object full of grandeur to behold, but not a very pleasant experiment to repeat.

After the storm was over, it was indeed a sight to view the gay Palicars, wringing their drenched fustanels, and with their dripping embroidery draggling in the mud. But what with the soaking, the chill of the atmosphere by the storm, and, at this elevation, the great change of temperature from the

hot plains below, no one was disposed to make himself merry at the expense of others.

About sunset we reached the Khan of Placa, at the summit of the pass, where Veli Bey was to spend the night. The troops moved on to a little plain, where an encampment had already been formed, and where a thousand men had been for some time stationed, to command or support the various passes. There preparations had been made for the reception of this fresh body, which, we now understood, mustered five thousand muskets. Looking from the heights of the Pindus, we at once comprehended the state of parties and things, and we had the additional satisfaction of finding that we owed our perceptions to the first cause of all knowledge, and the parent of all science—geography. What is there, like a bird's-eye view of a country, for the comprehension of all its human interests; and how pleasing it is to arrive at knowledge through the observation of things, and not through men's tongues!

The Khan of Placa is an old, ill-adjusted, and spacious building—a court in the centre is surrounded by galleries, corridors, and some dingy, deal-separated apartments. The wall without, and the lower part within, are in masonry; the rest is crazy and creaking timber. The crowds of soldiers and attendants, rendered weightier still by their wet capotes, made the whole edifice shake and rock. The court was filled with baggage-

horses, and just in the busiest moment of unlading, a second burst of hail and thunder rendered the animals quite ungovernable, and a scene of indescribable confusion ensued. In a short time, however, things were shaken down into something like order, the lucky ones got into dry clothes, and we were of the number; a general forage was made in search of firewood, some ran to the surrounding forests, some collected dryer materials elsewhere, and the timbers of the old Khan were found to burn like tinder. A dozen fires within and without the court soon sent up volumes of flame and smoke, and, as if by magic, half a dozen sheep, at full length, were spitted, and laid down before them, on long poles, resting on a fork, stuck in the ground, with a crotchet at one end, which was slowly turned round by the hand.

We ascended a little eminence that overlooked the Khan. What a contrast with the brilliant scene of the forenoon! what an antithesis to the storm that followed it! Now, not a breath was stirring; that darkness reigned around which follows the last expiring rays of twilight, and which was deepened, almost to blackness, by the glare of the fires, except where their light was reflected from the tall columns of smoke above, and from the rocks and trees around. A sensation the most delicious was produced by the fragrance of the atmosphere after the storm; and, standing on the edge of a cliff, at the height of between four and

five thousand feet, we inhaled the air, rising up warm and soft, and charged with the odours of the blossoms and the plants it had caressed as it rose, from lowly flowers to myrtle groves, and to mountain heather. Our companions revelled in the balmy air, they bared their arms and breasts, and stood, like sea-gulls on rocks, stretching their necks to catch the breezes, and expressing their delight by short cries, and by the flutter of their extended wings.*

But an odour not less rich and savoury soon wooed our thoughts, and attracted our steps elsewhere. A rich brown had succeeded to the milky hue of the prostrate mutton, as we again approached the fires; the escaping steam, and strengthening odour, the increased activity of the arms of the turnspits, and the perspiration pouring from their heated faces, announced the approaching termination of their labours.

* While revising this sheet, I find the following characteristic sketch, in a little old book, by one Mr. Robert Withers, published in 1650, and entitled "A Description of the Grand Signor's Seraglio."

"Nor, indeed, doth a Turke at any time shew himself to be so truly pleased and satisfied in his senses, as he doth in the summer time, when he is in a pleasant garden. For he is no sooner come into it (if it be his own, or where he thinks he may be bold), than he puts off his upper coat, and laies it aside, and on that his *Turbant*; then turns up his sleeves, and unbuttoneth himself, turning his breast to the winde, if there be any, if not, he fans himself, or his servant doth it for him. Again, sometimes, standing upon a high bank, to take the fresh air, holding

But with all the contentment which such a prospect might afford, we had not the comfortable feeling of being "at home." Two fires blazed in the middle of the court; between them it was just possible to pass without being suffocated or scorched, and there we determined to promenade, where we could certainly neither fail to be seen nor observed in connexion with supper. First, one sheep was lifted up, the long pole shouldered by a Palicar, and away he ran with the smoking trophy, but no announcement followed that supper was ready. Another went, and then another, and they all went, but no censal proclaimed, "*Monsieur est servi.*"

We had roasted ourselves to no purpose; our scheme but betrayed our ignorance, and insulted Turkish hospitality. A laconic "*buiurn*" dispelled our doubts, and we found the Bey in a small room, or rather box, most comfortably lined with shaggy

his arms abroad (as a cormorant, sitting on a rock, doth his wings, in sunshine, after a storm), courting the weather and sweet air, calling it his soul, his life, and his delight; ever and anon shewing some visible signs of contentment. Nor shall the garden, during his pleasant distraction, be termed otherwise than *Paradise;* with whose flowers he stuffes his bosom and decketh his turbant, shaking his head at their sweet savour. Sometimes he singeth a song to some pretty flower, by whose name his mistress is called; and uttering words of as great joy as if, at that instant, she herself were there present. And one bit of meat in a garden shall do him more good than the best fare that may be, elsewhere."

capotes, large enough to hold us and give us elbow-room, with a whole sheep, divided into manageable morsels, piled on the leather tray in the middle of the floor, for us three to pick and choose the tit-bits, or devour *in toto*, if so disposed.

After the drenching, and the ride, the Bey indulged in a few extra glasses of *rakki*, and of wine; and truth, the proverbial attendant of the juice of the grape, suddenly increased his confidence. He burst forth in a violent philippic against the allied powers, and, wonderful to relate, as it was startling for us to hear, fell upon the poor reprobated Protocol with no less acrimony, and, apparently, no less justice, than the peasants of Acarnania, or the Hellenes of Makronoros. We looked at each other with surprise:—Good God! thought we, is it possible that these sage diplomatists, and these cabinets, which we at that time considered oracles, have equally succeeded in exasperating Greeks, Turks, and Albanians? And what a strange coincidence is it, that here, again, all the blame should be laid upon the shoulders of England? "I care not," said Veli Bey, with an incoherence that evinced the depth of his feelings, "what the French have done, what the Russians have done—they could have done nothing without England; but that England should so have treated us, is incomprehensible and unbearable. England," he repeated, with measured pathos, "which we

placed above our heads," raising his hands as if to give effect to his faltering words; but at that moment the strength of his feelings quite overcame him, he fell on his cushion, and his pipe dropped from his hand; we started up for cold water and burnt feathers, but a loud snore apprised us that he had found temporary relief from the sense of political degradation, to which he was so painfully alive.

## CHAPTER XIV.

MEETING OF THE CAMPS — CONFERENCE BETWEEN THE CHIEFS — FRESH ALARMS.

THE next morning we set forward to the place of encampment, which was in a beautiful little cleared plain. The hills here are covered with forests of magnificent beech; there is no underwood amongst the trees, and no brushwood between the forest and the cleared land, and, consequently, the scenery presents that character which we designate "parklike." Wherever you ascended from the level ground, you came upon the round, straight, columnlike trunks of the beech, giving access to the deep shadows as if of pillared temples; and here again was the Skipetar gathering almost invisible. On extending our observations, we perceived numerous and diversified preparations for bivouacking; sheds, made of green boughs, were erected on the ground; pallets were reared on stakes, or suspended from the branches; and the white busy figures were seen every where glancing through the trees. In the open ground, troops of horses were grazing, and the place re-

sounded with the rattling of the Turkish curry-comb. After wandering about for some time we again sought the Bey, and found him established on the summit of a little knoll, just within the edge of the forest, shaded by its foliage, and commanding through the trunks a prospect all around. We were invited to a place on his own carpet; the Beys and Agas were seated around in a large circle two or three deep; and behind these, stood some hundred soldiers. For a couple of hours did we sit, spectators of this assemblage, without understanding a word of the language, or having any idea of what was going on. A decision at length was taken. The standards had been planted in the plain below, and the standard-bearers formed part of the circle. An order to them from the Bey sent them rushing down, with a hundred of their fellows at their heels, to pluck two of the four standards from the ground; and the savage war-whoop that was sent up at the same moment, and the tinkling larum of the tambourgi, made the plain and the hills resemble a disturbed ant-hill. The chiefs, surrounded by the principal persons, followed at a slow and dignified pace, while the horsemen galloped forward, and wheeled around them, whirling their *tufenks* and long *misdrachi* (lances). Those who had to use their own legs seemed scarcely less active; they commenced, by discharging their *tufenks*, singing, shouting, scampering over the hills, and running races, till,

finally, a general rush and race took place towards the gorge through which the Bey had to pass. We had remained on the eminence where the Bey had been, and saw all this passing beneath us, and we now ascertained that about one-half of the men only accompanied the Bey. We determined to follow the moving body, although it was no very pleasant thing to follow in the rear, and without a chance of reaching, in these narrow defiles, the chief party. It was not, however, to be overlooked, that this position gave us immense advantages in case of a retreat. We therefore set forward, as heretofore, three ridiculous figures, in shabby, tattered, *jéjune*, frank habiliments, which, in their trimmest style, and newest fashion, would have been miserable compared even with the meanest costume around us. At this moment suddenly appeared Abbas Bey, our friend of the Khan of Baldouna. We at first determined to cut him dead, but, in two minutes after, we were proceeding along in friendly converse together, he having declared that henceforward he took us under his own special protection, that he should every where see to our being comfortably housed, and would keep us informed of every thing he knew. He spoke Greek fluently. These were, of course, offers not to be rejected. He explained his leaving us at the Khan, by saying, that he did not know whether the chief approved of our coming, and he did not know whether we might not be Russian

spies; he had heard at Janina that we were English, but he did not know whether we were true English; "but now, since we see how the Bey treats you, it is quite another thing."

We learned from our new friend that Veli Bey was proceeding to meet Arslan Bey, in a little valley called Milies, where a conference was to be held between the two parties, and whither each was to repair attended by the chief men. We remarked, that Veli Bey's suite appeared in that case somewhat too numerous. "Oh," answered Abbas Bey, "you may be sure that Arslan Bey will come with *at least* as many!" Our informant severely reprehended the excesses of which Arslan Bey and his party had been guilty; "but," said he, with a shake of the head, "he is the *only* man for Albania; and I, for my part, was always of opinion that Veli Bey should have remained at Janina, because, if this expedition is cut off, as there is every chance it will be, there is not a man remaining who has sufficient authority to collect troops; and then, you know, what will become of the poor Greeks, whom we are toiling thus, and risking our lives, to protect?"

After crossing some low sandstone hills we arrived at a rapid descent. The rock is serpentine, of shining and glassy lustre, of all shades of blue, green, and brown. Here the Bey had halted, and, conducted by our new guardian and friend, we found him seated at a distance on the rock, with a

single person, whom we understood was an emissary from his antagonist. When he returned to the road he told us, smiling, that Arslan Bey thought of submitting instead of fighting; and gave us to understand that he was reduced to very desperate circumstances. But still, instead of waiting to receive the suppliant, we found we were to proceed to meet him. After descending the rugged hill, an hour, through a narrow valley, brought us to the plain of Milies. At the gorge, a troop of Arslan Bey's horse was drawn up. They made their obeisance in the most lowly guise as the Bey approached, and, when he had passed, joined the throng behind him. The ground was confused, and there was now a general rush from behind forward; the men on foot had been gradually expelled from the centre by the pressing of the horses, and we entered the meadow at full gallop. The press, the confusion, the dust, was such that we could distinguish neither where we were going, nor the ground we were passing over; and I am sure that, if a hundred muskets had been discharged at us, a general scamper and rout must have taken place, and we should have upset each other, attacked our friends, or have fled from them. It is a very singular thing to see warfare conducted between enemies wearing the same costume, speaking the same language, and without any distinctive signs, marks, or watchwords. Here soldiers are instruments, but not machines; the most powerful assemblages of troops may be

melted away in a moment, and gatherings may as suddenly assemble, fit to change the fate of provinces and of empires, through agency of a moral character, which it is most painful for a stranger to trace with accuracy, but which still is one of the most interesting features, and one of the deepest inquiries, presented by the East.

Between the European and the Eastern commander there is this most remarkable difference, that the intercourse of the first with his men ceases with the duty of the field; he is known to them only through the discipline he enforces, and the services he commands, and makes no appeals to their affections in social life. The Eastern commander, on the contrary, is the Patriarch of his followers;—he is the arbitrator of their differences —the chief of their community—knows each, and the affairs of each—and such is the equalising effect of those manners which appear to us to place so immeasurable a distance between man and man, that the humblest soldier may, under certain circumstances, be admitted to break bread with his general. The characters which there ensure fidelity and raise to power, are ability indicated by success; and the disposition to repay loyalty by protection, indicated by generosity. And if I were to place in order the qualifications which lead to greatness, I should say: justice first, then generosity; and only after these, military skill and personal valour.

In the middle of the little plain, and close to a

clear fresh stream, stood a splendid weeping willow: this was the spot chosen for meeting, and here Veli Bey dismounted; he was soon seated on his carpet, and a circle of Beys and men formed around him. It appeared to us extraordinary that Arslan Bey was not already here, and the more so, as the higher ground all around was occupied by his men. Many suspicions crossed our minds, and we retired up the side of the hill to make our observations, and to escape the effects of the first discharges, which we had now no doubt would, at some preconcerted signal, be poured on the crowd in the plain. There, thought I, are those men with the eye-ball of destruction glaring upon them, sitting with the same infatuation that year after year lures to destruction the chiefs and the rebels of Turkey! There scarcely is an example of a revolt that has not been subdued, or of a struggle between rival chieftains which has not been concluded by an act of treachery, in which the party deceived has been led into the noose with a facility which appears to us both childish and incomprehensible: the reason of this I at that time was just beginning to see. These movements, not being connected with general principles, can be annihilated only in the person of their conductors; and that apparent confidence by which so unaccountably those appear to be betrayed, is the result of the daring and decision upon which alone their authority depends.

In the midst of these reflections a cloud of dust

arose at the opposite extremity of the meadow, and shouts of "He comes! he comes!" arose on all sides. An alley of two hundred paces was opened from the willow-tree, lined on both sides by the troops of Veli Bey. At the extremity were planted in the ground the two standards of our chief, — the one pure white, the other white and green, bearing a double-bladed sword, and blood-red hand, and some masonic diagrams. A troop of about two hundred horse dashed up in most gallant style, and with a greater air of regularity than I had ever witnessed before. When they reached the standards they pulled sharp up, trotted on to the willow-tree, filling up the whole breadth of the alley, and then wheeling right and left, ranged themselves behind the lines of Veli Bey's foot-soldiers. At this moment Arslan Bey himself reached the standards — he there dismounted; at the same moment Veli Bey stood up under the willow-tree; this was a signal for a general discharge of the whole muskets of both parties; and when the smoke cleared away we saw the two chiefs embracing each other in the centre of the alley, to which, with equal steps, they had advanced from either extremity. Each then embraced the principal adherents of his antagonists: — this was the signal for the respective troops to follow their example; and all around nothing was to be seen but figures bending down and rising up with such a motion as a field of battle presents when men are struggling hand to hand, and closing in the embrace

of hate. This was a strange meeting of the rival hordes of a *Firmanli* and his commissioned executioner; and whoever had looked upon the fervour and simplicity of that meeting — "where they fell and wept on each other's necks," — might have deemed it that of Lot and Abraham with their households. In embracing, they bend down as they meet each other, kiss the mouth, then press cheek to cheek on either side, while they either formally extend their arms, or more or less closely press each other. But the lowness to which they stoop, whether or not the kiss on the lips is given, or one or both cheeks are pressed, or the embrace is formal or close, constitute an endless series of shades and distinctions, indicating degrees of acquaintance, friendship, affection, relationship, station, relative rank, authority, and command.

Broken and abrupt ground rising on either side, over which fell in little cascades the water that turned several mills; well-wooded hills beyond, in which the fir predominated, and above these, the lofty and precipitous cliffs of the Pindus, displayed to the best advantage the troops bristling along each summit, or crowded in the valley. Beneath the willow was assembled the principal group;— five thousand men were scattered in parties, above, below, and around us; — congratulations, embracings, and loud laughs, activity, bustle, and ever-varying and pleasing confusion, the different expressions of their countenances, their elaborate

compliments, the variety and beauty of their costume, richness of accoutrement, strangeness of arms, brilliancy and contrast of colours, fatigued the curiosity they could not cloy. While we congratulated ourselves at being present at so extraordinary a scene, every novel effect and striking character made us deplore the absence of such a graphic pen as that which had rendered Ashby-de-la-Zouch classic ground.

The public conference lasted about a quarter of an hour; a general movement then informed us that the chieftains were about to retire to a Khan near at hand for private discussion. We pressed forward to obtain a closer view of Arslan Bey. The two walked on, half embraced, when Veli Bey, perceiving us, stopped, and patting Arslan Bey on the breast, cried out—"Here is the Turk! You see we have caught the Klepht you were so anxious to fight with." Taking this for an Albanian mode of presentation, we bowed low, whilst the young "Lion," drawing himself to his height, scanned us from head to foot; but, strange as our figures were, his thoughts were evidently not with his eyes. They moved on and entered the Khan; the doors were closed upon them, and a black attendant of either chief defended them against the throngs of Palicars that pressed, like swarms of bees around their queens.

The scene which presented so much agitation gradually sank into repose. The Palicars, in social

groups, nestled themselves in the bushes; nothing was to be seen but groups of grazing horses. After an hour's ramble, exhausted by the mid-day heat, we turned towards the Khan. From every bush, as we passed, we heard the words repeated, "Signor θα γραψετε τουτο ?"—Will you write this? meaning —Will you print it? The constant, and not friendly stare of the Albanians of the other party almost determined us on retiring to the first encampment, when Abas Bey again came to our assistance, and proposed our entering the chamber, as the conference was drawing to a close, and we could not interrupt it, not understanding the Skipt. The passage was consequently cleared, and we had the satisfaction of being present at a conference on which such immense results depended.

The two chiefs were seated on a mat under a small window, which gave the only light to the room, which fell with full power and with deep shadows on the group: a white cloak, hung up on the opposite side, increased the effect, by throwing back a pale glare over their countenances. The remainder of the dungeon-like apartment was dark. In a remote corner, from time to time groaned a sick man, who had been removed out of hearing from a pallet on which we were seated. A bowl of raki, a bottle of Samian wine, and a plate of salt-fish, stood between the Beys. We sat for three hours, during which their conference was still prolonged, sometimes gravely animated, sometimes in

scarcely audible whispers, whilst they leaned forward and seemed to look into each other's soul. Several times drops of large perspiration started from Arslan Bey's brow, and once Veli Bey impressed a kiss on his forehead.

Our anticipations had been excited by the praises we had constantly heard lavished on Arslan Bey; nor were we disappointed. His person was good, though below the middle size; his features fine, with a mild expression, but a fierce eye; a dark handkerchief bound the small red cap over his high and well-turned forehead; his dress was plain and soldierlike, and youth gave additional interest to the ideal character which we always suppose, and to the natural powers of mind and body that must always be combined in a leader who struggles with constituted authority. They told us he was only twenty-two, but I should say he was twenty-five. At an early age, Arslan Bey found himself at the head of one of the first families of Albania, one of the richest men, and endeared to the soldiery by his personal courage and conviviality: his connexion by marriage with Selictar Poda, increased his influence, while his accession to the party of the Selictar, rendered that party predominant. Two years before he had been named Mousselim and Dervend Aga of Triccala; subsequently he was sent, with five or six thousand men, to open a passage for the Turkish regulars, that were blocked up by the Greeks in Negropont and Attica. After

this service he was made Governor of Zeitouni, in Thessaly: the pay of his men was not remitted to him, or it was not punctually paid by him; the men became outrageous — on one occasion even seized him by the throat; and excesses of every kind were committed. At this moment the Sadrazem sent him orders to resign his command. His party, from the reasons I have before stated, apprehending the designs of the Sadrazem, thought this a most favourable moment, by exciting the exasperation of Arslan Bey, to strike a blow, before the Grand Vizier could bring his forces to bear against themselves; perhaps, too, the Selictar was desirous, before declaring himself, to see how things would turn; for, after exciting Arslan Bey to revolt, he remained an indifferent spectator of the contest. Arslan Bey then plundered Codgana, a wealthy Greek township, and a great deal of booty had been collected; this he intended sharing among his men, according to their rate of pay and length of service. But this act had given cause to *his* being declared *Firmanli;* whether successful or not, the sword hung over his individual head, and there was scarcely more subordination amongst his men, than union amongst his party. Already betrayed by the last, the first, on any advantage or check, might equally abandon him. He held the destinies of Albania in his hands; his will or caprice was actually the ruling power, and a word from him might let the thunderbolt fall upon it.

If he let it fall, what benefit could he expect? If he restrained the storm, what assurance of recompense, what guarantee of pardon, could he obtain? These arguments we imagined we could trace in the imposing tones and manner of Veli Bey, and in the deep reflectiveness of his antagonist, who, although he had his rival in his hands, suffered him to assume so decided a superiority. Veli Bey's cares were not less anxious, or his breast more quiet, whatever was the serenity that sate on his brow; but all that I then knew of his inward thoughts, and of his actual circumstances, I have already detailed.

We remained silent and motionless in our corner, catching at every word, tone, or gesture, to which we could attach a meaning, and marking the expression with which were uttered the words, Sadrazem, Cagana, Lufé, Padechah, &c. Veli Bey had, from time to time, been handing us over raki, and giving vent to his satisfaction in rallying Arslan Bey, and asking us how we liked the Klepht; but he could not induce the fixed features of the young rebel to relax into a smile. At length, Veli Bey called for dinner, and some of the principal officers, who thronged the passage without, in the most anxious expectation, burst into the apartment. We ourselves were perfectly ignorant of the result, nor could we exclude the idea that the conference might terminate in blood; and each unexpected movement, in either chief, instantly

riveted our attention. When the Beys entered the room, Veli Bey exclaimed, "Brothers, it is peace!" Those of his party again embraced Arslan Bey, but more fervently than before; they then attempted to tear from his forehead the kerchief that bound it; he struggled for a moment, but they tore it from him, and stamped upon it. Veli Bey seemed delighted, laughed, and pointed out to us the new Tactico (Nizzam). During dinner, the conversation was principally in Albanian, in which Arslan Bey, with remarkable versatility of powers and character, took the lead; peals of laughter followed every word he uttered. When we had eaten, washed, and drank a cup of coffee, the room was again cleared. The chief adherents of Arslan Bey were then called back by name, and collected by Veli Bey in a circle around him: he addressed them in a long discourse. Often as I have had to lament the ignorance of language, never did I deplore that ignorance as on this occasion. The continuity, the oratorical sweep of his periods, the variety of intonation, action, and expression — the scorn, reproach, and, finally, pity, of which the men before him were evidently themselves the objects, exhibited powers no less extraordinary than judgment, and not less courage than rhetoric; and we learned that day a lesson, with respect to the characters of the Eastern mind, that neither, probably, will soon forget. When he had completely mastered his hearers, his manner changed

entirely, and their reconciliation was sealed in a formal manner. One was placed opposite to Veli Bey, two others on either side; they rose together, leaned forward, and, each stretching out his arms, the four stood locked in one embrace. Veli Bey kissed each separately, repeating, "We have peace."

The conference, after eight hours of painful anxiety, being thus happily concluded, Veli Bey and Arslan Bey left the Khan as they had entered, half embracing each other. The men started up, thronging around them; the Tambourgi's alarum sounded, and we again ascended the hill, to see the separating squadrons reiterating adieus, galloping round their leaders, whirling their spears and muskets, and running races up the hills or through the valley.

We returned to the encampment, and had our tent pitched in it. Veli Bey took up his quarters with us. He had previously few thoughts or words to spare; but now, in the exultation of success, he opened to us his own prospects, and his hopes for Albania, and spent the greater part of each day in giving us the history of the Grand Vizier, of the Greek war, of his feud with Selictar Poda, and of every thing he thought might be interesting or instructive. The organisation of Albania was the subject he dwelt on with the greatest satisfaction; and his own appointment to the command of 12,000 men, which was the immediate

recompense held out for his reducing this insurrection. He seemed to take delight in speaking to us, in the midst of his men, of the plans that had been formed for organising Albania, as if to sound their feelings, and to gain support from the approbation of Europeans. On the other hand, the men said to us, "Tell our Bey to leave us our fustanels, and we will become any thing he pleases." With equal earnestness, Veli Bey entered into the commercial interests and prospects of his country, the ameliorations that might be introduced; above all, the necessity of establishing friendly feelings between his own people and Europe, through which foreign capital would pour in, and, by facilitating the means of conveyance, greatly increase the wealth of the country and the value of land. He anxiously inquired into every improvement and discovery in agriculture or machinery, with the view of turning his triumph, as he said, to the advantage of their children; so that, when an old man, he might bring his grandsons to see the valley in the Pindus, where the projects were conceived. His natural reserve, and the *representation* in which they commonly live, had worn off by the close contact in which we were placed, apparently to the gratification of both parties. We were delighted with having so excellent an opportunity of examining their character and ideas, while he seemed equally pleased at being able to express, unconstrainedly, his opinions of his own

people, of the Turks, and of European policy, which, I need not say, he did not spare, and his admiration of our military organisation and scientific inventions. "Perhaps," said he, smiling, "you may one day pay dear for the lessons you have been at such pains to teach us." The steam-gun and carriage were the chief lions. It was his great delight, after each conversation, to repeat these wonders to his people; and then, with a shake of his head, he would add, "Ay, these are men." He expressed his determination, as soon as the Sadrazem arrived, and he had three or four months free, to go to England. He made every inquiry as to his journey, stay, and the manner in which he would be received; and I am sure we did not exaggerate the sensation he would have created in London, if he went attended, as he proposed, by twenty of his finest men.

While we remained in the camp, our tent, the only one, was pitched in the little plain, and in it he slept. At daylight, pipes and coffee were brought; we remained chatting, washing, and dressing, till the sun was well risen: Veli Bey then walked up into the wood, where his carpet was spread on the spot already described. As soon as he was perceived to be in motion, the officers assembled from their different positions, and the Beys, Odjacks, and Agas of Upper Albania, Epirus, and Thessaly, were gathered in divan around him. Here they conversed and smoked, and here busi-

ness was transacted. Rayas came to make complaints, primates to make their obeisance, and bring presents — letters were read and written. During the morning they would take two or three walks, of a few hundred paces, and then suddenly sit down again, but always so as to have a point of view before them; indeed, whether on the Bosphorus or the Peneus, on the Caucasus or the Pindus, I have seldom heard a Turk expatiate on the picturesque, but I have never seen one turn his back on a fine view. We were constantly beset with such questions as these — "What is it you see so attractive in our mountains; have you no mountains or trees of your own?" The only motive they could understand was, that our country was so cultivated, that we could no where enjoy the simple and wild beauties of nature.

Our time was spent between the chief, the officers, and the common men. We were now become great favourites with all classes. Many of the Beys were young men, unassuming, frank, and anxious to acquire information.

But the common soldiers interested us infinitely more than their leaders; whenever we rambled about their bivouacks, we were treated with every mark of respect, we were invited to partake of their fare, spent many an amusing hour, and reckoned several stanch friends amongst them. What a contrast with the first night at the Khan of Baldouna, and what a subject for reflection, on

the causes by which events are determined, and on the cords, insignificant or invisible, by which men are led!

As mid-day approached, we usually joined Veli Bey in the tent; a dish was placed on the carpet, containing slices of onion, salt fish, or salt cheese, prunes, or something else, by way of provocative; a small cup was placed before each, and an attendant stood behind, with a bottle of raki; we used to remain a full hour earning an appetite, by the constant succession of a little of the zest, a few whiffs of tobacco, and a sip of raki. Then was brought in a round piece of leather, laced up like a reticule; it was spread in the middle, and, as it opened, displayed a smoking lamb, cut or torn in morsels, with pieces of an excellent flour cake, thin and pliable, with which you might delicately take hold of the meat, which, from the mode of cooking, falls away from the bone with ease. A dish of sauce, white as milk, is placed in the centre, to dip the first pieces of bread in, as an additional appetiser. This sauce is composed of garlic and salt cheese, rubbed down in oil and vinegar, and slices of onions swimming in it. The lamb was followed by a large round pasty of cabbage, or of cream, at least three feet in diameter, and three or four stews, all excellent, so that we wondered how, in such a place, where a human being did not seem to be domiciliated, such fare could be procured. The wine, strong and generous, circulated during

dinner as freely as the raki before; nor ceased, till the pipe had fallen from the Bey's mouth, and he dropped over asleep on the spot where he sate, and, as he lay taking his rest, an attendant drew his cloak around him. The afternoon was an exact repetition of the former; in fact, out of one day they make two little days,—a plan well adapted to the climate, and to their habits, passing from indolence to great activity. When not aroused to exertion, they force their inclinations to obtain a plethoric repose; they excite a fictitious appetite that they may eat, and eat beyond their appetite that they may sleep. I was one day complaining of the quantity of salt put in every thing, and was answered by the proverb,—"If you do not eat salt, how can you drink; and if you do not drink, how can you eat; and if you do not eat, how can you sleep?" But this is a traveller's remark, and I do not give it as worth more.

One evening, when at supper in our tent, a Tartar arrived from the Grand Vizier, bearing despatches for Veli Bey, and announcing the confirmation for life of the monopoly of honours and dignities that had been heaped upon him.

Soon after our return from Milies, a personage of greater consideration than the rest appeared in the camp; this was Gench Aga, Tufenkji Bashi of the Sadrazem, and governor of Triccala and Mezzovo, and who, as I learned, a year and a half afterwards, from himself at Scodra, was the chief

agent in this plot, in which Veli Bey and Arslan Bey were alike the puppets.

The result of the conference at Milies was, that the plunder of Codgana, &c. should be restored; the arrears of Arslan Bey's men liquidated; that he himself should be absolved, received into favour, and that he should accompany Veli Bey to Janina. But Arslan Bey had to consult his supporters, and, though the principal officers, as far as we could judge by the dumb show we had seen, seemed perfectly satisfied with these conditions, he had still to return to his camp to confer with the Skipetar. No answer having yet been returned when Gench Aga arrived at the camp, he, accompanied by our young friend, Abbas Bey, went on to the head quarters of Arslan Bey; three or four days passed, and yet they did not make their appearance. We joked Veli Bey on their being caught by the Klepht: at first he affected to laugh heartily at this supposition, but their delay soon ceased to be a subject of merriment. They did, however, return, and, after a private conference with Veli Bey, Gench Aga sent for us, and told us, in that decided way, that left us no doubt that he had good reasons for what he said, and, with that kindness of manner which relieved us from all doubts as to his motives, that we must allow ourselves to be guided by him in our future plans; that he would make himself responsible for our safety, and could afford us an opportunity of

extending our journey, but we must not remain where we were. We expressed our readiness to be guided by him: "In that case," he said, "you must start with me immediately for Mezzovo. As soon as this affair is settled, I will have to send a body of horse to Triccala, and thus you will be conveyed in safety beyond the sphere of the present struggle." There are some few people in this world who have an irresistible way with them; whose ideas are so like reason; whose words are so well chosen; whose manner is so well calculated for producing on the given person the desired effect, that there is no objecting, even with a disinclination to agree; so it was with Gench Aga, and never was I more surprised than in finding myself, after ten minutes or less conversation with a perfect stranger, busily occupied in making preparatives for departure from a camp which I had had such infinite difficulty to reach, and from a country in which, ten minutes before, I had thought my rambles only commenced.

## CHAPTER XV.

IMPRESSIONS PRODUCED BY THE SKIPETAR CAMP — PAST STATE AND FUTURE PROSPECTS OF ALBANIA — COMPARISON OF THE CHARACTERS OF INSURRECTION IN TURKEY AND IN EUROPE.

Before bidding adieu to the Skipetar camp, I must put together what I gathered from them during this short but intimate intercourse, respecting the dissipation of the powerful armies that, for six successive years, have been poured into Greece, without any other result than devastation of the continental provinces, loss of life, and exhaustion of the Sultan's treasury.

The domination of Ali Pasha had tended to increase the warlike character of the Albanians, for, besides the constant activity in which they were kept during his reign, he dispossessed a great number of landed proprietors, who found an equivalent in military service throughout the whole country, from Berat to the Euripus, and beyond the Isthmus. On the breaking up of Ali Pasha's power, commenced the yearly campaign against

Greece, affording pay and an employment agreeable to their inclinations, to this large mass of irregular and independent warriors.

They frustrated, with Albanian subtlety, every measure of the Porte to put an end to the Greek war. Missolonghi might, on several occasions, have been taken with the greatest ease; but the speculation was too profitable, and they termed it their *saraf*, or banker. They managed to cross every plan of the Sadrazem; and, finally, after receiving three months' pay in advance, 8000 of them abandoned Jusuff Pasha at Loutraki, after having attempted to rob the military chest. It was on this conjuncture that the Porte reluctantly called in the assistance of Mehemet Ali Pasha.

A calculation of the number of men, their pay, and the expenses of the commissariat, may give us a distant approximation to the sum expended by the Sultan in Albania on account of the Greek war. Five expeditions were made: the average number of men may be 20,000; they received, one with another, fifty piastres per month, from the 1st of March O. S., to St. Demitri, the 8th of November. Eight months, and eight days (the regular Turkish campaign), at the above rate, besides extra pay if they remained longer in the field, will give a sum of 46,250,000 piastres. The commissariat department is generally allowed to expend a sum equal to the allowance for pay; so that these five expeditions must have cost the

Porte above 90,000,000 piastres. Besides these armies, there were 10,000 men in constant activity as guards of the passes, garrisons of fortresses, body-guards of Pashas, &c., whose pay, and other expenses, during the same period, may be estimated at 60,000,000 piastres.*

We have allowed in the commissariat expenses for the waste and abuse of rations, but we have not allowed for the extravagance and malversation practised in contracts connected with the commissariat dealings and accounts, in which foreign merchants, brokers, bankers, shared the spoil, with official purveyors and military commanders. It was not till the fourth year of the war, and at the suggestion of the present Sadrazem, then created Roumeli Valessi, that the Porte communicated to the ambassadors a proclamation, by which she warned the foreign merchants, that she would no longer be answerable for engagements entered into with the Pashas. But so well aware was the Sultan of this system of peculation, that he appointed the most influential of the Janissaries to the commissariat department in Albania, as the only bait that could decoy them from their body; certain that their detection in some flagrant delinquency would soon give him the right to degrade or to banish them, or even to punish them capitally.

* Ali Pasha's 40,000 men cost him as much as 80,000 French soldiers. The troops under Capo d'Istrias were calculated, I believe, at three times the cost of English troops.

This sum of 150,000,000 paid in Machmondies, value 25 piastres, or 3 dollars, at the commencement of the war, would in 1830 represent a value at Constantinople of 270,000,000; and at Janina, of 360,000,000, equal to 3,000,000*l.*

Albania, during the war, thus received at least 2,500,000*l.* sterling of the Sultan's money, while it paid no revenue. The loss of revenue in the Peloponnesus, Continental Greece,* during the whole war, and in Roumeli, during the first three years of the revolution, could scarcely be less than 4,000,000*l.* The destruction of *materiel* and ships of war (the cost of which is only in part defrayed from the public treasury), if capable of calculation in money, would probably not fall far short of the sum just stated. I think I may therefore set down the cost of the Greek revolution at 10,000,000*l.* as positive expense, to a government which receives but the surplus after the local budgets are defrayed; so that the provinces always bear more than one-half of the expenses of war. To estimate the real value of these ciphers, it must be borne in mind, that in Turkey a peasant's family can be maintained for 5*l.*; so that an

* Greece was supposed to contribute yearly the sum of 250,000*l.*, as surplus revenue, after paying its civil expenses, as tithe applied to support a militia force, and as rent to Osmanli proprietors. This alone would give, during the ten years of the revolution, 2,500,000*l.*; but I conceive this estimate, perhaps, too high, and I am estimating only the loss to the treasury.

expenditure of 20,000,000*l.* is equal to the yearly support of 20,000,000 of souls. If we take into account the difference of habits and price, we shall find that the Greek war has cost Turkey a sum nearly equivalent to the debt of 120,000,000*l.* bequeathed to us by the war with America. Turkey has, at all events, the satisfaction of having incurred no debt.

However desirous the Sultan might be to quell the insurrection in Greece, he would not have had recourse to Albania, the only part of his empire where war was a positive drain on the treasury, had he not expected, in subduing Greece, to weaken Albania; and, after these enormous sacrifices, it must be most exasperating to see the people, which he sought to reduce, become independent, and the other, which he wishes to weaken, rendered more refractory, by the very means which he had used against them.

Since the *loufé* (pay) of the Sultan has ceased, the Albanians have been reduced to the greatest straits. The infuriated soldiery held meetings, proposed to elect chiefs, and discussed plans, one of which was, to seize the whole of the Greeks, and sell them for slaves. At that moment the Russian war exasperated them against the Greeks. The menacing attitude of the Greek regular troops detained them from the scene of action on the Danube, while the Turkish government, appearing on the point of dissolution, could neither interpose

its authority, nor awe them by the dread of consequences. Yet, their better feelings being appealed to by an able chief, the storm did not then burst, and it still hangs suspended; it is actually reposing on the summit of Pindus.

There is a remarkable similarity between the Albanian and the Scotch Highlander. The chieftains, like the Celtic chiefs of old, move about with their tails; pistol in belt, sword by the side, and musket over the shoulder. Though not precisely divided by name into clans, their cousinships count as far, and they shew equal devotion to the chief whose "bread" or "salt" they eat. Henchmen in the field, torch-bearers at their meals, endurance of fatigue and privation; a life passed in constant warfare; their name and costume, particularly the *fustanel,* or kilt; and, though last, not least, the minstrels, called by them *bardi,* are features which almost identify them with the sons of Albyn. The comparison was always an interesting subject of conversation; and, though their respect for England was mixed with a certain portion of dread and aversion, they seemed proud of the likeness. That shrewdness, which a mixture, rather than an acquaintance with mankind, produces, is remarkably developed in both people; as also that love of adventure and speculation, which scatters these two scanty populations, East, West, and South, over the face of the earth: with equal love of home, both come

back again "to the North" to spend the evening of their days, and enjoy the savings of their frugality, and the fruits of their industry.

The more immediate cause of the growth of the Scotch mind, was the rich nourishment it received from the literature of England, and the powerful implement it possessed in the English language. The Albanians equal the Scotch of two centuries ago in numbers and enterprise, but surpass what they were in regard to the first mental steps which a people makes, that is, — a knowledge of geography; but they have no literature: their own language is an unwritten language. The Turkish is the only vehicle of instruction, and Turkish literature, the only means of civilisation open to the Albanian, as to so many Mussulman tribes scattered over Africa and Asia. That language, so rich in its tones, so philosophical in its structure, has been, however, unfortunately rendered most cumbersome in use, by the imitation of Arabic and Persian, and under the action of the policy and opinion of Europe, Turkish literature has disdained to borrow from us.

The future growth of civilisation and well-being in Albania, as in Bokhara, Tartary, Circassia, Kurdistan, &c., must depend on the tranquillity of the East by the consolidation of the Ottoman empire, and on the character of the ideas, which, from Constantinople, that centre of the Eastern world, may be spread both far and near;

when the "Penny Magazine," or some such work, published in vulgar Turkish, will form packages on the camel backs of the Khiva caravans, and load the Tartars to Janina and Scodra.

I quitted these wild people with a feeling of regret, and cannot help looking back to them with more than interest. From almost every one with whom I had come in contact, I had experienced kindness, to many I was indebted for hospitality. I had derived much instruction from them respecting those things of which I had made it my business to inquire; and many of my then most cherished opinions had been suggested by my intercourse with them. The East, after this excursion, seemed less a chaos than it had appeared before.

The drama which I have related, and the sanguinary conclusion, of which I have yet to relate, might be taken for proof of a reckless spirit of adventure, that no art could tame, and power alone could moderate. However, I do not take such to be the case. These combinations affect the chiefs, not the mass of the nation; and it is precisely the subordination of the men to their immediate chiefs, that gives to them the means of playing the important parts which we have seen. These chiefs are easily to be managed, if handled with dexterity: the events of that, as other Eastern lands, resemble a game of chess, where skill and science do not consist in the direction of force,

but where ability resides in the intimate knowledge of the inherent qualities of the instruments, success depending on the relative positions in which these are placed.

Let us contrast, for a moment, the civil war in Spain with the war in Albania. In the former country, you have a party attacking the government, because their notions of right and wrong are in opposition to those of another party of their fellow citizens; and that opposition is so deep and reckless, that all that men hold dear is staked on the struggle to which it gives rise. What deep feelings of animosity between man and man are here evinced! How, as compared with the East, must be weakened in the national mind those feelings of respect for moral right and legitimate authority, which are the only real guarantees of private integrity or of political union! As a natural consequence of a struggle springing from such sources, you have unpitying bloodthirstiness in the victor, and reckless contempt of life in the vanquished. The captured Royalist expects no favour at the hand of a successful antagonist; and, consequently, bares his breast with indifference to his fate, exulting at the vengeance which his comrades will take.

In the Albanian struggle, who ever heard of the execution of a vanquished foe? A foe vanquished, and in the power of the victor, not being an object of hatred and dread in consequence of

principles which he entertains, is neither attainted as a traitor, nor executed as a rebel; and you never see the vengeance of the government fall, except upon those whom its power cannot directly reach. The most notorious rebels, after being deprived, by defeat, of the influence they possessed, have been spared by the arm of the law; and the government, so far from dreading the effects of its moderation, proclaimed throughout the empire the words of the Sultan to the rebel Pasha of Bagdad, —"Pardon is the tithe of victory!"*

But a European will exclaim — if Easterns do not contend for political principles, it is because they are not yet civilised — what is it that divides Spain? The Biscayans resist the suppression of the self election of the municipal authorities; the government enforces it: the Biscayans resist the suppression, by custom-houses, of the freedom of their markets; the government insists on its suppression: the Biscayans demand the enjoyment of rights established by capitulation and proscription; the government takes these rights away; and, these differences existing, the pretext for the struggle is the succession of the crown.

If the Biscayans had been subjects of Turkey, no revolt could have taken place; for each of those principles, maintained by the Biscayans, is adopted by the Ottoman government. The Otto-

* Meaning the share of the spoil which belonged to the state.

man constitution places the supreme authority in a lofty position; but has circumscribed its power, and debars it from interfering with customs. These checks, which we have not well comprehended, have maintained that authority, during six centuries, as an unvarying point of union, and as an object of universal veneration. Turkey entertains no project hostile to a foreign state; grants freedom of commerce and jurisdiction in its territory to foreign nations. Such a government ought, doubtless, to be considered an excellent neighbour. This people has, however, been the victim of false opinion, which has excited against it wars, combinations, and hatred. Each, by turns, of all the populations submitted to its sway, has been excited to sedition by dark processes and powerful means. Wounded, weakened, disheartened, and exasperated, by a combination, so unchristian, of all Christendom, it has still lived on, where ten European governments must have been irretrievably lost. The sources of this existence, where are they to be found? From Friar Bacon * to Count Sebastiani, the churchmen and the statesmen of Europe have pronounced the political empire of Islamism extinguished. The reason is,

* Friar Bacon read the prophetic number 666 as applying to Islamism, and announced its immediate downfal. That prophetic writer, Mr. Forster, thinks he was not *very* far wrong, for, about that period, the Turk, Alp Arslan, overthrew the Caliphate!

that the characters of its life are different from those of our political existence, and have not been inquired into or understood by us.

The Porte has had no standing army; it has possessed none of those institutions, and but a small portion of the power through which our Western systems exist; and, having only self-government, Turkey is supposed, year after year, to be on the very point of dissolution. But that which leads us into error is the very reason why the cry of liberty is not there a sound of terror; why the voice of faction and the whisper of principle are alike unheard; why religious differences do not lead to religious struggle; and why the defence, even by arms, of local habits and interests, is not insurrection.

## CHAPTER XVI.

DEPARTURE FROM THE CAMP — ADVENTURE ON THE PINDUS — HOISTED INTO A MONASTERY — THE METEORA — DISCOVERY OF STRANGE INTRIGUES — RADICAL GOVERNOR OF TRICCALA — ARRIVAL AT LARISSA.

After very tender adieus from Veli Bey, and the Albanian chiefs and soldiers, we proceeded southward, and upwards through the mountain glen; and, after an hour's ride, suddenly came upon Mezzovo, a town of 1000 houses, hung on the steep side of a mountain, separated from mounts Zygos and Prosillion by two deep ravines, whence the river of Arta takes its source. On the road, we were let into the secret of Veli Bey's excellent kitchen. It was near noon, and we met two troops of women, who, from their black clothing, and still more sombre aspect, seemed funereal convoys. The defunct was a ready roasted sheep, fixed upon a stake, which two of them bore upon their shoulders: others followed with divers dishes, pasties, and pans; behind, a greater number tottered under 4000 okes of bread, exacted daily from the town for rations.

We took Gench Aga for an ultra and an uncompromising Turk; but his sedulous attention to every thing that regarded our safety and comfort, soon placed his character in its true light, however little credit we were, at the time, inclined to give his countrymen for civility or humanity. But, accustomed as we had now become to a different sort of treatment in the Albanian camp, we felt quite shocked and indignant at falling down again to the level of Franks.

Notwithstanding the approaching accommodation, we perceived the Aga was in a state of the greatest anxiety. All the cattle having been concealed in the mountains, he could procure no horses to transport provisions to the castle, and the troops at Janina. While we were with him, a couple of secretaries were constantly employed in reading and writing letters and buyourdis; and we now more than ever perceived the extent of the danger that menaced the whole country.

Mezzovo, one of the most important, perhaps the most important, pass of all Roumeli, situated amidst such natural defences, having so large a population of armed Greeks, with little landed possessions, had been hitherto singularly respected and peculiarly favoured. We now found it in a state of the utmost panic and alarm; every door not occupied by troops was barricaded, and apprehension was deeply imprinted on every countenance; the sheep, cattle, and horses, were dispersed and hidden

among the rocks. The town was occupied by the troops of a Turkish Binbashi, by those of Gench Aga, and by those belonging to the municipality. On the road to Milies, to the north, were the troops of Arslan Bey; to the west, those of Veli Bey; to the east, those of the Greek captains, Gogo and Liacatas, were engaged in a separate war, contending for the Capitanato of Radovich.

We looked down on the springs of the Aracthus, flowing into the Gulf of Arta, separated by a single ridge from the urn of the Achelöus, which empties itself into the Ionian Sea. Another ridge separated this vale from the fountains of the Aöus, which, winding to the north, falls into the Adriatic. On the eastern side of the same mountain, the Peneus takes its rise: and the streamlet which we followed from Veli Bey's camp falls into the Haliacmon, flowing east and north into the Gulf of Salonica.

We could obtain but little information, in answer to our inquiries from a population absorbed in complications no less alarming than bewildering; yet, strange to say, at such a moment as this they were occupied with repairing one of their schools. It is incredible how ardent and universal among the Greeks is the desire of instruction; and how, in the wildest spots that man has chosen for a habitation or a refuge, we have constantly found tokens of an intellectual existence and descent, aspirations after an ideal state—a sort of political millennium—which they personify

with all the fertility of their imagination, and worship with all the timorousness of their servility.

No answer arriving from Arslan Bey, we determined on setting forward immediately, without waiting for the detachment. Ten men and a captain, the most savage-like travelling companions it had as yet been my lot to fall in with, were given us as an escort: before we had been half an hour on the road, the captain began to treat us with the utmost insolence; and, receiving a rebuke unaccustomed from a Giaour, he stopped with his men; but after appearing to remain some time in consultation, they followed us. We pushed on to overtake some Greeks belonging to Gogo. We had scarcely reached them, when they quitted the road and took to the hills; their appearance and manner were, however, not much more inviting than that of the party we had hoped to leave. We were now winding up the steep ridge of the highest chain of the Pindus, the most dangerous part of the road. The place was full of broken rocks, from behind which sure aim could be taken; and we were surrounded by banditti that knew no chief, and were fighting among themselves, who wanted neither opportunity, inclination, nor a sense of impunity.

It being impossible either to halt or to return, we trusted to Kismet and went on. Presently we perceived a captain, with some mounted men, following us. Taking them to be of a higher caste, we slackened our pace till they came up, and, after

the customary salutations, we proceeded together. In scrambling up the rock, his horse passed that of our servant, who seemed by no means disposed to allow himself to be thus shoved out of the narrow path: the captain turned round upon him, calling him *pezeveng* and *kerata*, and was answered in the same complimentary style. One man was close to the captain. One of us returned to support the servant; and in a moment formed the most interesting *partie carrée* imaginable, each with a cocked pistol in one hand, and a knife or a dagger in the other. The captain's men, a little higher up; and our men, who were now close to us below, on the first movement, unslung their guns, dropped down behind the stones, and lay with their pieces levelled on the group in the centre; which stood up to their full height, watching each other's eyes. Seeing the pause, the chief of our guard, from whom we were endeavouring to escape, rushed forward and interposed; the weapons were gradually lowered, then put up, and we marched on as if nothing had happened, passed over the sharp ridge, and descended to the Khan close to it on the other side. It was only there that we began to think how romantic a fate had been ours, had our funereal lotion been fresh poured from the urn of Peneus, and our turf decked by the Dryads of Pindus.

There was something very business-like in the sudden drop of the men behind the stones: fami-

liar practice was marked in the first alertness, and the subsequent indifference. This incident illustrated the advantage, in this world, of having foes. Our escort, from whom we were endeavouring to escape, and who entertained towards us, while we had no need of their aid, no more friendly feelings than we to them, now instantly proposed to risk their lives in our defence, and to send their bullets through their countrymen's hearts for our sakes.

At the Khan we found ourselves in a most beautiful situation; the summits were covered by lofty beech, straight as arrows, dropped, like plummet lines, on the inclined sward. This was the finest timber of its kind I ever saw; in the lower part there is nothing to be compared to it. These lofty trees shut out the view of the plains to the east, and left our confined *échappées* embellished but by the trees themselves, glaring lights and deep shade, cool breezes and crystal springs, amid glassy rocks of every hue. The Klefts, collected round the Khan, chiefly deserters from Gench Aga, might have delighted the spirit of a Salvator Rosa; but we at the time paid but little attention to the picturesque of the landscape, or to the romance of the figures in the foreground. We looked at the cover they had at every point; we marked every inquisitive glance cast on our baggage, our arms, and our persons. We, too, were Tartars in our way, and might have passed for cousins of Ro-

binson Crusoe, our clothes torn by thorns and thickets, with a pistol, a dagger, or a knife, appearing from each pocket-hole. We were deliberating whether we should advance, or barricade ourselves within the Khan for the night, when a detachment of the cavalry of Gench Aga galloped up, inquiring loudly for us. Subsequently to our departure, learning the state of the road, he had sent on these, in all haste, to accompany us to Triccala.

In two hours we accomplished our descent to the Khan of Malacassi. This place, an agglomeration of dilapidated houses, was on the side of the hill beyond the Peneus. The Khan, like all those of Albania, was a filthy, dark, ruined building in the style of Ali Pasha, the small door bolted, barred, and barricaded; the little grated window secured the cage of the prisoner within, who, on receiving his paras, dealt out garlic, salt, cheese, olives, and sometimes resinous wine and raki. The wind blew fresh, and the dust and sun compelled us to beg admission of the Khanji, a favour readily granted to the στενὰ, "tight" or Frank dress. Some black barley bread, hot from the ashes, garnished a dirty board; the *sofra* was placed before us, with a broken platter of coarse brown ware in the centre, like the saucer of a flower-pot, on which slices of onions and black olives swam in oil and vinegar. I know not whether the art of the Thessalian equalled that of the Mantuan Thyestes; but

that day, and the next, often did I exclaim, "O dura alvanitorum ilia!"

We had still seven hours to the monasteries, called Meteora, and we were obliged to hurry on. The road was now flat, through or on either side of the stony and large bed of the Peneus; we left the rampart-like Pindus behind; the hills to the right and left lowered and opened as we proceeded. On the higher parts the red earth appeared through a sprinkling of dark shrubs, the lower and level parts of the valley shewed but the pallid yellow of the withered grass; and, eager as I was to catch and improve every charm, I must confess it, "minor fama:" still along the stream, wherever the platanus had been spared to gather around it freshness and beauty, spots did appear, shewing the paradise this country might become. Across the opening of the hills we saw rising before us a broken line of cliffs; on these are seated the monasteries of the Meteora. These cliffs, at first, seemed as one united rock; but, when the declining sun shone along it, throwing the light behind those columnar masses, and their shadows against the adjoining pinnacles, the strange group appeared, in bold relief, like a gigantic bunch of prismatic crystals.

At two hours' distance from the Meteora, we were astonished to see what seemed an entire population in the open fields: men and women,

infirm and aged, with infants and children, were lying or sitting on heaps of baggage; asses, mules, a few sheep, dogs, and even cats, were wandering through and around them. Being pressed for time, we hurried by; but, on inquiring afterwards, we learnt that they were the inhabitants of Clinovo, one of the most flourishing burghs of the Pindus, which had been pillaged the day before by Liacatas, the Greek captain, in revenge of his expulsion from Radovich; and, after pillaging it, he had set it on fire, over the heads of the wretched inhabitants.

We seemed close to the monasteries, but it was night before we reached their base, round which we had to wind and clamber amid the colossal ruins of rocks; — now in the gloom of caverns and overhanging precipices, now seeing the stars glitter through the openings of what appeared continuous cliffs. Never have I seen a spot so calculated to inspire superstitious awe; — even ascetics and cenobites savour too much of earth for such an abode, fit only for a Sibyl's trances, or the orgies of a Thessalian saga. The traveller who wishes to enjoy their effect, should visit them by night: for this purpose, instead of turning off to the right to Calabaka, we pushed on to the cliffs, though at the risk of spending a supperless night on the bare rocks.

On arriving below a monastery, we strained

our lungs, and exerted our eloquence in prayers to be hoisted up, but breath and tropes were alike unavailing: a basket, however, with a light and some homely fare, came whirling down. Next morning a net was let down; it was spread on the ground, and we were placed on it on a capote, our legs, arms, and heads, properly stowed away, the net gathered round us, and hitched on to a massive hook. "All's right," was shouted out from below; the monks began to heave round with the capstan bars above, and gusts of wind made us spin round, and thump against the rock in a majestically slow ascent of 150 feet. When arrived at the top, we were hauled in like a bale of goods in a Liverpool warehouse; and, the net being let go, we found ourselves loose on the floor, and were immediately picked up by the monks.

The monastery and monks resembled all other Greek monasteries and monks; the first filthy and straggling, the second ignorant and timorous. I recollect but one object that particularly struck me;—the chambers of the Turkish state prisoners; for Ali Pasha, reviving the tyranny of old, had converted these recluses into jailors, and their retreat into a dungeon, as under the Greek emperors. They have a small library, containing, with some Fathers and rituals, classics and translations of modern authors, Rollin, for instance. I searched for MSS. and found a few, but they were all polemical.

The monks confessed themselves ignorant and barbarous, but they spurned the idea of having made use of their MSS. to heat their oven.

We were again slung in the net, and lowered amongst mortals. This was the monastery of Barlam.* We crossed over some rocks, and found ourselves below the principal monastery, called Meteoron. A basket was sent down, and in it we deposited our teskere from Gench Aga, which was hoisted up, inspected, and permission granted for our ascent. We were, as before, stowed in a net, and the monks going briskly to work, we were hauled chuck up against the block, and then let down by the run, in the midst of an expectant circle of warriors and priests. It was fête day, and several of the captains from the neighbouring mountains had repaired to the monastery, with the threefold purpose of performing their devotions, making a good dinner, and discussing the Protocol, of which we were become both sick and tired, and to which, on leaving the Albanian camp, we thought we had bidden a final adieu. Words cannot tell the delight of our new acquaintances, as they unslung us from the hook, and opened us out of the package, at this unexpected importation from Europe. Two reams of foolscap, or two bales of parchment, filled with Protocols, could scarcely have delighted more their eyes· and hardly had we got upon our legs

* Founded by the Russian Patriarch of that name.

when we were subjected to a strict examination as to the contents, character, and date of the expected budget, as if they had been custom-house-officer harpies, overhauling a ship's manifest, or a traveller's carpet bag. Immense was their dissatisfaction when we informed them, that we contained no new Protocol, and that we were not come to the Meteora to plant there the demarcation posts. We, on our side, were perfectly bewildered at the consequences and effects of a document drawn up in Downing Street, and were infinitely flattered by this indication of the power our country possessed. We dined, and spent the greater part of the day with these people; and left Meteoron perfectly surprised at all we had heard on a subject which we believed quite foreign to the country we had entered.

The Greeks, throughout this part of the country, were perfectly convinced that the limits were to be at the berdar, that is to say, at Salonica; and that the condition upon which the Allied Powers were to grant them this frontier was, that they were not to interfere in any way, either by connecting themselves with the movements in Greece, or by assisting the Turks against the Albanians. When we told them that that was all nonsense, they broke out into violent recrimination, pointed out the facility with which, during the Russian war, the limits of Greece might have been extended as far as the Meteoron; and, at the present period, the advantages which the Greeks might obtain by join-

ing the Grand Vizir against the Albanians, and the necessity of their doing so for self-preservation; that they had sacrificed all to the will, and by the orders, of the Alliance; and they now had a right to the fulfilment of the conditions promised on its part. We were, for a while, very much amazed at all this; we assured them we had never heard of any thing of the kind, and that the limits positively were to be at the Aspropotamos, that the Acarnanians even were excluded, and that the Greek troops daily expected to be ordered to abandon the Makronoros. We then inquired what the source had been of such an opinion, — a question which produced considerable confusion; they looked at each other without answering; but, after some further discussion, and the repetition of circumstances which could leave no doubt as to the truth of our assertions, a scene of mutual and violent recrimination took place between the captains and the priests, and we discovered that agents had spread throughout this country the conviction that the Alliance would make the Verdar the limits of Greece, if the Greeks of those countries desisted from supporting the Porte against the Albanians. The priests had been made the channels through which these views were disseminated, and the monastery in which we were, probably, had been the focus of these intrigues. But while the captains reproached the priests for having deceived them, and recalled all the suspicions they had expressed

of the Corfiote Capodistrias, and the objections which they had then urged, the priests asserted that they had been made innocent victims, which is probably true; but they also asserted what was more doubtful, namely, that Capodistrias must have been deceived, and made a tool of by the Alliance. They soon became, however, more bitter than the captains, and one of them declared, that not only should he consider it a holy deed to rid their country of such a traitor, but that he himself, if he were certain that Capodistrias had not been himself deceived, would kill him with his own hand. Here it was, that the full connexion of this intricate and confused question flashed across us, that we understood the game of Capodistrias, and the authorship of the Protocol.

The earliest recorded establishment of these monasteries is by Youssuf, a Bulgarian despot of Thessaly, who abdicated on the approach of Turkhan Bey. Thomas of Epirus had also exchanged his ducal coronet for an abbot's mitre; and on the establishment of the Turkish sway, the Greeks of the provinces, as of the capital, transferred to their spiritual pastors the pompous designations of their temporal rulers: thus the bishops of the Greek church are now called Despots.

This singular group of rocky pinnacles on which the Meteora are seated is formed of a conglomerate of crystalline rocks. Instead of being perishable,

and the monasteries being menaced with destruction by their fall, these pinnacles must have remained nearly in the state in which the Deluge left them.* As we retired from these meteoric altars and abodes, we turned constantly round to wonder at, and admire, the strange exhibition of pinnacles, precipices, clefts, and caverns, surrounding us on all sides, and changing, in their combinations and effects, like the scenes in a theatre. On their summits, the various monasteries displayed their grotesque forms: a mass of rock had slipped down from one of the cliffs and carried away a monastery; but a portion of the painted cupola of a chapel still hung attached to the precipice. In the higher part of a lofty cavern (a state prison under the Greek emperors,) scaffoldings are fixed, one above the other, at some eighty or a hundred feet from the ground, inhabited by refugees from the plain. Holes and large horizontal caves, that appeared on the perpendicular faces of the rocks, were tenanted in the same manner: some looked like handsome houses, with regular landing-places, windows, and projecting balconies; the smaller and meaner ones were shut in with basket-work, with a hole to enter by: these are reached by curious ladders formed of pieces of wood, of two feet

* Pieces have been split off by frost, and lie all around. A monastery or two has thus fallen, but the character of the whole is unchanged.

in length, bolted into each other by the transverse steps. In the lower caves, these ladders, which hang like chains, are pulled entirely up; where the ascent is longer (some of them are two hundred feet), a rope is made fast to the bottom of the ladder, which they pull up fifteen or twenty feet from the ground; and, when they are pulling up or letting down several of these ladders at once, they make a strange clattering noise. The caves, in one place, are arranged in stories, one communication ladder being made to serve for several habitations.

Winding round the tallest of these pinnacles, which may be 1000 feet in height, and the summit of which looks like a crouching lion, we came in sight of the plain of Triccala. On our right was the Peneus; on our left, the village of Calabaka, overshadowed by the reverse of the rocks of the Meteora, which on this side assumed a hilly and rounded aspect. Around us were extensive plantations of mulberry-trees; and before us, at a distance in the plain, appeared the towers of Triccala. On the left, a line of low naked hills stretched from Calabaka towards Triccala; and on the right, the Pindus rose abruptly from the plain, and, stretching to the south-east, was lost in the distance and the mistiness of excessive heat.

As we approached Triccala we were much pleased with the appearance of activity, comfort, and prosperity, that reigned around — with the

peaceable, civilised, and, if I may say, burgher-like demeanour of every individual we met. What a contrast with our late friends! We were, above all things, rejoiced to see the tracks of wheels — a gratification somewhat diminished by the sight of the unwieldy machines by which they had been produced. A no less rare sight were stacks of straw, under some splendid trees, near the entrance of the town, which, scattered amid groves and gardens, looked smiling, like every thing else, with the exception of the assemblage of ruined and diversified towers, once a castle of some importance, which frown from a hillock in the centre of the place.

We were met by three women, who stopped us, questioned us, and welcomed us to their town: one was a negress, one a Turkish, and one a Greek woman. "It is long," said the latter, "since our eyes have looked upon a Frank, and since then we have seen nothing but misery and fear; but now we shall see good times again since you are come amongst us."

We dismounted at the residence of Gench Aga, and were most courteously received by his nephew and Vekil, who had even sent men to meet us at the Meteora. He treated us (to preserve the epithets which I then used) with all the observances of European politeness, and the sedulousness of European urbanity. He refused to look at our Firmans, remarking, that it would be his greatest

pleasure, and not as a duty, that he would serve us in every thing we pleased to command. The governor's residence was composed of two large Seraïs, occupying two opposite sides of a quadrangle; along one of the remaining sides, horses were stalled; ammunition and baggage wagons were arranged in the other; in the centre, artillerymen were going through their exercises with a couple of field-pieces; wheelwrights, armourers, and blacksmiths, were at work in various directions; and every where there was an air of bustle and activity, which seemed by no means Turkish. In these martial preparations, we could distinguish the finger of our veteran friend; but, in the respectful attitude and demeanour of the lowest menial towards us, we thought we could trace the radical principles of his polished nephew.

We staid a few days at Triccala, to make the acquaintance of the principal Turks. Gradually the habits of the country were growing over us: things became more easy and less strange, we therefore felt more at home, and became less industrious in taking notes. The only record of our sojourn at Triccala, which I find in my journal, is as follows: "The collector of the Charatch told us, that a few years ago there were in this district twelve thousand Charatch Papers, and that now there were only five thousand. We inquired what had become of the others. He answered, 'Oh, they are

a wicked race, and prefer ranging the hills, with a loaded pistol in their belt, and empty tobacco pouches, to industrious labour.' The opinions of the principal Turks, with regard to all matters of public interest, were much the same as elsewhere; and here there is no difference of opinion, in consequence of difference of grades. At Triccala there were no Janissaries; and the remainder of the population, whether pasha or porter, have the same feelings, and may change places, without violation of propriety or custom."

We were not disappointed, on further acquaintance with Skender Effendi (the nephew of Gench Aga). With the enthusiasm of a young man, and the zeal of a political neophyte, he was full of the magnificent results of the new system; and though a stranger's eye is little fitted to seize changes and ameliorations, amid the scenes of so many tragic events, still the confidence which seemed restored to all those with whom we conversed, and the hopes which animated them, were proofs, and, I may almost say, were portions of an improvement neither doubtful nor unimportant. On taking leave of Skender Effendi, he said, "Spare us in your Journal; forget what you have seen amiss; and, if you speak of Triccala, say that we are anxious to perform as much of our duty as we have yet learnt."

From Triccala to Larissa is twelve hours. There being nothing of interest on the road across

the plain, and the heat excessive, we determined on travelling during the night; but my companion being indisposed, was knocked up, and we were obliged to stop at Zarco, a village in ruins halfway. We passed abundant sources of water, springing from the foot of the marble rocks. From near this place an irregular, but apparently continuous chain, appearing like islets (and the plain like a lake become solid), runs across to the neighbourhood of Thaumaco, and separates the plain of Triccala from those of Larissa and Pharsalia. Here we rested for the remainder of the night. In the morning we procured a wagon, with buffaloes, for my companion to follow at a stately pace, while I proceeded with the menzil. The road, to within three miles of Larissa, rises and falls; the country is neither plain nor mountain; the Salembria (Peneus) accompanies the road in a tortuous bed, with steep sandy banks; it is not more than twelve or fifteen yards across, sluggish, muddy, and overhung with bushes; and sometimes the prettiest parts might be compared to the Charwell, though I must assert the superiority of the academic over the classic stream. I crossed it in a punt near a deserted village. Farther on, a rising ground was covered with Turkish tombstones, pieces of columns, and other Hellenic remains. This was the site of Old Larissa. Soon afterwards I came in sight of the long-looked-for "Larissæ campus opimæ," extending to the base

of Olympus and Ossa. The numerous minarets of Yenicher rose and glittered above an oasis of trees and verdure in the midst of a plain of sand; for the stubble and withered grass gave that appearance to these fertile but naked fields, under a mid-day and scorching sun, without a breath of air or a cloud to relieve the brightness or the heat, except those heaped on Olympus, and veiling its sacred head.

The brother of Sarif Aga, Charatch collector, had given us a letter of introduction to him, and directed us to go straight to his house, and put up there. We met him, however, unfortunately, on his way to Triccala, in a lumbering vehicle they call a cotci, drawn by four horses, with two outriders. A very poor Konak was assigned us. We went to call upon the Archbishop, a worthy and intelligent old man, who regretted that he could not ask us to his house, but said that if we complained with sufficient energy of that we had got, they might send us to him. On making our complaint, several others were found for us, and to each as they were offered, we had an objection ready; at last, much apparently against their will, they sent to the Archbishop, begging he would excuse them if they requested him to admit the English Bey-Zadés. He affected to appear rather disconcerted, but since it was the order of the Kehaya Bey, he could but obey : when the cavash was gone he gave us a hearty welcome.

# CHAPTER XVII.

## THESSALY.

THERE is something wonderfully ideal in the aspect of Thessaly. In its naked plains there are no details to intercept the vision. Amid the repose and silence that reign around, the tones of the past come back upon the ear more thrilling and distinct than on any other theatre, of great, remote, and diversified events. With the exception of Attica, there is no region, of similar extent, so rich in historic and poetic interest; but Thessaly has not been vulgarised by frequentation and by familiar events. The dust from the footsteps of ages lies there undisturbed; and, as I reached its silent plains from the lofty regions of the Pindus, filled with agitation and strife, I seemed to have descended to a valley of tombs, recently opened up to human eyes, where the mind is brought into immediate contact with the men whose ashes they contain, and the great whose deeds they record.

All around the horizon range mountain chains, the names of which are dear to the muses, — the Pindus, Œta, Pelion, Ossa, and Olympus. On the

heights to the south were the primeval abodes of the Pelasgi; on the plains below arose the earliest battlements of Hellas. Thessaly gave birth to navigation and horsemanship: here the first coins were struck; here was the art of healing first worshipped; and here repose the ashes of Hippocrates. The land where rises the throne of Jupiter — where is spread the vale of the muses — where the battle of the Giants and the Gods was fought, must be the cradle of mythology, and the birthplace of poetry. Here were naturalised the earliest legends of the East in the fable of Deucalion and Pyrrha; and hence departed Achilles and his Dolopes to feed the vulture on the Trojan plain, and to bequeath to future times the grand realities of the Homeric verse.

But what names succeed to these! Xerxes, Leonidas, Philip, Alexander, Philip III., Flaminius, Cæsar and Pompey, Brutus and Octavius. Of how many, remote and mighty people, have the destinies been decided on these ensanguined plains! But for 2000 years Thessaly seems to have lived only in the recollection of the past. During this long period, the proverbial richness of her soil has lain dormant in her breast; no cities have arisen in splendour, nor have hamlets reposed in peace: no warrior has started forth to affix the emblems of her power on stranger lands; no bard has appeared to paint her beauty or to sing her triumphs. Two thousand years ago learned an-

tiquaries disputed the site of her ancient cities, and the names of her ruins; * since then, no structures have arisen to perplex, with more recent vestiges, the traveller who seeks to discover where Hellas, Pheræ, or Demetrias, stood.

The more immediate cause of the desolation of Thessaly, from the period that the Roman empire began to lose its energy, was the vicinity, on the north and west, of mountains filled with a wild and armed population; which, when the Roman legions were withdrawn, and the proconsular fasces ceased to inspire respect, spread themselves over the champaign country, and retired with their booty to their inaccessible mountains, before succour could be sent, or vengeance taken. These mountaineers to the west were the Albanians, and the description I have given of the race of the present times may be equally applicable to that period. But a more powerful and formidable population subsequently occupied the mountains to the north; and after nearly 800 years of continual collision with the Eastern Empire, finally rendered it an easy prey to the Turkish conqueror. These were the Sclavonians, or Russians, the principal tribes of which have remained to the present day under the name of Bosnians, Servians, Bulgarians, and Croatians. The establishment

* Strabo is not quite certain whether Hellas was a city or a province.

of these northern hordes in such strong positions, and in the very centre of the Eastern Empire, broke its power, and rendered it incapable of protecting its subjects. Thessaly was the first to suffer from this weakness, because immediately exposed, without the defence of distance, or the protection of mountains, to their incursions. The plains of Thessaly were thus kept, during a space of 1200 years, close cropped; its unwarlike and spiritless population dreading the very appearance of prosperity and well-being, so likely to call down ruin upon their heads.

When the Turkish conqueror appeared in Europe, the state of things was changed. The Ottomans were a nomad and warlike, not a polished, population; but they were possessed of simplicity and integrity; they were subordinate to one authority, and acted upon one regular and uniform system. Their position in Europe, from the fewness of their numbers, could only depend upon the conciliation of adverse interests: and even before the capture of Constantinople, the organisation of Greek Armatoles, or military colonists, from Olympus to the Pindus, from the Pindus to Acarnania, is an indication of a comprehensiveness of system, and of at once an energetic resolution of controlling the wilder population on the west and north, and of protecting Thessaly from their ravages. How much this policy served to smooth the way to the conquest of Constantinople, by

conciliating the affections of the Greeks, may become an interesting illustration of the history of the Ottomans, when they find an historian who combines a profound acquaintance with the institutions and the feelings of the East, with the analytical spirit and the method of the West.

But this establishment of Greek Armatoles not proving sufficient against the north, a colony of Turks was transplanted from Iconium, and settled along the northern edge of the plain, and at the passes at Mount Olympus, so as to form a second line in the rear of the Greek Armatoles.

Thessaly now again revived. Mosques, medressés, churches, bridges, and khans, arose in twenty new and important cities. Larissa again became a proverb for wealth. To Tournovo was transplanted from Asia Minor the arts of dyeing, printing, weaving, &c.; and from that city was subsequently transplanted to Montpelier the improved methods of dyeing, which have now become common in Europe.

These arts and this industry and prosperity subsequently passed from the Turkish settlement to the Greek cities of Rapsan and Ambelikia, the wealth and commercial enterprise of which have appeared next to fabulous; while in the southern extremity of Thessaly, the province of Magnesia was covered with a population of wealthy and industrious Greeks, the rapidity of whose progress is almost without a parallel.

But, in the decay of the Ottoman, as of the Greek power, these prospects have been overcast; the incursions of the Sclavonic populations had destroyed the authority of the one; the progress of Russian diplomacy has broken the cohesion of the other. The consequent exasperation of national and religious feelings has corrupted what has not been destroyed, and has perpetuated in the bosom of repose and of peace the worst effects of war — doubt, insecurity, and alarm. The connexion between its subjects, professing the Eastern dogma, and Russia, has made the Porte look upon the Armatoles, or militia of Roumeli, as enemies, and has thus converted them into oppressors of their own co-religionists: wide-spread convulsion and deep-rooted hatred have been the result. The wealth of Larissa is departed; the industry of Tournovo is annihilated; the palaces of Ambelikia are untenanted; the independent, prosperous, and happy district of Magnesia, excited by the ministers of its altars, and by the pretended patrons of its race, raised the banner of revolt, and has fallen a prey to the cimeter and the flames.

The flood-gates of anarchy have thus, for ten years, been opened; and while the Turks have been fighting with the Allied Powers in the harbour of Navarin and on the Danube, Thessaly has been left a prey to Albanian bandits, to Greek Armatoles, and to the errors of the Turkish authorities,

blinded by hostility, and exasperated no less by misrepresentation than by wrongs.

The very moment of our entrance into Thessaly seemed the commencement of a new epoch. Turkey appeared delivered from Russian occupation, and from English Protocols. The Greek war was concluded, and a practical separation established between the parties; and the authority of the Porte was now universally believed about to be re-established throughout Roumeli, by the triumph of the Grand Vizir over the Albanians.

But, at the moment of which I am writing, the Armatoles, who occupied the whole country from the Eastern Sea to Mezzovo, were become little better than Klephts, and were almost considered by the Turkish authorities as such; so that this militia, instead of protecting the passes of the mountains into Upper Macedonia, closed them, except to the passage of large bodies. Thus, Thessaly not only found itself insulated from the whole of the surrounding districts, but had its communication with the capital almost entirely cut off. It was true that the Armatoles had not united for any common enterprise, nor had the duties of their station been altogether overlooked; but confidence and security had been shaken: the apprehension that they would sack and plunder the towns of the plains was universal. The Greek inhabitants of the plain dreaded the last contingency; the

Turkish authorities feared the first, and, by their doubts, confirmed the hostility of the Armatoles,* and disgusted the loyalty of the Greek peasantry and urban population. What a chaos must have followed any signal reverse which would have caused the Grand Vizir to retire to the eastward!

It was naturally with great difficulty that we could see our way through this state of things: the prejudices and animosity of each class for the others was quite perplexing, and the distortion of events and the falsification of news not less so.

Two points were, however, perfectly clear: that the fate of European Turkey, and, consequently, of the empire, was involved in the success of the Grand Vizir; and that the dispositions of the Greek Armatoles would decide whether the government or the Albanians should triumph. I cannot help thinking that our journey may have, in some degree, influenced the result; because our decided, and, under the circumstances, authoritative, denegation of the views disseminated by the agents of Capodistrias produced a deep sensation on those with whom we came in contact; and from these, clearer views of their position

* As the Armatoles were acted upon to prevent their co-operation in the suppression of the Albanian insurrection; so, no doubt, were the Turks acted upon to inspire them with distrust of the Armatoles.

must have spread to the whole mass. At a subsequent period I learned, as I shall have to relate in a future place, that the Greeks and the Armatoles did ultimately support the Grand Vizir, who, himself, admitted that, without their cooperation, he must have failed.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### RECEPTION OF THE ALBANIAN BEYS AT MONASTIR.

We had heard, some time after our arrival at Larissa, that the Albanian affairs had been entirely settled, and that the Beys had left Janina for Monastir, accompanied by all their adherents. We were excessively disappointed at not being present at such an assemblage, and now began sincerely to regret having followed the advice of our worthy friend, Gench Aga; but we had only to submit with patience, and to console ourselves with the reflection, that, if we had missed being where events presented the greatest dramatic interest, still, with regard to the knowledge of the country and people, our time had been more usefully spent in Thessaly than if we had been all the while following the Albanian camp.

To bring together as much as possible the events connected with the Albanian insurrection, I shall now pass on to a scene which occurred six weeks after our first arrival at Larissa. As we were sitting in a barber's shop (on our return in the middle of August from Tempe to Larissa) to get

our heads shaved, a Tartar came in just off a journey; we asked whence he had come, and what news he had brought? "From Monastir," he replied, "with news fit to load a three-decker!" "And what are the Beys about?" "The Beys!" he said, with a laugh, "are on their way to Constantinople; the whole of them in the *hibé* (saddle-bags) of a single Tartar." We understood him to mean their scalps. This intelligence, so suddenly communicated, and in so scoffing a manner, was really sickening, and we were quite exasperated at the triumph and exultation exhibited by both Turks and Greeks at the announcement of this treacherous destruction of men in whom we were so deeply interested.

The mode of the catastrophe was as follows:— On the arrival of the Beys at Monastir, the Sadrazem received them with the greatest affability and kindness, gave them free access to his person, and soothed them with promises and caresses. A few days afterwards, he proposed giving to them, and all their followers, a grand *Ziafet* (fête), when they should meet and make friends with the Nizzam. This was to take place at a Kiosk built by the former Roumeli Valessi without the town, and which now was the head-quarters of the regular troops. On the day appointed, towards evening, they proceeded to the place of rendezvous, accompanied by nearly four hundred partisans and attendants, amongst whom were included almost

all the Beys and Officers we had known in either camp. As they approached the Kiosk, which is concealed from the road until you come near to it, they suddenly opened upon a clear space before it, and there perceived a thousand regulars drawn up on two sides of a square, the one along the direction they were to take, the other facing them. Arslan Bey was mounted on a large and splendid charger, and was on the left of Veli Bey, and on the side which, on approaching the Kiosk, would be next to the troops. Veli Bey was mounted upon a small animal of high blood and mettle, which he generally rode. At the sight of the troops so drawn up, Arslan Bey seized Veli Bey's bridle, exclaiming, "We have eaten dirt!" Veli Bey smiled, and said, "This is the *regular* way of doing honour. You don't mean to disgrace yourself and me for ever by flinching now?" "At all events," said Arslan Bey, "let us change horses, and let me get on the other side." This being quickly done, and Arslan Bey being screened by the stately person and lofty charger of Veli Bey, they rode into the vacant space, where no superior officer stood to receive them; and they had proceeded along the Turkish line, and nearly to its centre, when the word of command was given from the window of the Kiosk to make ready and present arms, and the next moment the muzzles were levelled—a fatal volley poured amongst the thunderstruck Arnaouts, followed by a charge with the

bayonet. Veli Bey and his horse instantly fell, pierced by nineteen balls, but Arslan Bey escaped unscathed. He, with those who had not suffered from the fire of the first line, wheeled off to the right, when the volley and the charge of the second Turkish line took them again in flank. Arslan Bey alone cut his way through, and had soon left the field of carnage behind him. His flight was observed from the Kiosk. Chior Ibrahim Pasha, who had surrendered at Lepanto, quickly mounted one of the fleetest steeds, and pursued the fugitive. After a chase of three miles he gained upon him, and Arslan Bey now perceiving but one pursuer better mounted than himself, turned sharply round. Ibrahim Pasha came on with his lance in rest; Arslan Bey's first pistol did not take effect, his second brought down the horse of his antagonist, who, as he fell, ran Arslan Bey through and through.*

Veli Bey's decapitated body was left for dogs and vultures to prey upon! It was now evident that each had been made the means of counteracting the influence and decoying the person of the other. With Veli Bey, and his troops in possession of Janina and its castle, and the person of Emin Pasha, the Sadrazem could not have ventured his own person there, nor would Veli Bey

* I give the details as they were subsequently related to me at Monastir by one of the survivors, who was close to the Beys.

have placed himself in the power of the Sadrazem unless he had been made the confidant of the scheme against Arslan Bey, and unless he had felt the necessity of getting rid of so dangerous a rival in the affections of the Albanians; while Arslan Bey would never have placed himself in the power of the Sadrazem, unless in the company of Veli Bey, whom he must have felt to have run a common danger with himself. To have cut off the one without the other, would have served but to exasperate the Albanians, and to strengthen the survivor. The scheme, therefore, as a combination, was a masterpiece.

But this blow must have been combined with Selictar Poda. Has not the Sadrazem said to him, "You are the chief and ablest man of Albania: you never injured me. We have been enemies on account of Veli Bey, who has used me for his own ends, insulted me, and abused my confidence. If you would be my friend, I will sacrifice Veli Bey, but you must sacrifice Arslan Bey?" This appears the more probable, from Arslan Bey's having been excited to revolt by the Selictar, and subsequently abandoned by him at the moment things wore the most favourable aspect. This rupture led to the meeting between the two Beys at Milies, and their common deception. If it is so, we will hear of a simultaneous attack upon Janina by the party of Selictar Poda. To him there remains behind this a double game.

The Selictar will have fathomed the plan of the Sadrazem, and will further it, so far as to render himself sole head of Albania; while the Sadrazem will use his co-operation so far as to prevent a coalition against himself; and when this is effected, the struggle will commence between these two.

The above was written the morning the news arrived at Larissa. Two days later we received intelligence that, on the day of the massacre of the Beys at Monastir, Selictar Poda's party at Janina, strengthened by small parties clandestinely introduced into the town, and in concert with Emin Pasha in the castle, attacked the party of Veli Bey; and, after a six hours' contest in the street, in which half of the town was again reduced to ashes, effectually subdued it, and sent to Monastir the head of Mousseli Bey, Veli Bey's brother, whom he had left at Arta.

Thus have we been walking on mined ground, which has exploded both before and behind us. We now understood the motives of Gench Aga in removing us from the Albanian camp, and felt grateful for the care he had taken of us at the risk of placing himself in an embarrassing situation, or even of betraying his master's counsels, had we neglected his advice and communicated to Veli Bey the apprehensions he entertained of our safety from remaining in his company.

## CHAPTER XIX.

EXCURSIONS IN THESSALY — POLITICAL POSITION OF ENGLAND —ADVENTURES AT THERMOPYLÆ—FIELD OF PHARSALIA— CONSTITUTION AND PROSPERITY OF THE TOWNSHIPS OF MAGNESIA—TOURNOVO—IMPORTATION OF THE ARTS FROM ASIA MINOR—HISTORY OF TURKHAN BEY.

THE six weeks I remained at Larissa, I employed in making rapid trips to almost every portion of Thessaly; sometimes attended by a Cavash, but, in the more dangerous parts, entirely alone. Wherever I went—whatever class of the community—whatever race I visited—every where did the phantom Protocol rise upon my steps; but, of course, in the south, and in the neighbourhood of the new frontier, its aspect was the most hideous, and its voice most threatening. At Zeitouni, where the Turks are menaced with expulsion, as the Greeks are in Acarnania, it was introduced even before pipes and coffee!

Zeitouni, the ancient Lamia, is an interesting spot. In an equally lonely and illustrious region, it stands on a hill that overlooks the plain of the Sperchius, bounded by the lofty rampart of Mount Œta. The Sperchius flows into the Euripus, or the channel which separates Eubœa from the main.

Every evening, during my stay at Zeitouni, I used to repair to a Kiosk, by the ruins of the fortress, to smoke and talk politics with the elders, and to enjoy the magnificent scene, of which the bluff rocks of Thermopylæ were at once the chief embellishment and attraction. I was a guest at the splendid, though now half-dismantled, palace of Tefic Bey; a youth of nineteen, with the most perfectly classical features I ever saw in flesh and blood; and which were set off to advantage by the taste and elegance of the most picturesque of costumes. He became very desirous of visiting England; but his mother, a grandaughter of Ali Pasha, would not hear of his going amongst the unwashed and immoral Franks. On my departure, however, he told me, with a very resolute air, though not venturing to speak in tones above a whisper, that he was "determined to go to England." His uncle, a respectable old man, with an enormously large white turban and beard, used to persecute me with the Protocol. "Ach! — ach! — ach!" he would say, holding up his hands, "may Allah make you our enemies, and not our friends!" Every where I found the Turks ready to declare that they believed England acted honestly; — that the English, like themselves, "coveted no man's land, and knew little of what was doing in other countries."

I have often been astonished at the degree of consideration in which England is held, because it

would appear natural for the Turks to estimate so much higher the military power of France, of Russia, or even of Austria. England, however, is the country to which the Turk looks — which he names first (no unimportant matter in the East)— in whose integrity he confides, despite of appearances and facts, and whom not unfrequently he invokes as protector, to escape from this endless complication of foreign wars and protocols, and domestic insurrection. I endeavoured to account for this high estimation of England in various ways; — similarity of character; similarity of political institutions, at least as contrasted with the other governments of Europe — a nearer approach in religious dogma. But these considerations, although worthy of having weight, can have none, while, as at present, no intercourse exists between the two people. I then thought of the expedition to Egypt, when, on expelling the French, we restored that province to the Porte. I thought of the efforts of Sultan Selim (the sole crowned protester against the partition of Poland) to prevent the aggression of the Mussulman States in India against England, lest her consideration should thereby be weakened in Europe, and a necessary element in the balance of European power withdrawn.* Such views, however, could not be sup-

* See, in Despatches of Lord Wellesley, a letter from Sultan Selim to Tippoo Sultaun.

posed to influence the mass of the Turkish people. The reply this old Turk made to me seemed to be the real explanation of the respect in which England is held, despite of her policy. "England covets no man's land." This is the point — this the great secret — which every nation feels, and which has been the basis of our European position. Nor does it say little for the strong sense of the Turk, who lays his finger at once on that character of England, which entitles her to his confidence where she stands alone, but which, under actual circumstances, places her power and influence at the disposal of his enemy. "She covets no man's land," therefore do we place implicit confidence in her integrity, but "she knows little of what is doing in other lands;" and therefore is she easily betrayed into furthering the aggressions which formerly it was her boast and her glory to prevent. How often have I heard both Turk and Greek exclaim, "*If we could but enlighten England* as to our true position, we should be safe!"

England, since the period of her aggressive wars in France, has assumed an importance in Europe, wholly disproportioned to her power, in consequence of her national justice. She has never been the aggressor; — she has never sought extension of her limits, or (in Europe) acquisition of territory; consequently, no feeling of nationality has been aroused against her in particular states,

nor has the common sentiment of public justice been outraged by her views and acts in policy or in arms. She has interposed between contending nations, to re-establish peace without subjugation. Her neutral position has alone maintained the repose which has intervened between four great wars, which her arms and intervention have prevented from combining continental Europe into a single despotism.

England limited the power of aggressive Spain, maintained the long doubtful equilibrium between Spain and the empire. She then preserved the balance between Austria and France, by opposing the first while it preponderated, and by co-operating to restrain, and, finally, to reduce, the overwhelming power subsequently developed by the latter. "England," says Vattel, "without alarming any state on the score of its liberty, because that nation seems cured of the rage of conquest; England, I say, has the glory of holding the political balance; she is attentive to preserve it in equilibrium!"

But, during the last century a mist seems to have arisen over the earth, which has obscured the political vision of European statesmen and nations. All western governments have become, day by day, more involved in regulations, subdivided into departments, and buried under details; confusion of mind has led to error in action: thence that separation of a nation into distinct and reciprocally hating

classes and interests. The gradual centralization of power has paralysed the executive, and effaced the political sense of nations, by extinguishing self-government, and, with it, the clear perception of details and comprehensive views of the whole. Nations have ceased to act and to feel as moral unities; they have become parties and factions; words have been substituted for things; and national interests have been replaced by party principle. Then commenced an era of national violence; the fanaticism of religious intolerance was transferred to politics, and nations rushed to bloody encounter, because of differences in the fashion of their social edifices. I should date this system, in its silent operation on mind, from the middle of the 17th century, when the hitherto universal basis of taxation was abandoned; but the first public and international error committed by England, under its influence, does not ascend higher than forty years. The first step in this fatal career was the secret treaty between England and Russia, which was the prelude to the wars of the Revolution. It is true, England entered into that treaty for the professed purpose of maintaining the balance of power, the only object for which, up to that period, England had engaged in a foreign contest. Why was this compact secret? Secrecy was treason to the objects of the alliance. "Why was the treaty secret?" was the cry of the opposition in the

House of Commons. The minister did not, could not, reply: the reason simply was, that Russia saw the moment come when Europe could be convulsed by political principle; and by this treaty, which her superiority in men enabled her to induce us to keep secret, she obtained also a secret subsidy, acted in her own name, and stamped the character of political partisanship on the war thus commenced. A proclamation to this effect was published to Europe, announcing that Russia "flew to the assistance of endangered thrones." Thus commenced the first war of principle through England herself—through the use then made, for the first time, of her money, her name, and her influence, for purposes which she did not comprehend, and for objects which all her power must have been exerted to prevent, had she understood them. England then ceased to be the England of Vattel, and has latterly assumed a character the very reverse of that by which she gained glory without the sacrifice of justice, and acquired power without losing respect. Now, alas! she appears only as the friend of the powerful, and as the ally of the aggressor. If she herself nurtured aggressive views, her power would become harmless by sinking into insignificance; but, convinced as men are of her integrity of purpose, and giving her credit still for some degree of knowledge and capacity, they revere her so, that her alliance is invaluable as a cloak to violence and aggression.

Mankind is thus cursed through England by integrity without capacity, and by power without knowledge.

Being so near to Thermopylæ, I determined to pay a visit to this celebrated Spa, which will, no doubt, soon become a fashionable watering-place. Tefic Bey would not suffer me to go alone; my Turkish cavash did not dare to accompany me, as the Greek troops were in occupation, and the intervening lands infested by robbers from Greece. I was therefore attended by two Bosnian horsemen of the Bey's guard.

We crossed the rich plain of the Sperchius, and saw but a single patch of cultivation. After crossing the river, I spurred on impatiently to the arena of Thermopylæ, leaving my Bosnian companions behind, thinking myself more usefully accompanied by Herodotus in one pocket, and Pausanias in the other.

The ground has lost much of the distinctness of its ancient form, from the growing deposits of the hot springs, which have increased the margin between the mountain and the sea. I pushed forward, in expectation of meeting with the narrow gorge, until I found I had passed it, by perceiving the country of Phocis to open and display the ruins of Boudounitza, on the solitary rock that once was the patrimony of Patroclus. I then turned back, and after satisfying myself as to the general positions of the place, I began to get

alarmed respecting my companions, and suspected that, being themselves not quite satisfied as to the reception they might meet with from the Greeks, they had seized the pretext of my absence to turn back to Zeitouni. I had ridden forward six or seven miles from the spot where I had left them; I had now returned half that distance, and saw nothing of them. The burning sun of a long June day was verging to the horizon. I was overcome with the heat; my mule was completely knocked up; not a creature had I met; and, in the absence of every sound and hum of men, the whole air shook with the buzzing of myriads of insects. I dismounted, and allowed my mule to graze close to a canal that conveys to the sea the principal body of the hot spring. I undressed and took a bath, and wandered up the current in the narrow channel. On returning to the spot whence I started, my clothes were nowhere to be seen. I leave it to those who have always esteemed their clothing a portion of their necessary existence, to judge of the reflections to which such a state of things gave rise. After turning the matter over in my mind for some time, I attempted to lie down. Then it was that the whole bearing of the subject came upon me; and I perceived that, where there is neither sand nor greensward, it is utterly impossible to repose in the state of nature. And how was I to pass the night? how appear in Zeitouni the next day, in the costume of the Lady of Coventry? I looked

around me in the hope of having some useful idea suggested to my mind. I could not perceive even a single fig-tree! In sober earnest, this was one of the most embarrassing situations in which a human being could be placed, and one calculated to suggest many philosophical reflections respecting the origin of society. At length, I was startled with a distant hallooing in the direction of Zeitouni. I answered with all my might, for whoever the intruders might be —

"Vacuus cantabit coram latronem viator."

My voice was answered; and soon, on the opposite side of the broad white band of the incrustations of the fountain, appeared the red dresses of my Bosniacs. A Greek passing by had seen my clothes, and carried them off, and was proceeding in triumph with his booty, when he came suddenly on the two Bosniacs, who were sitting waiting for me where the path branched off to the right, and ascended the mountain towards the Greek encampment. They recognized my clothes, and suspected that he had murdered me. On his insisting that he had found the clothes close to the hot stream, they respited him from execution till he should conduct them to the spot. Words cannot express the delight I experienced on getting back my clothes. The Greek received free pardon, as he had got a fright, and blows enough to cure him for ever of

the propensity of stealing the wardrobes of bathing gentlemen.

It was now too late to think of attempting to reach the Greek encampment, so we prepared to turn our horses out to graze for four or five hours, and to commence the ascent of Œta, when the moon rose. As for ourselves, we had to be content with the thoughts of the breakfast we should make next morning, and with drawing our belts a little tighter.

Our new companion said, that the country was full of deer; the mountain behind being inaccessible, they could not break away in that direction; and, even without dogs, we might run the chance of getting a shot and a supper. We were, in all, five. The Greek, one of my guards, and their attendant, ascended the two opposite sides of a little glen lying against the precipitous face of the rock; the other Bosnian and I concealed ourselves in two bushes at its lowest extremity. Our companions, who had ascended, soon commenced shouting on both sides, and beating the bushes; but no deer came bounding down. Just as all chance of success seemed over, a boar made a sudden rush, and I perceived it, straight-on-end, coming right for the bush in which I was. I fired, but missed: he turned aside, and approached the cover of the Bosniac, who, with surer aim, hit him in the shoulder, and he went whirling for fifty yards down the hill. Our party was soon gathered, and a

couple of shots more despatched him. But here a new dilemma arose: the wild boar was pork, a flesh forbidden to all true Mussulmans; the day was Friday, upon which the flesh of all hot-blooded animals is forbidden to orthodox Greeks; my companions therefore evinced no alacrity in rendering our game available for supper. A fire, however, was made, and a well-garnished ramrod was finally presented to me. The while I supped, my companions looked on with wistful eyes, and inquired, with watery mouths, if the boar was well cooked? At length the Greek asked me, "If it were possible for one man to bear the sins of another?" I answered with the caution requisite when one does not see to what the admission of a postulate may lead. He explained as follows:— "I want to know whether, as you have eaten meat on your own account on Friday, you might not also take upon yourself the additional sin of my following your example." To this I agreed; and another ramrod was soon in requisition, and festooned with "the beauteous white and red" of the grisly boar. One of the Mussulmans now observed, that, having taken the sins of the Greek upon my shoulders, it would add little to my burden if I were to take theirs also; and very soon the whole ramrods of the party were laid over a clear bed of hot embers, raked out of the fire.

Next morning, following the path taken by

Mardonius when he fell on the Spartans, we reached betimes the Greek encampment. On the side of the hill I came upon ruins not yet described; and which I made out, to my own entire satisfaction, to have been the half-yearly seat of the Amphyctionic Council. But I have no intention of carrying my reader back to Greece, or of entertaining him with archæological disquisitions. Besides, these journeys through Thessaly were performed so rapidly, that I have scarcely any records of them made at the time; and I travelled without a tent, servants, or any of those accompaniments which I had hitherto considered indispensable, not only to the enjoyment, but to the supporting, of such a journey.

On returning to Zeitouni, I found that Tefic Bey had started the same morning for Larissa, with a retinue of fifty or sixty horsemen; and that he was to sleep that night at Thaumaco. I determined on making the journey, about seventy miles, in one day, so next morning I was *en route* two hours before the dawn, and overtook the Bey as he was quitting Pharsalia.

That name may for a moment arrest my pen. Pharsalia stands on the side of a gentle elevation, looking to the north, and before it stretches the field of death that bears that undying name. On entering the place, we stopped at a fountain which gushes from a rock. The idea of an urn for the source of a river must have originated in Thessaly.

The plains are level ; marble cliffs rise abruptly from them ; and at the base of these, rivers, rather than fountains, gush forth from fissures in the rock. Here, under a wide and lofty canopy of plane-trees, the water, pouring from twenty mouths, spreads all around into a pond, which is studded with little grass knolls, and from which spring the rounded and smooth trunks of the trees. Greek women, the descendants of the ancient Pelasgi, were washing under the rock; and in the deep shade, children playing, and a herd of goats sporting in the water. On the bank, a troop of gipsies, descendants of the Hindoos, were blowing, with skins, their little furnaces ; and I, a descendant of the Northern Gauls, accompanied by a Sclavonian follower, of the faith of Mecca, stopped in the midst of this strange assemblage, to request from another stranger from the plains of Tartary, a draught from the water of the fountain of Pharsalia.

And here I looked around on the selfsame prospect, upon which gazed the hostile arrays of the divided world, on the morning of that memorable day, when the parliamentary principle of Rome sunk beneath her military genius. All that consecrates the Plains of Thrasymene, Cannæ, or of Marathon, lives and breathes in the solitude of Pharsalia. But here it is only at long intervals that the spirit of the living holds converse with the dead ; here the solemnity of the shrine of antiquity

is undisturbed by schoolboy quotations—undesecrated by tourist sentiment; and here no officious vocabulary of a cicerone, restores, by the evocation of words, the dominion of commonplace.

I made another excursion from Larissa to the ruins of Pheræ, Volo, and that remarkable district Magnesia, which is formed by Mount Pelion, and a promontory running out from it to the south, and which then turns to the west, so as to encircle the Gulf of Volo.

The road through the plains of Larissa and Pharsalia, had been fatiguing alike to the body and the eye, from the want of shade and of trees, except in the vicinity of Pharsalia, and presented nothing but the dirty yellow of the stubble and of parched grass; but on arriving on the limits of the plain, which is considerably elevated above the level of the sea, and after passing a little gorge, with a round conical hillock called Pilafpteé, you suddenly look down on the small town of Volo, lying in the midst of verdure and shade, girt by a belt of towers, and surmounted by a single minaret. Before it stretched the bay, with some small craft; beyond the bay and the town rose abruptly the fore-foot of Pelion, with three or four towns, rather than villages, clustering almost to its summit; the white dwellings inviting the steps and eyes, from their deep and varied bowers of cypress, fir, crania, oak, mulberry, and cherry trees.

The geographer Miletius was a native of this district, and has given, in his work, an excellent and minute account of it as it was thirty years ago. The revolutionary movement of Greece spread to this then happy district, and it was consequently ravaged by a Turkish army. I therefore expected to find it in ruins; but great was my surprise at the aspect which it presented, and which I shall endeavour succinctly to describe.

The very summits of Pelion are bare gneiss; then comes a covering of beech; below these forests of chestnuts; lower down, apple, pear, plum, walnut, and cherry trees; lower down, almond, quince, fig, lemon, orange, jejubier; and every where abundance of vines and mulberries. The sides are every where abrupt, and sometimes rugged; rocks and foliage are mingled throughout; and water gushes from ten thousand springs. Nestled in these rocks, and overshadowed by this foliage, are the twenty-four townships of Magnesia. They are divided into two classes, termed Vacouf and Chasia; there being fourteen of the former, and ten of the latter. Makrinizza, the chief borough of the Evkaf, is the seat of the governing council, as also of the Bostanji from Constantinople; and all the neighbouring villages have long stories to tell of its domineering spirit.

The happiness, prosperity, and independence of this Christian population (an independence for which, with the exception perhaps, though in a

minor degree, of the Basque Provinces, there is now no parallel in Europe) is owing, not only to the protection of the Mussulman faith against the abuses of the Turkish Government, but to the system of administration which Islamism has always carried along with it, and maintained, when it has had the political power to do so.

The other class of these communities, the Chasia, are relics of the Zygokephalia established by Justinian, and preserved by the Turkish administration. Though they are not collected into one body as the Vacouf villages, they are protected by them, and in almost every respect assimilated with them.

In each village the primates have a Turk, who acts as a Huisser: they pay according to an assessment in lieu of the Kharatch. As to their political administration, their only law is custom, and they require nothing more, as their primates ought to be, and generally are, freely elected. Where there is local administration, law is superfluous, because the administrators are at once controlled and strengthened by public opinion; and public opinion, under such principles of Government, *is always one.*

As to their civil affairs, they are decided, in cases of regular litigation, by the Code of Justinian. There is no difficulty arising out of judicial procedure, because the primates are the judges;—there is no difficulty arising out of opposition of

general laws and local custom, because the Turkish Government gives the force of law to whatever custom is universally followed or demanded by the community, and because it renders legal the decision of a third party, who is voluntarily chosen as arbitrator between two litigants. It will be observed, that the authority of the government, in all these cases, never appears as initiative, or as *reglémentaire:* it appears merely when called upon to interfere, having much more the character of a judge than that of an administrative authority.* I felt this to be a glimpse at the action, *in vacuo,* of the principles of the Turkish Government.

The district of Magnesia has certainly not yet recovered from the effects of the catastrophe that had fallen upon it seven years before ; — ruins and uninhabited houses were to be seen. Nevertheless, there was all around an air of well-being, gaiety, and ease; the handsome stone-built houses looked so wealthy and comfortable, after the lath-and-plaster edifices of the plain ; the inhabitants were all well dressed, and seemed a fine and healthy race. Makrinizza had several fauxbourgs, and counts 1300 houses; Volo (not the Castle) at the base of the hill, has 700 fires; Portaria, the principal of

* This greatest of all truths once flashed across the mind of Burke: " One of the greatest problems," said he, " is to discover where authority should cease, and administration commence."

the Chasia, and only three miles from Makrinizza, has 600. The principal remaining villages are — Drachia, 600; St. Laurentius, 400; Melia, 300; Argalasti, 400; Vrancharoda, 400; and on the last summit of the bare chain that encloses the Gulf, Trickeri, 550.

The chief exports are oil, silk, dried fruits, excellent cherries, and fine flavoured honey. Of almost every other produce, they have abundance for themselves. From the succession of heights, they have fruits and vegetables earlier, later, and longer than, perhaps, any other district. Cherries they consider eatable from the 12th of March, O. S., and they do not go out till the middle of July, when the first grapes are ripe. Their principal export is of manufactured articles, capotes, or shaggy cloaks, belts, silk cord, lace, and blue cotton handkerchiefs. Black for woollens, blue for cotton, and crimson for silk, are their most successful colours. Of dyed and wrought silk, they export yearly 30,000 okes, and they produce 500 mule-loads of run silk. These are the produce of that portion of Magnesia which is formed by the mountain of Pelion itself; but, further to the south, Argalasti produces butter, cheese, and cattle; and here a Turkish population, in no ways distinct or distinguished from the Greeks, cultivates the scanty fields, and tends the flocks and cattle. The shores of the gulf

supply abundance of fish; and the hills are stocked with every species of deer, wild goats, wild fowl, and game. Trickeri is celebrated for its mercantile energy, and sends its fishermen to dive for sponge all over the Levant. It possesses several schooners and tricanderis, which carry on, principally, the cabotage of these parts, but also venture as far as Alexandria and Constantinople. They did not recollect having sent vessels to Soujouk-Kaleh, and therefore it was needless to ask them about the Argo, or to tell them that their ancestors, thirty-five centuries before, had discovered Circassia, in a vessel, the timbers of which had descended from their mountains. In this narrow circuit of hills, enclosing the gulf, a great portion of which, too, is perfectly bare and completely barren, exists a population of 50,000 souls, amongst whom arts so varied flourish, and who, for centuries, have enjoyed freedom and abundance. Men have seemed to spring, in this favoured region, from the fructifying look of the rocks, still bearing the names of Deucalion and of Pyrrha. They have been protected, by their geographical position, from the savage tribes that, for so many centuries, oppressed their neighbours of the plain, and they have been shielded by the Church from the abuses of the Government. This district exhibits what the soil can produce, and what happiness man can attain to when relieved from the intrusion

of laws.* Their only drawback was the traditional διχονια (jealousies), the domineering spirit of ancient Greece, and one might almost fancy Makrinizza a buffo representation of Athens, lording it over her allies.

"This delightful spot (Magnesia) exhibits," says Mr. Dodwell, "in all their rich mixtures of foliage and diversity of form, the luxuriantly spreading plantanus, the majestically robust chestnut, the aspiring cypress, which are happily intermingled with the vine, pomegranate, almond, and fig. Here the weary may repose, and those who hunger or thirst may be satisfied. Nor is the ear left without its portion of delight; the nightingale, and other birds, are heard even in the most frequented streets; and plenty, security, and content, are every where diffused.

"Pelion is adorned with about twenty-four large and wealthy villages, some of which merit rather the appellation of cities, inhabited by Greeks, of strong and athletic forms, who are sufficiently brave and numerous to despise their neighbours, the Turks.† The streets are irrigated by incessant

* St. Augustin says, "Powerful men do evil, and then make laws to justify themselves."

† Here their prosperity is explained by the ideas that would suggest themselves to a European. Subsequently to Mr. Dodwell's visit, they did trust to "numbers and to bravery," and were reduced to subjection and misery. Under any western government, after such provocation, their prosperity and their liberty would have been extinguished, never to revive.

rills and the clearest fountains, and shaded by plane-trees, entwined with ample ramifications of vines of prodigious dimensions, and clustering with an exuberance of grapes."

Speaking of the southern parts of Thessaly, he says, "almost every step or turn of the road presented some characteristic diversity of view, which, in multiplicity of picturesque charms, and in copiousness of enchanting landscape, far surpassed any thing in Italy, or, perhaps, any other country of the world. The beauty of the limes was equalled by the clear and vivid freshness of the tints. No Italian mist dimmed the interesting distances, which are sharp, distinct, and definite, without harshness."

My next trip was to Tournovo, about ten miles to the north of Larissa. My companion was sufficiently recovered to resume his labours; and our worthy host, the Archbishop, having a house at Tournovo, proposed to be there, also, our entertainer. We started in a couple of cotcis, or Turkish carriages, in which there is no place for the legs, and one has to fold them under, in lieu of a cushion.

The following notices respecting this place, I took down at the time from the mouth of the Kaimakam, a descendant of the original Turkish founder, and ruler of Thessaly, a memoir of whose life is contained in an Arabic manuscript in the public library of the burgh.

About thirty years before the capture of Constantinople, the inhabitants of Larissa, who had been reduced to so weak a condition by the devastations of their Bulgarian neighbours, and the weakness of the empire, that they were obliged to admit a Bulgarian Prince within their walls, called to their deliverance one of the companions of Murad II., named Turkhan Bey, who, appearing before the city with 5000 Turks, was immediately put in possession. The Bulgarians escaping, and the Prince betaking himself to the monasteries of the Meteora, one of which he had founded,* Triccala, and the remaining portions of Larissa, immediately submitted to Turkhan Bey; but, surrounded on every side by fierce mountaineers, the authority he had so suddenly acquired, he found himself without the material means of supporting and defending. It was then, and, most probably, according to the suggestions of this extraordinary man, that the extensive system of the Greek mountain militia was established, and that Murad II.

* The humble Greeks had even then imposed some respect upon their Sclavonic oppressors, by imparting to them their faith; and that faith, in these latter times, has been turned by the Russians, into an instrument for their destruction. If the Turkish Empire is overthrown, it will be by the use that Russia is allowed to make in the East of the Greek doctrine, and in the West of the word Christian. And when the Turkish Empire is overthrown, the independence and the existence of Greece at once cease.

came to be recognised sovereign of Thessaly in so quiet and tranquil a manner, that the precise date of the event is unrecorded.

Turkhan Bey sent emissaries to Iconium, at that period in a state of hostility with the Ottoman dynasty, and succeeded in inducing five or six thousand families to emigrate to Thessaly, to whom, being at once of a warlike and an industrious character, he gave lands on the north of the plain of Thessaly; and thus, while interesting them in the defence of the soil they inhabited, placed them as a rampart between the unwarlike Greeks and the Bulgarian mountaineers. He constructed for them twelve intrenched villages: Tatar, Kasaklar,* Tchaier, Missalar, Deleer, Kufala, Karadjoglan, Ligara, Radgoon, Karedemilli, Derili, Balamout. The number of villages is now much greater, and I think only three or four of these names coincide with names of existing villages. In the rear of this military colony, Turkhan Bey established Tournovo, for which he obtained extensive immunities from Sultan Murad. These immunities granted by the Ottoman Porte, were placed under the sanction of the faith and the superintendence of the Sherif of Mecca. Tournovo was made a city of refuge; strangers, during ten years, were exempted from all contribution; it was made Vacouf, and therefore emancipated

* Turkish plural for Cossack.

from the control of the local governor; no Turkish Pasha could enter it—no Turkish troops pass through it; there was never to be in it *Corvée*, or forced labour; the Kharatch and the tenths were the only revenue that could be raised, and these were to belong to Turkhan Bey and his successors, as the reward of his integrity and success in a long life of labour and of difficulty: he had also the right of succession to property left without natural heirs.* For thirty-five years, Turkhan Bey fostered the prosperity of this district; and the property having been made Vacouf, he left to his posterity only the superintendence of the administration of the revenues, and their application to the various pious and useful foundations which he had made, not only in every portion of Thessaly, but even in the Morea. Their administration was again controlled by the Kislar Aga, as superintendent of the Evkaf of Mecca, who had the power of displacing the Kaimakaim of Tournovo, and the Metevellis of the various Evkaf, in case of complaint of the inhabitants against them, though their successors had always to be chosen from the kindred of Turkhan Bey.

One of the objects to which his attention was principally directed, and in which he has conferred

* A man is considered without natural heirs who has no relative nearer than cousins of the fourth degree; who has no adopted children, and has left no will.

the most important and lasting benefit upon Thessaly, was the introduction of the art of dyeing, and, as a consequence of that, the other arts connected with the manufacture of silk, cottons, and of woollens. His care in this respect, was not circumscribed by the limits of his own favourite township; a large reservoir at Makrinizza, in Magnesia, which to the present day is used for washing the dyed stuffs, has an inscription recording its construction by Turkhan Bey. Madder, yellow berries, and the kali plant, from which their potash is made, were then introduced at Tournovo, and have now become common throughout all Roumeli and many parts of Europe.

The following are the various foundations made by him out of Tournovo:—A mosque on the spot where he first dismounted in Larissa, supported internally by six columns, to represent his horse's four legs and his own two. Two other mosques; a handsome stone bridge over the Peneus, and the Bezistein, which has lately been almost destroyed by fire. Three medreséss, or colleges, and three baths.

At Triccala, he built two mosques, two medressés, two baths, and several mills. He built seven or eight Khans in various parts of Thessaly; and when, in his old age, he was invited by the Greeks of the Morea, to protect them against the incursions of the Albanians, as formerly related,

and after driving the Albanians to their mountains, and taking possession of Arta, he constructed there the fish preserves.

The cultivation of the mulberry, for the production of silk, seems to have been common at Tournovo before it was known at Salonica, Broussa, or Adrianople; and though, during the last thirty or forty years, Thessaly has been politically in a more unfortunate position than any of the surrounding provinces, still the mulberry is extensively spread over these regions, the quality of the trees preferred, and the skill of the inhabitants esteemed above that of any other district of European or Asiatic Turkey. The spinning of cotton yarn had also here made extraordinary progress; and, at the close of the last century, the exportation of dyed yarn, principally the Turkish red, was enormous, not only to every portion of the Levant, but to Europe. This prosperity and industry have been sacrificed by the strangely combined effects of Russian policy and of English industry; the first having convulsed their political state, the second having supplanted their manufactures, not only in every foreign market, but in their own.

So important a place had Tournovo become in the middle of the seventeenth century, that the Sultan for a while established his court here in so formal a manner, that he was attended by various representatives of the Christian powers. The

same year, 1669, an English traveller visited Tournovo, and has left a short but valuable account of his residence in Thessaly. He tells us "that Tournovo was a large and pleasant city, with eighteen churches and three mosques." This latter fact is of some importance, as it shews that this place, of exclusively Turkish creation, and the institutions of which were, according to our notions, far more religious than political, was composed of six times as many Christians as Mussulmans, indicating a most remarkable feature in Islamism, and which I was no less astonished at first to observe, than I am confident at present in asserting — the protection which, in its religious government, it affords to other faiths and their professors.

## CHAPTER XIX.

A RETROSPECT — MOHAMMED IV. AND HIS TIMES — DIPLOMATIC INTERCOURSE — INTERNATIONAL WRONGS — DRAGOMANS IN THE EAST — COMMERCIAL RESTRICTIONS IN THE WEST.

THE selection of Tournovo for the imperial residence, by the monarch whose reign was the very cumulation of the tide of Ottoman conquest, and the commencement of its ebb, has associated with this place many of the events that belong to the public history of Europe.

The long reign of Mohammed IV. was the intermediate epoch between the triumphs of the hero, the codes of the legislator, and the pompous nullity of the caged puppets of the seraglio; and while the Ottoman standard was planting on "Troy's rival, Candia," the now unwarlike, but still spirited, Lord of Constantinople, and successor of the Urcans, Mohammeds, Selims, Murads, and Soleymans, was chasing the wild deer of Pelion and Olympus, and displaying his sylvan pomp at Larissa and Tournovo.

This prince ascended the throne, which he occupied for nearly half a century, at the tender

age of seven. His taste was formed, and his inclination bent, by the dexterity of the octogenarian Mohammed Kiupreli, to passions and pursuits which, during the whole period of his long reign, left the sceptre and the sword, which they wielded so well, to the family of the Kiupreli.

To the remote scene of the Sultan's recreations, Pashas, Generals, Vizirs, and Embassies, were seen hastening; and the splendour of the seraglio, with its ceremonial, was transferred to mountain-wastes and deserts; amid untrodden forests arose halls of western tapestry, and of Indian texture, rivalling in grandeur, and surpassing in richness, the regal palaces of the Bosphorus.

Brussa, the Asiatic Olympus, the field of Troy, the sides of Ida, the banks of the Mæander, the plains of Sardis, were the favourite resorts of this equal lover of the chase and of nature. But the places more particularly honoured by his preference, were Yamboli, in the Balkan, about fifty miles to the north of Adrianople, and Tournovo. Whenever he arrived or departed, the inhabitants of fifteen districts turned out to assist him in his sport; these festivities were rendered attractive to the people by exhibitions and processions somewhat in the spirit of ancient Greece, as well as in that of Tartary,* where all the esnafs or trades, displayed

* Formerly there were similar exhibitions every fourth year at Vevais.

in procession the wonders of their art, or the symbols of their calling, and in which exhibitions of rare objects and grotesque figures were combined with theatric pantomime.

During the sojourn of Sultan Mohammed at Tournovo, this now insignificant village became the residence of the representatives of the powers of Europe. There were then assembled, with all the gay, picturesque, and diversified trappings and liveries of their various countries, and of that dress-loving age, the numerous retinues that followed the Imperial, the French, the Spanish, and the English Envoys. Russians, Dutchmen, Poles, Swedes, Ragusans, Transylvanians, in their national costumes, and in numbers sufficient to preserve the distinctive tone and habits of their native lands, might there be seen loitering before the gateways of the various residences, lounging about the public places, or retailing the news of their respective homes in the coffee-houses, which then began to compete with the barbers' shops * for the resort of the fashionables of the day.

* "During the hot season," says Brown, in 1669, "we went often to the barber, who would handsomely perform his work, much to our refreshment, trimming each man according to the fashion of his country. The Greeks preserve a ring of hair on the centre of their heads, and shave the rest. The Croatian has one side of his head shaved, and the other grows as it will. The Hungarian shaves his whole head, except his fore-top. The Polander has his hair cut short. The Turk shaves his whole head, save a lock. The Franks wear their

It scarcely seems possible that such should have been the scene presented by Tournovo only a hundred and sixty years ago, and yet these are but the appendages. The court of the Sultan, with a whole army of officers, attendants, huntsmen, and falconers, with all the interesting accompaniments of the chase, displaying a variety of costume, which, for splendour, richness, and diversity, must have exceeded that of any former period of the Ottoman Empire, and the dignity of which had not then degenerated, as it afterwards did, into an excess, cumbersome in use, and burlesque in effect.

The plain around was adorned with vast tents, of light green, with gilded balls; but tents that resembled palaces rather than marquees; some of them with twenty and thirty poles, and many of the poles twenty-five feet in height, divided into various apartments, with windows opening through their cloth separations; Persian carpets, spread below rich divans, reigning round; curtains, lined with brocade, velvet, and Cachmere shawls, drawn open in front, or cast up and stretched forward

hair long only for the more amiable converse; and, that nothing about them might be offensive to those they live amongst, they often tuck it up under their caps. The party to be shaved sits low, so that the barber has the better advantage. There is a vessel of water, with a cock, hanging over their hands, which the barber opens as he pleases, and lets fall the water on them. The Thessalians," he observes, "wear hats with brims like Frenchmen."

on other poles, so as to afford an extensive shade; the sides, the separations, the cushions, and the slips that are passed over the cords, most beautifully embroidered in needlework.*

It was at this time, and more particularly at Tournovo, that commenced that system of haughty and ignominious treatment† which, up to a very recent period, has disgraced Turkey and incensed Europe. Then commenced, too, the perfidious system of Dragomans, which confided to a few Latin adventurers, from the islands of the Archipelago, the counsels of every European state, and rendered these adventurers the intermediaries, or, to speak more truly, the representatives of those states at the Porte.‡

Then, too, commenced the more direct and systematic interference of the Greeks in the affairs of the Ottoman Empire; and from Tournovo is dated the Berat that appointed the first Greek a Dragoman of the Porte. From Tournovo departed

* Some of the same tents may still be seen in the repositories of the Sultan, and in those of the grandees.

† "This was a time," says Von Hammer, "sufficiently hazardous for foreign diplomatists, when the French Ambassador was struck in the face, and beaten with a chair; that of Russia kicked out of the audience chamber; the minister of Poland almost killed, because he had not bent low enough; and the Imperial Interpreter, and that of the Porte, several times stretched on the ground, and bastinadoed."

‡ The Imperial Court (which had at first exhibited so stubborn an attachment for the German, that three interpreters and

the Turkish Embassy to Paris, that excited the laughter of Europe by the ridiculous pretensions of the Turks; and while this ambassador was actively employed in introducing into the saloons at Paris, coffee, which has created a revolution in our domestic tastes, a French cargo of false coin, smuggled into Constantinople, led to insurrection in the principal cities of the empire.

The general feelings at that time, of Christendom towards Turkey, are indicated in the character and the conduct of the Knights of Malta. The motive assumed for plundering ships, interrupting commerce, and enslaving men, was—the Christian religion. The organization was supported by revenues drawn from every state of Europe; it was composed of the flower of European chivalry and nobility; it was the field of distinction and the career of honour: the consequence could only be reciprocal hatred and wrong.*

four languages were reported to have been used at a single interview) had alone, at this time, regular Dragomans; but, by its constant intercourse and proximity, it subsequently found it necessary to abandon the system, and at present a competent knowledge of the Turkish language is a qualification required in a minister of Austria.

Perhaps, also, while Austria had hostile projects, the Dragoman system might prove useful; and it has been abandoned, since her object has been conservation and peace.

* "I am not the apologist," says a Western diplomatist, "of Turkish prejudice, but it cannot be denied that the barbarous invasion and excesses of the mad Crusaders; the persecutions

Such were the circumstances which led to the insults which the Turks inflicted on the representatives of Christendom, and which these representatives tamely bore. Then it was that a Turkish Minister first disdained to rise to receive a foreign ambassador; and this point once yielded was irrecoverably lost, and all consideration and influence went with it, exemplifying the Russian proverb,—"There is but one step from the top of the stair to the bottom." The consequence was the humiliation of the foreign representatives by a treatment to which they had the meanness to submit, and which their courts had either not the spirit or the power to resent. Though, no doubt, the increased importance which the interpreters then obtained, and the prospects of emolument and influence held out to them in the degradation of the titular representatives of the Foreign Powers, must have induced this class of men to frustrate in every way the good dispositions of either party, and to fan the flame of discord between functionaries ignorant of each other's language and manners.

"However, in the midst of these circum-

and final expulsion of the Mahometans from Spain; the uniform language of all Christian writers, as well as the uniform conduct of all Christian states towards the Ottomans, have combined to furnish no slight justification of their feelings towards the nations of Europe."— *Constantinople and its Environs, by an American*, vol. ii. p. 317.

stances," adds the author above quoted, "the Imperial resident who had followed the camp, and sojourned at Tournovo, in the vicinity of Larissa, was so fortunate as to obtain three Berats in favour of commerce: the first for Tuscany, the second for Kaschan, the third for the Levant Company." What increases the strange contrast between the rudeness of the manners and the friendliness of the acts of the Turks is, that while the foreign representatives were treated in this uncivil style, they received an allowance of thirty, fifty, and, on one occasion, of a hundred and fifty dollars per diem, for their sustenance, being considered as guests.

During the reign of Mohammed IV., and especially under his father Ibrahim, the envoys of foreign states had occasionally been subject to violence and outrage. But there seems to have been no idea of systematically treating them as inferiors, because of the faith they professed. The animosity of a religious character proceeded, I fear, from the animosities and the acts of Europe: witness the depredations of the Knights of Malta—the scarcely less honourable enterprises of Genoa and Venice—the intermeddling of Russia in the affairs of the Greek Church—the hostile breath that constantly issued from the Vatican—the zeal of Spain, Austria, and particularly of France, in spreading all over the East, Jesuits, Franciscans, and Capuchins mixed up in political machinations.

In ascending to an earlier period, we find the reception of an ambassador divested of the forms which, though of Greek origin, did not reappear with their full ceremonial until the age of Mohammed IV., and the accurate details which have been preserved of the various Austrian embassies to Sulejman the Great, exhibit the opinions of the Turks respecting the character of an ambassador, whom they consider as the agent, and by no means as the representative, of his sovereign; and whom they respect rather as their guest, than as his master's envoy.

Ibrahim, the Vizir of Soliman, on the introduction of the envoys of Ferdinand, did not get up to meet them;—it was a long time before he even desired them to sit down (the conference lasted seven hours), but this was not through the recently supposed dogma of the unlawfulness of rising before a Christian; for when the letter of Charles V. was presented, the Grand Vizir not only stood up to receive it, but remained standing as long as the conversation respecting Charles continued. His manner to the ambassadors arose from Ferdinand having called himself the brother of Ibrahim, and being called so by him in return. This brought the question of ceremony within the pale of Turkish ideas, and Ibŕahim could not have thought of getting up to receive the agents of his younger brother.

Ferdinand had sent, before the one I allude to,

six embassies to negotiate for peace, without relinquishing his title to Hungary. The seventh would probably have had no better success, but for the device resorted to by his "brother," and which is another illustration of those differences of ideas between the east and the west, which each has got into the unfortunate habit of designating in the other—prejudice. The following address to the Sultan, was suggested by the Grand Vizir to the Ambassadors, and by means of it peace was concluded.

"The King Ferdinand, thy son, looks upon all thou possessest as his; and all that is his, thou being his father, belongs to thee. He did not know that it was thy desire to retain for thyself the kingdom of Hungary, otherwise he would not have made war against thee. But since thou, his father, desirest to have it, he augurs thee fortune and health, not doubting that thou, as his parent, will assist him in the acquisition of this kingdom, and of many others."

M. De Lahaye was the first ambassador whose ignominious treatment was taken as a precedent; a secret intercourse was discovered between him and the Venetians, then at war with the Porte.* He was sent for from Constantinople; his son came in his place; he was beaten and con-

* The King of France had enrolled himself as a volunteer in one expedition against his ally the Sultan, and had borne the expenses of a second!

fined because he refused to read an intercepted letter written in cipher, and addressed to his father. M. De Lahaye himself then came; he declared himself ignorant of the cipher, and was imprisoned also. Louis XIV. sent another ambassador, M. Blondel, to demand satisfaction; he was the first who was placed on a stool. M. De Lahaye and his son were liberated from their prison; but at the moment of their departure, a French vessel having carried off some Turkish merchandise, he was again locked up till a ransom should be paid for him.

Some time afterwards, France sent back M. De Lahaye again as ambassador to the Sublime Porte. "He expected," says M. Von Hammer, "to be received as the minister of England and Austria, and refused the guard of only ten chaoushes sent him by the Grand Vizir. The following day he proceeded, without any state, to the French palace.

"The Grand Vizir, incensed against France by the succour she had sent to Hungary, received him in a haughty manner, without getting up, and reproached him with the connexion of his country with the enemies of the Porte. M. De Lahaye withdrew, and sent to the Grand Vizir to say that if again he did not rise on his entrance, he would restore the capitulations, and return to France. In a second interview, he was received in the same manner, and without the salute, on which M. De Lahaye threw the capitulations at the Grand Vizir's feet. The Grand Vizir called him a

Jew. The Grand Chamberlain pushed him from the chair, and struck him with it. The ambassador attempted to draw his sword, but a chaoush gave him a blow in the face, and he was kept three days shut up at the Grand Vizir's, who, after consulting with the Mufti Vani Effendi, and the Capitan Pasha, resolved on giving him another audience, which should be regarded as the first. He met* the ambassador with a friendly salute, and said with a sardonic smile, "What is passed, is passed; henceforward, let us be good friends." Thus an end was put to his stripes and blows, which, probably, the ambassador never communicated to his court, or which was intentionally omitted by the historian of French diplomacy."

Subsequently to this period, Turkish ministers did not rise to receive European diplomatists, until new feelings were awakened in favour of one European power by the restitution of Egypt by English arms, when General Abercromby was styled "father" and "Pasha"† by the Turkish

* The expression "*met the ambasssador*," would lead one to suspect that the result of the conference of these great functionaries was the compromise since practised of entering the audience chamber at the same moment. A subterfuge which proves and marks the change of style *as well* as the ignorance of the Europeans of Eastern etiquette; which, indeed, must have been the principal cause of these broils, as it now is the sole but effectual barrier to all intercourse.

† Yet this did not lead to any improvement of our position at Constantinople. There we were in the hands of the Dra-

commanders, and treated accordingly. Our contemptible policy in the expedition of 1807 against Egypt and against Constantinople, deprived us, it is true, of all the Eastern fruits of the policy of 1800.

France, however, succeeded in gaining extensive prerogatives for the Jesuits and other Catholic fraternities; indeed, during more than two centuries the whole influence and energy of France seemed to be directed by a conclave of inquisitors.* Attempts to convert the Greeks; to unite the Greek Church to that of Rome; squabbles about monasteries and churches throughout the whole of the Levant; pretensions on the holy places of Jerusalem; intrigues and insurrectionary

gomans, whose interest, as a body, whether English, French, Russian, &c. is directly hostile to whatever leads to free intercourse of friendly feeling between the Turks and European diplomatists. It is true we then negotiated to obtain a better position, and on *the plea* of the reception of Lady Mary Wortley Montague! We should have thought of the *means* adopted by Lady M. W. Montague.

* I refer not to the enlightened views, on more than one occasion, of the Cabinet of Versailles, but to the general tone and character of the agents of France in the East. The Turks could not easily reconcile the decided support of France, on more than one critical occasion, with the unceasing support given by her agents to the avowed enemies of the Ottoman faith, and the incessant disturbers of the public peace. "Murad IV.," says Sir Thomas Roe, "expressed his amazement that the friendship of the King of France could only be obtained by the tolerance and protection of traitors" (the Monks).

measures directed by the Jesuits, which threatened the public peace, and brought on reactions which endangered the whole European population,*— seemed to have been the principal occupation of the French mission.

England disclaimed, in her character of Protestant, all community with a policy based on religious motives; and marked to the Turks her religious separation from Catholic Europe. She consequently acquired, in Turkey, a consideration and an influence infinitely greater than her power or political position could otherwise have secured to her.

"Elizabeth, by the Grace of God, Queen of England, France, and Ireland, powerful and invincible defender of the true faith *against the idolaters* that falsely profess the name of Christ."

Such is the superscription of the letter of Elizabeth to the Caliph of the Mussulmans. It explains how and why the influence of England stood so high. Here is an indication of the ideas and the policy of England in the times of the Cecils, the Raleighs, the Bacons, and the Sidneys. And to

* On two occasions, the whole European population assembled in the churches of Pera and Galata, without any expectation of a reprieve from the doom of extermination that hung over them. The frenzy or madness that excited such fearful retribution can, in the present age, only be conceived by those who have witnessed in the Levant the effects of the fanatic hatred, against each other, of the various Christian sects.

the list of monarchs and statesmen who have felt the importance of Turkey to the political balance and system of Europe, — to the names of Gustavus III., Frederick II., Hertzberg, Napoleon, Chatham, Pitt, Talleyrand, and Metternich,—may, perhaps, also be added that of our "Virgin Queen."

The spirit of Austrian diplomacy is displayed in the Imperial Embassy of 1616, which, on entering Constantinople, exhibited a flag, bearing, on one side, the Austrian eagle, and on the other, Christ on the cross. A general commotion was the result. The Greeks, the Jesuits, and the European powers were, all and each, suspected of having planned some daring conspiracy against the Sultan, the city, or the state. The Sultan patrolled the streets in person during the night; the Jesuits were confined to the Seven Towers; and the Austrian historian and diplomatist exults in recording the fulfilment of the prophecy of the *commencement* of the decline of the Ottoman Empire, which, however, he had already announced in the middle of the previous century! and which even before that he had fixed as having commenced in the reigns of Bajazet II. and Selim I.

The dissolution of that empire has been, of late years, universally established throughout Europe, with the exception of the Russian Cabinet, as one of those axioms regarding which, neither doubt could arise, nor difference exist. It created some surprise when a recent publication pointed out that

doctrine as spread by the emissaries of Peter the First; but the Austrian historian mentions it nearly half a century before Peter, as the bond of union of Greeks, monks, interpreters, and Hospodars. But what will be said to the fact, that a century previous even to this period, and when Suleyman the Great was taking Rhodes and menacing Vienna, that the Muscovite Prince Vassili was impressing on the Emperor Maximilian the decline of the Turkish power, and the facility with which he could expel them from Europe! In consequence of the abesnce of a common language, and of the means of direct intercourse, there has been an uninterrupted series of false conclusions, drawn from facts ill appreciated, of everyday occurrence. It is not, therefore, to be wondered at if these conclusions have wholly prevailed since the Ottoman power has ceased to make itself feared, since similar conclusions were admitted even while the whole of Europe trembled at its name.

Under Mohammed IV. was first developed the influence of the Greek Church as an instrument in the hands of Russia against the Ottomans.

The conqueror of Constantinople had seen with gratification, and fostered with encouragement, the connexion between the Sclavonic people and the Patriarch of Constantinople, as a means of extending the power of the Porte towards the north; but the Turks were not crafty enough, as men, to follow out such a scheme, and too power-

ful, as a nation, to adopt indirect means. In two centuries afterwards, that is, under Mohammed IV., we find the Porte startled by the revelation of a political union being organised, by means of the Church, between the Czar of Muscovy and the Greek inhabitants of the Ottoman Empire. A Patriarch, put to death in consequence of this discovery,* tended but to increase the dangers that were thus revealed; and we subsequently find, at the same moment, an embassy from Poland, sent to warn the Sultan of a design, on the part of the Czar, to revolutionise the Greeks, and the Patriarch of Constantinople invited to Moscow to organise the Church.

Thus was the game of the present times rehearsed nearly two centuries ago; the same intensity of purpose evinced, and precisely the same means employed. The problem is, therefore, of difficult solution, how Russia, having become apparently so strong, and Turkey apparently so weak, the unremitting use of such powerful means of disorganisation has not long ago effected, and is

* In an intercepted letter to the Prince of Wallachia from this Patriarch, created in 1657, there is this expression:— "Islamism approaches to its end; the universal dominion of the Christian (Greek) faith is at hand; and the Lords of the Cross and the Bell will soon be, also, Lords of the Empire." The letter was one of thanks for 100,000 ducats, sent by the Prince to the "Lords of the Bell," the Monks of Mount Athos.

not sufficient yet to effect, the total subversion of the Ottoman power ?

This period, so memorable, of Mohammed IV., by the introduction into Turkey, or the establishment there, of a system hostile to itself as of feelings inimical to Europe, coincides with the introduction into Europe of principles as injurious to the progress of man as to the friendly intercourse of nations. At this period it was that Colbert introduced into France the ideas of supporting national industry by fictitious protection, and of rendering those protections subservient to the revenues of the state.

This fatal notion has spread to all nations, with the exception of Turkey, fortunately, perhaps, for future generations, protected from this infection by its natural hatred to every thing coming from the West. Wherever this so termed "protection system" has been introduced, animosity has sprung up between the various interests and classes of a nation, disguised under the name of principle, and a cankerous evil has been spread over the relations of human intercourse, under the title of laws. To this cause has been referred, even by European writers, every revolution and every war in Europe since 1667.*

* For instance, Brougham (Colonial Policy); Parnell (Commercial Treaty with France); Storck (Cours d'Economie Politique).

Nearly of the same date as the *Ordonnances* of Colbert was the Navigation Act of England, which at the time was but a record of a state of things, but which indirectly involved England in foreign difficulties and dangers, from its adoption by other nations, and its application by them to herself. This (a sister fallacy to that of Colbert) contributed its share to the public convulsions of Europe, and assisted in repressing those energies, and retarding that progress, to which the splendid and rapid discoveries in science and mechanics had given so vast an extension, and so unparalleled an impulse.

These fundamental errors now produce doubt and schism on all social and political questions in the minds of Europeans, so powerful in disquisition, so stored with information. But the eastern statesmen may well inquire why their finances are involved in the midst of unparalleled production? Why a large portion of their population is plunged in misery and crime, while wealth regorges, and philanthropy abounds? Why nations, desiring harmony and professing peace, make war on each other's commerce, as if it were an infectious disease?

The ancient frame of government still preserved in Turkey may yet, however, through the new ideas and the larger views to which, by extending the field of inquiry, it may give birth,

contribute to sounder opinions on financial questions; and the system of free trade, not overthrown in that empire, may be taken advantage of by England to establish an alliance of nations, based on freedom of commerce, which may counteract the restrictions that are gradually pressing upon her energies, and which threaten, at no remote period, to exclude her political influence, as well as her manufactures, from the continent of Europe.

# CHAPTER XX.

## SOCIAL INTERCOURSE WITH THE TURKS.

At Larissa, as there is no Frank population, and no Consuls, we found it practicable to gain admission into Turkish society; and we saw at the Archbishop's, or were taken by him to visit, the principal citizens of the town, and the Beys and proprietors of the neighbourhood. We were, on our side, an object of some curiosity to them, for the arrival of Europeans, at such a moment, was a strange and interesting event.

But, after the friendly terms on which we had lived with the Albanian Mussulmans, it was no easy thing to descend to the grade which a Christian occupies in Turkey, and which is quite sufficient to justify the animosity which residents and travellers, not ascending to its source, have entertained against the Turks. This ignominious treatment of Europeans I conceive, in a great measure, to have been the cause of the absence of inquiry into the mind and institutions of Turkey,

on the part of those who have visited it. The door to social intercourse was not only shut against them, but flung back in their face. All sympathy and interest was thus at once cut short; and, without a considerable share of both, no man will apply himself to laborious investigation.

If you question a Turk as to the reason why he will not get up to receive a European? Why he will not lay his hand on his breast, when he bids him welcome? Why he will not give him the salutation of peace? Why the meanest Turk would conceive himself disgraced by serving a European, and the poorest would spurn the bread bought by such service?* The Turk will answer, "My religion forbids me."

No wonder, then, that the stranger, taking this assertion to be true, and not understanding the influence and power of manners, attributes this state of intercourse to religion, and sets down Islamism as a morose and anti-social creed, and that there his investigations cease.

The Archbishop, while he acted the part of a chaperon, which he did admirably, was sure to

* There are instances of Europeans having Turks as gardeners or as grooms, but these servants will not be resident in the establishment; and, though they will do their duty to their master, they will not shew him any sign of respect. They will treat him, in manner and in the choice of epithets, as an inferior, which the European may not understand, but to which, should he understand it, he is obliged to submit.

keep us informed, to the full extent, of every disrespect, in manner or in terms, applied to us; a service which, at the time, we were little disposed to estimate at its full and real value. For instance, the news of the death of George IV. arrived. We were not left in ignorance that the intelligence was conveyed from mouth to mouth amongst the Turks, by the words (they all speak Greek) Ψόθισε ὁ Κρὰλ τῆς Αγγλίας, "the Kral of England has burst," an expression applied to animals when they die.

We were one evening invited to supper at a Turkish Bey's, a circumstance at that time wholly new to us. The table of the Turk, as his door, is open to every comer, whatever his faith or station; but an invitation in a formal manner, together with the kindness and attention that were shewn us (subject always to the nonobservances above indicated), was a mark of interest quite novel and unexpected; we, therefore, returned home delighted and exulting. But, the next day, the Archbishop, fearful that we should be run away with, informed us, that, no sooner had we departed, than a general hilarity had been produced by observations on our style and manners, and on the errors of etiquette of which we had been guilty; and that, when we were spoken of, if any one designated us by the title of the English Bey Zadehs, he immediately added, μὲ συγχῶρεσιν, "with your pardon," an expression which they use after the mention of a pig, an ass, or the like.

However, we daily found our position altering; a general change of tone and manner on their part, and probably on ours, ensued: and, with one or two men of superior minds, the first steps were then made of a long and lasting friendship.

A European doctor, a miserable quack, proved of considerable service to us. We went nowhere without him; and, at first, he was quite an authority with us; but the progress we had made was brought sensibly before us, when we came to feel the necessity of getting rid of this noxious appendage. We now began to perceive that the treatment of Europeans by Turks proceeded from the natural contempt they entertained for that hat-and-breeches-wearing population which infests every part of Turkey, in the character of Charlatans in medicine and other arts, of Dragomans, vagabonds, and the drivers of still less honourable speculations. Thence are their opinions drawn respecting all those who wear hats and tight clothes; while the forms thus established between the two faiths, or rather the two costumes, render it perfectly impossible for any man of education, or of generous feelings, to enter their service, or to be attached to their persons.

So essentially are all the details of external life bound up with the opinions and the feelings of a Turk, that it is next to impossible for him to separate, from things or ideas, the external signs by which he has been accustomed as representing

them. A European, possessing perfectly their language and their literature, having that character of mind which is fitted to gain an influence over them, will yet remain, however he may be really respected, distinct from their society; and it would be unfair in him towards his friends to exact those observances which, nevertheless, are absolutely essential to the possession of influence, or even to the enjoyment of social intercourse; let him change, however, his costume, and his position is immediately changed. But the costume alone is of little, if of any use, until a man is capable of acting his part as those who wear it.

A Frenchman, who had been travelling in the eastern parts of Turkey, meeting me one day in a Turkish costume, expressed his astonishment at my resigning myself to the hardships attendant on the wearer of such a dress. I was rather puzzled at his observation, and supposed he alluded to the difficulties attendant on supporting the character; so I answered, that I had at times found it to be so, stating the reasons why. Nothing could exceed the amazement of the French traveller at my explanation; and he informed me, that having started on a botanical excursion of three years, some one, for his sins, had recommended to him to put on the costume of the Faithful; that he, in consequence, had run the greatest risks; he had been every where insulted, several times beaten, and on more occasions than one had with difficulty escaped

with his life. I saw at once that there must have been some glaring deviation from manners or costume; and, after putting a few questions to him, I discovered that, with a gay Osmanli turban, he had worn a beard, which was not pricked away from the corner of the ear downwards, so that whoever glanced at him could not fail to set him down for a Jew, passing himself off for a Mussulman. When I explained to him the cause of his mishaps, after musing for a while, he declared that I must be wrong; because, although it was true that every body used to call him "Jew," yet that his Tartar always denied that he was a Jew, and would have told him how to trim his beard, if that really had been the cause of his troubles. I replied, that probably his Tartar thought him a Jew, but that he endeavoured to protect him from the application of the word "Chifoot," while he might see no harm in their applying to him the term "Yahoody," both equally signifying Jew, but the first being a term of reproach.

He admitted that he recollected those two words. "But," said he, "what made the thing more strange was, that I was travelling with a companion, and every night we used to dispute which of us was most like to a Jew. My friend had a black beard, and I had a red one. I used to call him 'Jew,' and he used to retort by calling me Judas Iscariot. At length I shaved my beard; but we were not a bit the better off: my friend's

black beard then went; but still, wherever we went, 'Chifoot, Chifoot,' was hallooed out." "How high," I inquired, "did you shave your beard?" "How high?" answered he with amazement, "I never thought of that." "Then," I replied, "you have shaved your beard and whiskers *not quite* to the line of the turban; so that a lock of hair has appeared close to your ear, which is the distinctive sign of Jews who shave their beards!" "What a pity," he said, "that I did not hear this before, instead of after, my journey." I thought that the pity was that a man should travel in a country before studying its manners, and reason on it before understanding its feelings.

Among a class of young men in the capital, chiefly belonging to the regular troops, there is an affectation of every thing European. Among them it is no extraordinary thing for a European to find himself treated, as he supposes, with every external mark of courtesy; but a position which is only to be gained by a change that remains to be effected, and cannot be so without difficulty and without danger, and the sphere of which is limited and insignificant, is scarcely worthy of observation. To establish the fact that a European may place himself within the pale of the national feeling, is, I conceive, of the deepest importance, either as throwing light on the Turkish character, or as affording a new means of action on the Turkish nation.

I make these observations after two years intercourse with Mussulmans, on the footing of the most entire and perfect equality. It is true that many of my friends, for a long time, severally believed that they alone were in the habit of treating me in such a manner; that such conduct was in violation of the precepts of their religion, and was only justified in my case from a supposed difference with other Europeans. It is perhaps superfluous to add, that in the faith of Islamism there is not the slightest ground for this supposition. Had it been so, Constantinople never could have been theirs. As a notable instance of the reverse, the Conqueror of Constantinople not only got up to receive the Greek Patriarch, his subject and a Christian, but accompanied him to the door of his palace, and sent all his ministers on foot to conduct him home.*

But, whatever have been the wrongs, feelings, or habits of the past, a reaction has now taken place in Turkey in favour of Europe. The change of dress, in imitation of those nations whose policy has been so injurious to them, exhibits great docility

* What a contrast with the Western feelings regarding religious toleration is exhibited in the conquest of Constantinople by the Turks and by the Latins. When Dandolo planted the banner of St. Mark on the dome of St. Sophia, the Christian invaders placed in mockery, on the patriarchal throne, a prostitute, wearing on her brows the mitre, and holding in her hand the pastoral crook which Constantine had bestowed.

of mind, and proves that there has existed, unobserved by us, or, at all events, that there now exists among them, a spirit of imitativeness, which, in a nation (if well directed) contains the element of progress and amelioration. And, as if to render this proof the more conclusive, that which they have imitated has neither inherent merit nor external attractions. Now a new duty devolves upon us, — that of directing their docility, and assisting their selection.

If undirected, their imitation will be of external things, which can bring no good, but may do much evil, by destroying *habits,* which are the signs of thought, the expression of feelings, and the test of duties. At present, I have no hesitation in saying that the Turks have no individual possessed of a thorough knowledge of Europe; and yet no man, not perfectly and equally conversant with the ideas, instruction, and institutions of the East and of the West, can reason to a satisfactory conclusion respecting what they ought, or ought not, to imitate. Amongst us there is no one sufficiently acquainted with their institutions and character to be able to become their guide. However beneficial, therefore, this change of disposition might be, were we in knowledge equal to the position offered us, it is to me a subject, under actual circumstances, involving much anxiety and serious apprehension. They have raised the anchor in a tide-way before maturely considering whether there was a necessity

of shifting their ground. They are losing their hold before the sails have drawn. That is passed; now the moorings of custom are cast off; the vessel *is* moving; and those who have a stake on board, ought not to rely on chance for his getting into port.

## CHAPTER XXI.

CHARACTERS OF AN EASTERN AND AN ANCIENT ROOM — PRESENTATION OF A EUROPEAN IN EASTERN SOCIETY.

To understand the effect produced on an Eastern by the manners and address of a European, we must be conversant with their feelings, and ignorant of our own.

The first is a matter of some difficulty; the second requires an effort of mental abstraction, of rather an unwonted kind. When a stranger enters a new country, he will be struck only with those points of its manners which he does not comprehend; and the native, understanding all points equally well, is, by his knowledge of himself, prevented from comprehending the effect which he himself produces on the stranger. I will now, therefore, previously to bringing the Frank traveller before him, request the reader to forget, for a moment, that he is cased in stiff-collar coat and boots, and fancy himself enveloped in flowing robes, or clad in richly embroidered vestments, reposing, but not with negligence, on the broad and

cushioned sofa of an eastern room; but that word is not to be so easily disposed of. The word "*oda*" we must translate *room;* but there is no word in our language that can express the idea of "oda," because we have not the thing. The habits of social intercourse in the East could not subsist a day in such lodgings as our western habitations afford; it is, therefore, requisite to commence with describing the form and attributes of an eastern ROOM.

We build our houses with reference not to the inside, but to the out. It is the aspect of the exterior, not the comfort of the apartment, that engages our attention. We follow the rules of architecture strictly in the details and decorations of the stones of which it is built, and positively have not, at this day, any fixed rules or principles for the construction of the portion we are ourselves to occupy, nor have we any idea of the existence of such rules in any other country, or in any former age.

The consequence is, that our rooms are of all shapes, and have no settled character. *They have no parts.* There is a commingling of doors and windows, neither of these being rendered available for determining the top, bottom, and sides. The position of the seats is equally undefined, so that, in regard to parts, character, proportion, access, light, and accommodation, our apartments are regulated by no intelligible principles, and cannot be

rendered subservient to the social purposes of a people between whom laws have not established broad lines of demarcation, and who, therefore, in the adjustment of the grades of society, preserve the natural inequality of men. Forms of etiquette, in their infinite variety, become the expression of public opinion in determining rank and station. Thus, a room in the East is not a box, shut in from the weather, and converted into an apartment solely by the value of the materials employed to construct or adorn it; it is a whole, composed of determined parts, and capable of logical definition by its parts; it is a structure regulated by fixed and invariable principles; it is a court like a college hall, where each individual's grade may be known by the place he occupies; and, while thus constituted, it serves equally as our rooms for all the purposes of domestic life. There distinctive characters become a portion of domestic life and duties, and are associated with the public character of the state. Thus, to the stranger, a knowledge of the attributes, if I may so say, of the "Room," is the first step to acquaintance with the East. The reader may have seen, at Pompeii, the prototypes of the rooms I refer to, or he may have heard or read of the Greek and Roman triclinium; but I may, I think, safely assert, that the measurement and examination of these apartments would lead no man to imagine that social habits,

ideas, and principles, different from ours, are indicated by these forms and proportions. But, if it can be shewn that certain social characters are connected with, and have given rise to, the structure of the apartment now used by the Turks, and if it is true that their domestic architecture ought to be understood by whoever seeks to become acquainted with their ideas and manners, then must we admit that, in the East of this day, those social details, those moral feelings, and living habits, are to be seen, which coincided with a similar domestic architecture 2000 years ago. I therefore dwell on the form of the room as illustrative no less of antiquity than of Turkey.

In Turkey, the room is the principle of all architecture; it is the unit, of which the house is the aggregate. No one cares for the external form of a building. Its proportions, its elegance, or effect, are never considered. The architect, as the proprietor, thinks only of the apartments, and there no deviation from fixed principles is tolerated. Money and space are equally sacrificed to give to each chamber its fixed form, light, and facility of access, without having to traverse a passage or another apartment to reach it.

Every room is composed of a square, to which is added a rectangle, so that it forms an oblong.*

* See wood-cut.

There must be no thoroughfare through it. It must be unbroken in its continuity on three sides. The door or doors must be on one side only, which, then, is the "bottom;" the windows at another and the opposite side, which, then, is "the top." The usual number of the windows at the top is four, standing contiguous to each other. There may be, also, windows at the "sides," but then they are close to the windows at the top, and they ought to be in pairs, one on each side; and, in a perfect room, there ought to be twelve windows, four on each of the three sides of the square; but, as this condition cannot always be realised, the room in each house, so constructed, is generally called "the kiosk," as kiosks, or detached rooms, are always so constructed.

Below the square, is an oblong space, generally depressed a step; sometimes, in large apartments, separated by a balustrade, and sometimes by columns. This is the space allotted to the servants, who constantly attend,* in a Turkish establishment, and regularly relieve each other. The

* Men of the very lowest rank often enter the apartment of the Turkish grandee. Elders, old men, tradesmen, &c. are always asked to sit down, which this form of apartment permits of, without infringement of respect or etiquette. Even those who are not invited to sit down come and stand below the balustrade, and thus every class in Turkey becomes acquainted with the other; and the idea of animosity between different grades or classes of society, is what never entered any man's head.

bottom of the room is lined with wooden work. Cupboards, for the stowage of bedding; open spaces, like pigeon-holes, for vases, with water, sherbet, or flowers; marble slabs and basins, for a fountain, with painted landscapes as a back-ground. In these casements are the doors. At the sides, in the angles, or in the centre, of this lower portion, and over the doors, curtains are hung, which are held up by attendants as you enter.

It is this form of apartment which gives to their houses and kiosks so irregular, yet so picturesque an air. The rooms are jutted out, and the outline deeply cut in, to obtain the light requisite for each room. A large space is consequently left vacant in the centre, from which all the apartments enter; this central hall, termed "*Divan Hané*," gives great dignity to an Eastern mansion.

The square portion of the room is occupied on the three sides by a broad sofa, with cushions all round, leaning against the wall, and rising to the sill of the windows, so that, as you lean on them, you command the view all round. The effect of this arrangement of the seats and windows is, that you have always your back to the light, and your face to the door. The continuity of the windows, without intervening wall or object, gives a perfect command of the scene without; and your position in sitting makes you feel, though in a room, con-

stantly in the presence of external nature. The light falls also in a single mass, and from above, affording pictorial effects dear to the artist. The windows are seldom higher than six feet. Above the windows, a cornice runs all round the room, and from it hang festoons of drapery. Above this, up to the ceiling, the wall is painted with arabesque flowers, fruit, and arms. Here there is a second row of windows, with double panes of stained glass. There are curtains on the lower windows, but not on the upper ones. If necessary or desirable, the light below may be excluded;* but it is admitted from above, mellowed and subdued by stained glass. The roof is highly painted and ornamented. It is divided into two parts. The one which is over the square portion of the room occupied by the triclinium, is also square, and sometimes vaulted; the other is an oblong portion over the lower part of the room close to the door; this is generally lower and flat.

The sofa, which runs round three sides of the square, is raised about fourteen inches. A deep fringe, or festoons of puckered cloth, hang down to the floor.† The sofa is a little higher before than behind; and is about four feet in width. The

* In the harems the lower windows are latticed.

† On the floor there are seldom carpets. Fine mats are used in summer, felt in winter, and over that, cloth the same as on the sofas, which has an effect, in the simplicity and unity of

angles are the seats of honour;* though there is no idea of putting two persons on the same footing by placing one in one corner, and another in the other. The right corner is the chief place; then the sofa along the top, and general proximity to the right corner. But even here the Eastern's respect for man above circumstances is shewn. The relative value of the positions all round the room are changed, should the person of the highest rank accidentally occupy another place. These combinations are intricate, but they are uniform.

So far the room is ancient Greek. The only thing Turkish is a thin square cushion or shilteh, which is laid on the floor in the angle formed by the divan, and is the representative of the sheepskin of the Turcoman's tent. It is by far the most comfortable place; and here, not unfrequently, the Grandees, when not in ceremony, place themselves, and then their guests sit upon the floor around, personifying a group of their nomade ancestors.

In the change of customs effected during the last few years, nothing has been more injurious, and more to be deplored, than the degradation of taste, and loss of comfort, in the style of their apartments.

colour, which is most remarkable. In the actual breaking up of habits, one of the first things that went was taste in colour. The modern houses present the most shocking and vulgar contrasts.

* So also among the ancient Greeks.

The attempt at imitating what they did not understand, has produced a confusion inconvenient in practice and ridiculous in effect. The high narrow sofa which you now see stuck at one end of the room, like a long chest with a padded cover, and chairs round the others, is neither Oriental nor European; and the doors ornamented with chintz curtains, festooned and drawn to either side, and tucked up to lackered copper-work, would make a stranger think that all around he sees the ends of tent-beds. The construction of palaces for the Sultan, in imitation of Europe, with straight and regular lines, has entirely sacrificed that form of apartments which was not only so elegant, convenient, and classical; but which was intimately associated with their habits, and therefore with principles and with duties.

In the modern buildings, the walls are painted of one colour, and the roofs of another; and style and taste, comfort and originality, have disappeared from their buildings as completely as from their dress: but these aberrations of the day must be kept out of sight till we have formed to ourselves a clear idea of the original type, when alone we can be able to judge of the value of what exists, and of the effect of alterations.

This form of apartment, the happy selection of position, the rigid uniformity of structure, the total absence of these ornamental details which make our rooms look like storeshops, must have

been the abode of a people sober in mind and dignified in manner, while the ample means of accommodation for guests, indicated a hospitable character and a convivial spirit. The undeviating form of the apartment leaves no ambiguity as to the relative position which each individual is entitled to occupy, while the necessity of that arrangement is itself the effect of a freer intercourse between various ranks, than would be practicable with our manners and apartments. Position in a room becomes therefore a question of gravity and importance. It was by seeing Easterns first introduced into our apartments, and the confusion into which they were thereby thrown, that the effect of the form of their apartments on their manners, and the connexion of the one and the other, first occurred to me.

This mode of construction, independent of its superiority with regard to light, and modes of approach, has also the advantage of combining economy (in furniture, if not in architecture) with elegance, and simplicity with dignity. It is characteristic of the order, cleanliness, and decorum of their domestic habits.

The reader has now, I hope, some idea of the place of reception, and, consequently, of the importance of presenting himself with self-possession, but without presumption, and with a consciousness that his personal consideration is always contingent on his knowledge of the ideas and feelings of those

around him. But, before introducing a European stranger, I must introduce a native visitor.

The Osmanli guest rides into the court, dismounts on the stone for that purpose, close to the landing-place. He has been preceded and announced by an attendant. A servant of the house gives notice to his master in the selamlik, not by proclaiming his name aloud, but by a sign, which intimates the visitor's rank, or, perhaps, even his name. The host, according to his rank, proceeds to meet him, at the foot of the stairs, at the top of the stairs, at the door of the room, or he meets him in the middle of the room, or he only steps down from the sofa, or stands up on the sofa, or merely makes a motion to do so.* It belongs to the guest to salute first. As he pronounces the words "*Selam Aleikum,*" he bends down, as if to touch or take up the dust, or the host's robe, with his right hand, and then carries it to his lips and forehead. The master of the house immediately returns, "*Aleikum Selam,*" with the same action, so that they appear to bend down together. This greeting, quickly despatched, without pause or

* If a stranger, unknown and unannounced, enters a room, the measure of his first step, the point where he stops to make his salutation, and the attitude he assumes preparatory to his doing so, wholly imperceptible as they would be to a European, convey, instantaneously, to the master of the house, the quality of the guest, the reception he expects, and which no man exacts without being entitled to.

interval, instead of pointing the way, and disputing who is to go first, the master immediately precedes his guest into the room, and then, turning round, makes way for his passage to the corner, which, if he refuses to take, he may for a moment insist upon, and each may take the other's arm, as leading him to that part. With the exception of this single point, the whole ceremonial is performed with a smoothness and regularity, as if executed by machinery. There is no struggle as to who is to walk first; there is no offering and thanking, no moving about of seats or chairs; no difficulty in selecting places; there are no helpings; no embarrassment resulting from people not knowing, in the absence of a code of etiquette, what they have to do. There is no bowing and scraping at leave-taking, keeping people a quarter of an hour awkwardly on their legs; every thing is smooth, tranquil, and like clockwork, every body knowing his place, and places and things being always the same.

I feel considerable embarrassment in pursuing these details. The most important and solemn matters, when they belong to different customs, appear trivial, or even ridiculous, in narration. I must, therefore, crave the indulgence of the reader, and am encouraged to proceed, chiefly, in the belief that these details may enable future travellers to commence their intercourse with the East on less disadvantageous terms than I have done myself.

The guest being seated, it is now the turn of the master of the house, and of the other guests, if any, to salute the new comer, if a stranger from a distance, by the words, "*Hosk geldin, sefa geldin;*" and, if a neighbour, by the words, "*Sabahtiniz heirola,*" "*aksham shifler heirola,*" &c. according to the time of the day, repeating the same actions already described. The guest returns each salute separately. There is no question of introduction or presentation. It would be an insult to the master of the house not to salute his guest. The master then orders the pipes, by a sign indicating their quality; and coffee, by the words "*Cavé smarla;*" or, if for people of low degree, "*Cavé getur;*" or, if the guest is considered the host, that is, if he is of superior rank to the host, he orders, or the master asks from him permission to do so. The pipes have been cleared away on the entrance of the guest of distinction; the attendants now re-appear with pipes, as many servants as guests, and, after collecting in the lower part of the room, they step up together, or nearly so, on the floor, in the centre of the triclinium, and then radiate off to the different guests, measuring their steps, so as to arrive at once, or with a graduated interval. The pipe, which is from five to seven feet in length, is carried in the right hand, poised upon the middle finger, with the bowl forward, and the mouthpiece towards the servant's breast, or over his shoulder. He measures, with his eye, a distance from the

mouth of the guest to a spot on the floor, corresponding with the length of the pipe he carries. As he approaches, he halts, places the bowl of the pipe upon this spot, then, whirling the stick gracefully round, while he makes a stride forward with one foot, presents the amber and jewelled mouthpiece within an inch or two of the guest's mouth. He then drops on his knee, and, raising the bowl of the pipe from the ground, places under it a shining brass platter (tepsi), which he has drawn from his breast.

Next comes coffee.[1] If the word has been "*Cavė smarla,*" the Cafiji presents himself at the bottom of the room, on the edge of the raised floor, supporting on the palms of both hands, at the height of his breast, a small tray, containing the little coffee-pots and cups, entirely concealed with rich brocade. The attendants immediately cluster round him, the brocade covering is raised from the tray, and thrown over the Cafiji's head and shoulders. When each attendant has got his cup ready, they turn round at once and proceed in the direction of the different guests, measuring their steps as before. The small cups (flinjan) are placed in silver holders (zarf), of the same form as the cup, but spreading a little at the bottom: these are of open silver work, or of filigree; they are sometimes gold and jewelled, and sometimes of fine china. This the attendant holds between the point of the finger and thumb, carrying it before him,

with the arm slightly bent. When he has approached close to the guest, he halts for a second, and, stretching downwards his arm, brings the cup, with a sort of easy swing, to the vicinity of the receiver's mouth; who, from the way in which the attendant holds it, can take the tiny offering without risk of spilling the contents, or of touching the attendant's hand. Crank and rickety as these coffee-cups seem to be, I have never, during nine years, seen a cup of coffee spilt in a Turkish house; and, with such soft and eel-like movements do the attendants glide about, that, though long pipes, and the winding snakes of narguillés, cover the floor when coffee is presented by the numerous attendants, you never see an accident of any kind, a pipe stepped on, or a narguillé swept over by their flowing robes, though the difficulty of picking their steps is still further increased by the habit of retiring backwards, and of presenting, in as far as it is possible, whether in servants or in guests, the face to the person served or addressed.

When coffee has been presented, the servants retire to the bottom of the room, where they stand with their hands crossed, each watching the cup he has presented, and has to carry away.* But, not

* Nothing is more offensive to Easterns than a tray;—a tray extinguishes the whole dignity of an establishment. Once, while stopping on a journey at the house of a European, my attendants (Turks) entered the room, in the ordinary manner,

to interfere with the guest's fingers, he has now to make use of another manœuvre to get possession of it. The guest holds out the cup by the silver zarf, the attendant opening one hand places it under, then brings the palm of the other upon the top of the cup; the guest relinquishes his hold, and the attendant retires backward with the cup thus secured.

After finishing his cup of coffee, each guest makes his acknowledgment to the master of the house, by the salutation above described, called *temena*, which is in like manner returned; and the master of the house, or he who is in his place, may make the same acknowledgment to any guest whom he is inclined particularly to honour. But, in this most important portion of Turkish ceremonial, the combinations are far too numerous to be detailed.

When the guest retires, it is always after asking leave to go. From a similar custom has probably remained our expression "taking *leave*," and the French "prendre *congé*." To this question the master of the house replies, "Douvlet icbal-ileh," or "saadet ileh," or "saghligé ileh," according

to present the pipes and coffee. A Greek servant of the house brought the cups on a tray, and walked up with his tray to the guests, who were Turks. In an instant my servants turned on their heels, and quitted the apartment. Had I enforced attendance it would have been in violation of their self-esteem, and I should have been despised, and powerless.

to the rank of his guest, which expressions mean "with the fortune of a prince," "with prosperity," "with health." He then gets up, and proceeds before his guest to the point to which he thinks fit to conduct him. He there stops short; the retiring guest comes up, says, "Allah ismailaduk," to which the host replies, "Allah manet ola," going through the same ceremonies as before; but, on both sides, the utmost expedition is used to prevent embarrassment, and not to keep each other on their legs.*

But in this ceremonial there is nothing either lengthy or abrupt. It is gone through sedately but rapidly, and so unobtrusively, that you have to pay considerable attention to observe what is going on; yet the effect of the whole is impressive; and no stranger but must be struck with the air of dignity in repose, and calmness in action; hence the Eastern proverb — *Guzelic Cherkistan; Mahl*

* The Greeks make use of two modes of taking leave: one derived from the Turks, the other from the Italians. The phrase used in the former mode is, νὰ μοὺ δοστε τὴν ἄδειαν — "Will you give me leave." It is common among the Eastern portion of the Greeks, and in the interior. The other is, νὰ σὰς σηκῶσω τὸ βάρος — "To relieve you from the weight;" — from the Italian, "levo l'incommodo." This is more used among the vulgarised Greeks of the West, and probably is by this time common to free Greece. This expression (levo l'incommodo), indicating ideas of intercourse and hospitality so hostile to those of the East, seems to me a traditionary record of that great people, among whom the words "stranger" and "enemy" were almost synonymous.

*Hindostan; Akil Frangistan; Sultanatlic Ali Osman:*—"For beauty, Circassia; for wealth, Hindostan; for science, Europe:—but, for majesty, Ali Osman." (The Ottoman Empire.)

In a Turkish symposium, instead of being under the necessity of talking for the amusement of others, it is considered decorous to keep silence before those who are to be treated with deference and respect; and, consequently, before a man of superior rank, if the guests have any thing private to communicate one to the other, it is done in a whisper; when you wish to communicate any thing to a servant or an inferior, you call him close to you, instead of giving the order aloud.

The services that are mutually rendered to each other, by people who sit in the same room, or eat at the same table, are such as in Europe would, if people understood or required them, be rendered only by menials; they are rendered, however, without affectation, and without any idea of degradation; and, in the midst of this constant demonstration of respect, and notwithstanding the immense interval that seems placed between rank and rank, and between the highest and the lowest, there is no impress of servility in the air, forms of speech, or the tones of the humblest attendant, who is never spoken to with haughtiness. A master, in addressing his servant, will say, "Effendum," without thinking such an expression a condescension, and will use epithets of endearment,

which will be received in kindness, but without presumption. For instance: "My lamb," "my soul," "my child." — "Kuzum," "Dganum," "Ogloum."

While the household thus receives value and importance from the establishment of social intercourse between master and servants, the character of menial and mercenary service is effaced; and the children, the relatives in their various degrees, the dependants, are assimilated to the household. It is not by the degradation of these to the rank of menials, but by the elevation of servants above the character of mercenaries, that sympathies are developed, affections strongly knit; and here may be understood the expression, "the service of love knows no degradation." This domestic character I cannot omit, in attempting to sketch the aspect of society; for, unless the reader understands how class becomes linked with class — how respect can coincide with dependence — and affection with a menial station, it would be impossible for him to comprehend the decorum reigning in an apartment where one side is almost constantly occupied by men of the humble, or even the very lowest ranks of society. From these combinations and habits spring that constant watchfulness — that "eye service,"*

* This Scriptural expression does not mean as we interpret the phrase: "Doing before people's faces what you would not do behind their backs." It conveys, in two happy words, the peculiarly Eastern causes of man's besetting sin — pride.

— which gives to every Eastern establishment the air of a court.

From a Turkish réunion, however, neither vivacity nor merriment are banished; but there never enters familiarity, gesticulation, nor vociferation. Familiarity is excluded by the all-powerful control of early habit and education; gesticulation and vociferation are equally so excluded, but they are also rendered superfluous by the power and richness of their language.

I have been often struck with the facility which, as compared with other Europeans, an Englishman possesses of making his way amongst the Turks, and am inclined to attribute it to the manner of conversation, which perhaps flows from common qualities in the English and Turkish languages; while a Frenchman, whose character of mind must be, to the eye of an Eastern, closely allied to that of the Englishman, seems at once marked as one with whom no sympathies can exist. The nervelessness of the French language has, I conceive, given to those who speak it, a loudness of tone, and extravagance of gesture, which are intolerable to the sensitive nerves and the high breeding of an Eastern gentleman.

I shall endeavour, by an example, to render intelligible my meaning as to the effect of language on manner. A Frenchman says, "J'aime." It is replied to him, "You do not." The French language not affording vocabular means of strength-

ening the assertion, he can only reiterate, "J'aime!" but he does so in a louder tone — he calls to his aid the muscles of his arms, as well as those of his throat, from the deficiency of his language to convey the depth of his convictions. So simple a cause, acting through centuries, must increase acuteness of tones, engender habits of gesticulation, and swell the importance of expression at the expense of judgment.

The Englishman says, "I love." The proposition is denied. He retorts with lowered tone, and with perfect calmness, "I *do* love." His language affording him the means of strengthening his assertion without the assistance of intonation or of action, it is by the suppression of display that he can best reach the conviction of others.

This power is possessed by the Turkish language in a still higher degree than by the English. The Turk can say, "I *do* love," but he can say it in a single word. He has also an equal facility of negation as of assertion, and can combine both ideas with every mood and tense of the verb; add to this the extraordinary euphony of his language, and some idea may be formed of the share belonging to modulation in the discipline of social intercourse.

I have thus endeavoured to place before the reader the society to which I am about to introduce the Western stranger. I have described the

theatre, the machinery, and the expectations of the audience; now, for the hero.

The European arrives, probably on foot, attended by an interpreter; he has nothing about him of the state and style which commands respect; he meets with none, he expects none; his approach is perfectly unheeded. He ascends the staircase in his tight and meagre costume — the costume of the despised class of the country. Some of the attendants, in reply to his inquiries, point to the door of the Selamlik. A shuffling is then heard by those seated within; the Frank is getting off his boots and putting on his slippers, or drawing slippers on above his boots; when he gets up with a reddened face, and escapes from the door-curtain, which has fallen on his head and shoulders, he comes tripping into the room in his inconvenient chaussure, and is certain to stumble, if not before, on the step at the bottom of the room.

Ushered in thus to the party, he looks with a startled air all round, to find out which is the master of the house; he does not know what salutation to make, he does not know where to make it; he does not know whether he ought to be saluted by the host first; and his bewilderment is completed by the motionless composure of every thing around him. He then retreats abashed to the lower part of the room, or, in modest ignorance, not wishing to put himself forward, retires

to the *corner* which has been left vacant by the mutual deference of two grandees. He then either perches himself, like an Egyptian statue, on the very edge of the sofa, or throws himself lolling backwards, with his legs spread out; an attitude scarcely less indecorous than elevating the legs on the table would be in England. These are incidents which may deprive a stranger of consideration, though they do not render him disagreeable or offensive; but, unfortunately, too often our countrymen make a display of awkwardness and presumption, by no means calculated either to smooth the way for themselves, or to leave the door of friendship open to future travellers. Nothing is more common than treading upon bowls of pipes; knocking over the coal or the ashes on an embroidered carpet, or upsetting a narguillé; scattering the fire about, while it rolls over pouring the water on the floor: and many a stranger, who considers himself degraded by putting on slippers, will walk in with an assuming and stately air with his boots on; which is revolting alike to every feeling of cleanliness, and every principle of decorum. *

No sooner is the Frank seated, than his health

* We have recently in India enacted some regulation to make the natives wear their shoes in the courts of justice. The possession of an immense country by a handful of foreigners who, I will not say have not the habit of respecting, but who have not the faculty of understanding CUSTOM, is a phenomenon

is inquired after by the master of the house, and by those present. Observing that the first is speaking to him, he turns an inquiring look upon his interpreter, to ascertain what the nature of the communication may be, while at the same moment the interpreter is endeavouring to call his attention to the salutations from the guests, all round the room: this completely puzzles him; he twists and turns backwards and forwards, looking one of the most ridiculous figures it is possible to conceive. My own gravity has repeatedly sunk under such a trial; but I never saw a Turk betray the slightest symptom of surprise or merriment, which could be construed into a breach of politeness, or become a source of embarrassment to the stranger. This is no sooner over than the Frank (for he cannot sit silent) begins putting questions, which are rendered more or less faithfully, but, generally, less than more so; and, if he is very talkative or inquisitive, the interpreter takes leave to introduce matter or to omit, or gives a significant wink to the master of the house.

But when there are several Europeans together, then does the effect become truly lamentable. The slips of awkwardness, and the chances of mistake, though multiplied, are nothing compared, as their

only to be explained by the character for power which England owed to her former European station. Yet, what might England not be in Asia, and therefore in Europe, did she possess a slight insight into Eastern institutions and character?

Eastern observers would conclude, to the rudeness of their mutual intercourse, the harshness of tones, loudness of voice, and shortness of manner, in addressing each other, and the differences of opinion that are constantly arising. The distracted Dragoman, overwhelmed by the multiplicity of questions directed by the European party to him, can only shrug his shoulders, and say to the Turks, "They are mad;" while he calms the restlessness of his employers, by saying, "They won't answer you;" or, "they are fools;" or, "they don't understand." The effect produced on an Eastern, by such exhibitions, is humiliating in the extreme; but it can only be estimated by one who has sate looking on as a spectator, knowing the feelings of both parties. If this were a position of necessity, we might submit to it with patience, but what aggravates the case is, that any traveller who chooses, for a couple of days, to attend to customs, will find his position wholly altered.

The Dragoman of Mahmoud Hamdi, Pasha of Larissa, spoke both English and French. An English man-of-war touched at Volo, and two officers were sent with a message to the Pasha: a lieutenant, I believe, and a midshipman. The Pasha directed the interpreter not to know English: one of the officers fortunately knew a few words of French, and their observations were conveyed by this circuitous route to the Pasha. This

difficulty of communication they made up for with quaint observations, in their native tongue, on every thing they heard and saw. They evinced the greatest anxiety to see the Pasha's pipes arrive. The Pasha, on understanding this, ordered two of the richest and longest to be brought; their admiration knew no bounds; the dimensions were calculated, and the value estimated; and the envy of the gun-room and the cockpit anticipated, if the precious objects could be carried off. This, of course, was faithfully reported to the Pasha, with other discourse, in that schoolboy style which unfortunately is not confined to inmates of the cockpit, but is become the general characteristic of Englishmen in other lands.

The Pasha thus gave himself the gratification which an English spinster might have had in sending to a circulating library for a volume of Travels in Turkey; drew equally profound conclusions respecting the English character, and by the same process of reasoning which has established our opinions regarding his country, Mahmoud Pasha, arrived at an equally just conclusion respecting the piratical disposition of the English navy. This story was told me by the Pasha himself, who, of course, only had the Dragoman's report; I, therefore, by no means undertake to vouch for its accuracy.

I do not venture on the description of the blunders of a dinner-scene: the touching of viands

with the left hand; the desperate and often unavailing efforts to obtain food; the repugnance excited by the mode of eating; the mess made on the table, and clothes of the unfortunate patient himself; the destruction of embroidered napkins and brocade floor-cloths—might afford many ludicrous positions for the lover of the burlesque, and do afford solid reasons for the exclusion of Europeans from Turkish society.

## CHAPTER XXII.

RAMBLES IN OLYMPUS, AND ASCENT TO ITS SUMMIT.

I NOW began to feel the absolute necessity of making myself acquainted with the Greek Armatoles, scattered over the mountains to the north of Thessaly; and, daily, the summits of Mount Olympus seemed to invite me to scale their heights. I could not have obtained a Turkish guard sufficiently strong, merely because I was curious to see the Greek mountaineers; and such a proposal to the Pasha, suspicious as the authorities naturally were of England, might have placed, on their part, an insuperable barrier to my project. However, to neglect no precaution that might be useful, I communicated my intentions to an intelligent young Greek, a native of Mount Olympus. After attempting to dissuade me from the enterprise, he drew up for me a plan of operations. I was first to reach Alassona, there to get acquainted with some of the stray Armatoles, and, according to the companions I might find, I was

either to direct my steps toward the mountains of the west, or, turning to the east, ascend Mount Olympus itself. Becoming warmed with his subject, his apprehensions gradually melted away, and he began to be ashamed of shrinking from visiting his native country, into which a stranger ventured alone. He therefore proposed himself as my guide and companion; a proposition which I declined. I had become very fond of travelling alone, which, though often exposing one to inconvenience and annoyance, greatly increases the chances of interest and instruction. In the present instance, I determined on starting, with my hammock strapped to the back of my saddle, and with no *impedimenta* of any kind, without a servant, and without even coin in my pocket, to set forward on my faithful mule. This animal I feel it a duty formally to introduce to the reader's attention. He had acquired a certain degree of celebrity by extensive travel, and by qualities that were first appreciated on the banks of the Nile; he had visited, subsequently, the kingdom of Minos and the mountain of Ida; he had thence again crossed the seas, landed on the Morea, supported Ibrahim Pasha under many of his difficulties in Greece, and, transferred to my service from that of the Egyptian satrap, he had visited three fourths of the ruins of the Hellenic race, with which he had become so familiar, that he came to a dead stop at every hewn stone; and, finally, he had collected herbs in far greater

numbers, and on more extensive fields, than Galen or Dioscorides. In consequence of these various pursuits and qualifications, he became known under different names. Some persons, devoted to archæology, called him Pausanias; botanists termed him Linnæus; while I, dwelling more on his moral dispositions, called him Aristotle, because, like that olden worthy, he sometimes kicked his master. With such romantic projects in my brain, and mounted on a charger so distinguished, it was with justifiable exultation of mind, and buoyancy of spirits, that I issued, a few minutes before sunrise, on the last day of July, from the gates of Larissa. The plain lay before me, and Olympus soared on high, his triple crest illumined by the morning rays. Breaking away from the road or path, I put Aristotle to his speed, and only reined him in when I had put sufficient distance between me and Larissa to make me feel that I had escaped and was alone, and till I reached a tumulus, where I turned to look at Larissa, and its thirty minarets, glittering in the sun. As I stood on the solitary mound, admiring the unrivalled prospect, I perceived a horseman, at full speed, making after me. Friend or foe, thought I, he is but one, and it will be safer, as well as more decorous, to meet face to face, and with the vantage ground on which I stood. The horseman came bounding along, but, perceiving neither lance in rest, pistol in hand, nor the picturesque dangling of the sabre from the

wrist, I quietly awaited his approach; and it was only when, within three yards, his horse was thrown at once back on his haunches, that I recognised, under a ponderous turban and a broad and shaggy capote, the companion whose services I had rejected the night before. "Ah, ha!" said he, "you wished to escape from me, but I knew my *at* (steed) would beat your mule, and I thought when you saw me in this costume you would not be ashamed of my company." The poor fellow had imagined that I had rejected him in consequence of the Rayah costume which he wore. I assured him that I never thought either of his costume the night before, nor of escaping from him that morning; but I pointed out the peril we now should both run in consequence of that costume; that I trusted for my safety to the absence of all objects of attraction, as also of all means of defence, and to the influence which I had become accustomed to exercise, and in which I felt confident. But, in that costume, and with those arms, we should be shot before any questions could be asked or answered. I was armed only with a sturdy stick, which, in these countries, has the incalculable advantage of not being considered a weapon.* I therefore told him that, if before I

* I owe the preservation of my life, on several occasions, to the determination never to carry pistols. They are of no use against robbers; long shots must decide the day, if resistance is made. In other circumstances, the difficulty of making

declined his company, I now decidedly objected to it; but subsequently agreed, in consequence of his importunity, that he should accompany me as far as Alassona.

We reached the foot of Olympus, at the fountain-head of the spring, four or five miles from Tournovo, the pure and light water of which is supposed to contribute so much to the beauty of the dyes of this district. We sat down on a green sward, under some ever-beautiful platani, close to the overflowing stream.

The marble rock behind us, which overhangs Tournovo, meets the gneiss and granite of Olympus, near this spot; to the north, below their juncture, and in the very centre of a retiring angle of the chain, is the village of Mati. The contracted portion of the plain before us, in the direction of Tempe, moistened by this source, is of an emerald-green sward, with dark green reeds, brushwood, and trees, and contrasting with the bare rounded forms of the marble formation, and

up your mind in decisive moments; the loss of position, by drawing a weapon, of time in cocking a trigger, give incalculable advantages to a stick, as compared with a pistol or a dagger, especially if you use the stick as a small sword. The rapidity of movement, the effect of what they consider insignificant, the reach of your lunge, while you preserve your equilibrium, and the faculty of disabling an enemy without the destruction of life, and without drawing blood, are considerations of deep moment to one who plunges into eastern adventure.

the dingy, broken, but less naked appearance of schistose Olympus. This water, united with those of the Fountain, near Tournovo, must be the Titaresus of Homer, or ought to be; for the winter torrent, bearing that name, shews now but a broad, white bed, while this crystal water fills its verdant banks; and light, even now, to a proverb, glides along, in a full, clear stream, and, in meeting, spreads itself over the muddy Peneus. After an ascent of scarcely an hour, in a steep ravine, down which poured the legions of Pompey, previous to the battle of Pharsalia, and after a descent of half the distance, the beautiful little mountain plain of Alassona, about ten miles in circumference, opened upon me. Like all the level part of Thessaly, its appearance is that of a lake suddenly congealed into soil, surrounded by an irregular coast, rather than by a circle of hills. Through their openings, to the west, appeared the chain, extending from the Pindus to Olympus. Opposite to the point where we entered, shone the minarets of Alassona, and some whitish cliffs, whence it drew its Homeric epithet; and, on a rock, over it, the monastery. Poplars, mulberries, and vineyards, were scattered around. Tcerichines (from Tcerna, in Bulgarian, a mulberry-tree) is to the right, under the group of Olympus, seated on a gentle rise, with rocks immediately overhanging it. The spreading roofs, appearing above each other, and mingled with foliage, give the place no less an air of well-

being, than an aspect of beauty. We passed through vineyards, choked up with weeds; and through plantations of luxuriant mulberry-trees, which I, with difficulty, was convinced had been shorn of their branches only twenty days before.

On entering the town (Tcerichines), it appeared to have escaped the devastation to which, of late, I had been accustomed; yet nowhere have I had the miseries to which this country has been a prey presented to me in so impressive a manner. My companion had been brought up at the school here, and he had not visited it for twelve years. At every step he pointed out some contrast in its present to its past state, with all the force which simplicity gives to feeling. Now he recognised the servant of an old friend, whose entire household had disappeared; now, the parent, whose children were no more; now he stopped at the spot where some happy mansion had stood; anon, at the site of some desolate dwelling, where he had once been happy. He insisted on our going to his former schoolmaster. We soon found the house, but, strange to say, the door was gone. After calling for some time, an old head, with a little black beard, and spectacles on nose, presented itself at the window. We were directed through a door at some distance, and found our way into the abode of the Λογιοτατος by a hole in his garden wall, a classic mode of "sporting oak." The schoolmaster we found seated on a carpet, at one

end of an extensive space, that once had been separated into several apartments. The partition-walls had been knocked down; the roof, on one side, was supported only on stakes; the floor was partly broken up. During the last three years, it had been a konak for Albanians; but, since he had discovered the expedient of walling up his door, and entering by a concealed passage, he lived unmolested in the midst of the ruins. He laughed heartily as he related his story, knowingly tapping his forehead with his finger, somewhat in the favourite attitude of Swift, which, it is said, first led Gall to fix on the organ of wit.

I was afterwards taken to visit one of the former wealthy inhabitants of the place, and, as the Διδασκαλος told me, a learned man, and a philosopher. We entered a spacious court, surrounded by buildings of considerable extent; we walked through several dilapidated passages and corridors; untied the strings that fastened some doors; but could find no living soul. At length, a sharp and cracked voice answering us, we were conducted by the sound to a little chamber, where, seated in a corner, on an old pelisse, and writing on a stool, we found the philosopher of whom we were in search. He was quite disconcerted by the unexpected appearance of a European, but immediately assumed an air of constrained ease. I was at once pleased and grieved to observe the contrast this character displayed, with the incessant and empty

lamentations and aspirations of the Greeks. He never once alluded to public complaints, or to private misfortunes; and artfully manœuvred to get a neighbour to make and bring in coffee as if served by his own people. He told me that it was quite intentionally that he left his court and house in the forlorn condition in which I saw it, that it might not attract the Albanians. This was the first time I had made acquaintance with a Greek who did not parade his misfortunes, his poverty (real or simulated) before me; and, without being asked, in the first five minutes, δὲν εἶναι καμμία καλλοσύνη, κανένα ἔλεος; "Is there to be no kindness, no mercy for us?" "It is many years," said he, "since, in these parts, the children of the Hellenes have had to blush to be looked on by a freeman's eye. All that remains to us now is the cup of philosophy, that is, the dregs; the rest is gone. Looking at me, my costume, my condition, and my den, you might well imagine yourself on a visit to Diogenes; but there, I am sorry to say, all likeness ends."

Tcerichines, though presenting such a scene of devastation, is, perhaps, the least miserable place in Olympus. Corn must be sown, and vineyards laboured; but the mulberry produces its leaves spontaneously. A little silkworm seed can easily be procured; and silk, being of easy transport, easily concealed, and of ready sale, is almost equal to ready money. The mulberry-trees are remark-

able by their broad, deep green, and glossy leaves. They do not strip the branches of their leaves, but cut off the yearly shoots. They say the leaves are thus more abundant and succulent; and the boughs, being laid on the worms, these mount on them; are more easily cleaned, more healthy, and thrive better. After the shoots have been cut, others spring again, with surprising rapidity; so that, a month after the operation, the tree appears as if it never had been injured. The shoots remain till the ensuing season.

From Tcerichines to Alassona, it is less than half an hour, along the base of the hills. Decomposed feldspar, from the gneiss, light-coloured sand and clay, give the white aspect to the cliffs, which form the northern belt of the beautiful little plain; though now these cliffs seemed almost of a darker hue than the withered grass; but, before the cliffs had been so much obliterated, and when their hue contrasted with forests above and cultivation below, they must have appeared quite white. The Monastery of the Virgin probably occupies the site of the Acropolis of Oloasson. For the side posts of the door of the church, a slab of marble, containing a long inscription, in small letters, has been used. The inscription is illegible. A column, within, is entirely covered with small, well-formed letters, but it is so much abraded that I could not make out four letters together; another column has borne a similar inscription, which has been carefully picked out. Looking on these marbles, I

thought of Johnson reading over the catalogue of Plutarch's last works, and comparing himself to the owner of a vessel reading the bill of lading of a shipwrecked cargo. But here the ruin was not the work of chance, but of the hands bound to defend and preserve. In the pavement, there is a bas relief of a lion fighting with a bull, in good style, but much worn.

The Monastery of the Virgin Mary was one of the richest and most important in Thessaly or Greece. An act of Cantacuzene granted it most extensive possessions, the original of which I could not see. A portion of these possessions were confirmed to it by firman, with immunity from head-money on sheep, from duty on vines. It is vakouf. Its charter is dated Adrianople, 825 of the Hegyra, the year of the capture of Constantinople, and it is much broken, and pasted on green silk. The monks told me it was granted to them by Orchan. I thought this so extraordinary, that I made as minute a copy as I could of the document, though, at the time, I did not know a Turkish letter. From this copy, I have ascertained the firman, as above stated, to be from Mohammed II.

All these immunities have now been withdrawn, and replaced by exactions and oppressions. Long and sad is the story of grievances I have had to listen to in this as in other monasteries.

They keep up their flocks, they told me, and work their fields and vineyards, *at a loss*, on money borrowed, chiefly, from Turks, who, daily expect-

ing the present disorders to cease, reckon on a sure and ample harvest. I received a statement of their losses in exactions, for the last ten years, which was drawn up by the monks, assembled in committee, and given to me, with the earnest request that I should send it to the Allied Powers.

Fifteen days before, the brother of Arslan Bey had been shut up in the monastery by the regulars of Mahmoud Pasha. They pointed out to me the fields of strife; and exulted in the thrashing the Nizzam had given the Albanians; but they gave due praise to either chief, for their exertions in preserving order, and protecting and saving both monastery and town. I had heard a good deal of their library, but was prevented from seeing it, as it was in a crypt, or concealed chamber, the entrance to which was through a room where an Albanian had konak. A table, with chairs around it, tablecloth, plates, knives, and forks, was spread in the moonshine for supper, the old Abbot leading me to it with no little exultation. I may here, once for all, remark that European style, as imitated by an Eastern, I have always found as disagreeable and filthy as Eastern habits imitated by a Western.

There was to be a panigiri, or fair, held on the morrow (St. Elias), at which the captains to the west of Olympus are accustomed to assemble and make merry; but, finding it a day's journey distant, and being much more anxious to ascend Olympus, I reluctantly declined the offer of one of the monks to accompany me thither, at least till I

had ascertained the impracticability of ascending Olympus. At Tcerichines I had heard of a Captain Poulio, but no one could tell me more about him than this: that the rising and the setting sun never found him in the same place. However, a Palicar, hearing of my inquiries, came in a mysterious manner to hint, that, if I had any business with Captain Poulio, he could bring us together. Yielding to the shrugs and signs of my friend, the schoolmaster, I declined the offer. Now, finding I could obtain from no other quarter any intelligence of any neighbouring captain, and piqued by the mystery and difficulty, I determined to return, and to seek for the Palicar. On leaving Alassona, I however met him. He revealed to me the important secret of the village where Poulio was to be found; but it was forty miles off. Finding me little disposed to such a journey, he consoled me by adding, that he had been there yesterday, but "*who knows where he is now?*" Giving up, therefore, every idea of riding the country after this Olympic Manfred, I returned to Tcerichines to consult with my philosophic friend and the learned Didascalos.

The remainder of the day was spent in attempts at dissuasion, and then in the discussion of various projects; and we finally determined on leaving the arrangements to the representative of Diogenes, who volunteered to be ready the next morning to accompany me to the top of Olympus, or to the world's end. Accordingly, next morning,

at dawn, when I presented myself at the gate of the deserted mansion, the little man stood before me as complete a metamorphosis as human being ever underwent, equipped for the journey in a costume worthy the pencil that sketched the "Marriage-á-la-mode." The tidy kalpak, yellow slipper, Jubbee, and Dragomanic air, were converted into something between the Tartar and the scarecrow. To begin by the foundation. On the step of his door stood a pair of shapeless Turkish boots, into which disappeared a pair of spindlelike and diverging calfs, bound tight round by Tartar breeches, which, as they rose beyond the knee, uniting, swelled into the shape and form of a balloon; several jackets, with sleeves either hanging over the hand, or shortened to the fore-arm, enlarged proportionally the superior parts of the figure; an old furred pelisse was heaped on one shoulder; the kalpak, in a napkin, hung on the other side, and a tarbouch (wadded night-cap), which once had been red, was drawn over, and circumscribed the dimensions of a little face, the diminutive lineaments of which were disputed between drollery and benevolence. His morning and glossy countenance beamed with satisfaction as he surveyed his preparations, and was convulsed with laughter when he contemplated his own figure. He had picked up a singular appendage in the shape of a little urchin, which seemed the personification of the proverb of an old head upon young shoulders:—a face of thirty, to a body of seemingly

not nine years of age. All bones and eyes, he appeared, as his patron remarked, to have eaten wood,* instead of pilaf. For this reason, the philosopher had preferred this Flibertigibet to numerous candidates for the honour, rather than the profit, of being his major domo, such habits suiting equally his purse, and a somewhat hasty disposition. The boy was summoned to receive his master's final instructions. He assumed the *pose* of a Palicar; resting on one leg, placing one hand on his hip, and laying the other on the enormous key that was stuck, pistol-wise in his belt. His head was thrown back, while his master's was advanced forward, and bent over him; of course, both arms stuck out behind; while he rocked with the vehemence with which he uttered threats of ξυλο πολλυ ξυλο: "birch and much birch," if, during the stewardship of Spiro, any thing went wrong,—both of them equally unheeding the fits of laughter that seized the spectators. My new companion's Rozinante, not the least strange portion of his equipment, was now brought out; a colokythia, or dried gourd, with water, slung on one side, the kalpak on the other. I ventured an objection to this appendage, useless in the mountains; but he said, "I know you Englishmen. We are now on our way to Olympus; but, an hour hence, may we not be on the road to Salonica or Larissa?"

* ξυλον ἔφαγε. He has been beaten: literally—"he has eaten wood."

Thus equipped, and these arrangements completed, we set forward. The old man, boisterously happy at visiting Olympus again, and with the enthusiasm of a schoolboy, and the fervor of a hero of July (this was in July 1830), quoting Homer, and singing revolutionary Greek songs. Notwithstanding his grotesque appearance, he was every where treated with the utmost respect; and the abuse he was in the constant habit of pouring on the Greeks; and the epithets, "soulless," "spiritless," thick-headed," "bastards of their forefathers, and unworthy of their country and name," in which he delighted to indulge, were received in silence. At the time, I was astonished at this; but I have since discovered that you stand all the better with a people for abusing them, if not from malevolence. One slight deviation from custom or etiquette will injure a stranger more than the expression of any opinions, however outrageous; or the breach of any duty, however sacred.

Before leaving Tcerichines, I must not omit to mention two curious incidents which there occurred to me. The one was a visit from a deputation sent from two or three of the provinces, excluded by the Protocol from the Greek state — Carpenizi and Agrafa, I believe — to make their submission to the Grand Vizier. These districts acquiesced in and even anticipated that decision, and I was at the time shocked with their apparent want of nationality. I asked the deputies if they did not intend

to take advantage of this conjuncture for securing their rights and privileges. That, they answered, was their object; but, as to the mode, they were not agreed amongst themselves; they had, therefore, sent two Primates and two Captains, who should act according to circumstances, after they saw the state of affairs at Monaster, and when they knew, on the one hand, the disposition of the Grand Vizier; and on the other, the opinions of the other Greeks in the higher part of Roumeli. Thus the Captains were of one opinion, and the Primates of another; and the community had recourse to the expedient of having the two opinions represented in the same deputation. Yet, how much more sensible it is to send the representatives of the opposite opinions together, than to send, as great nations do, first a representative of the one, and then a representative of the other. I could not help thinking of the old story, though perhaps not out of date, of the English courier carrying orders in one bag, and counter-orders in the other. The Janus-faced deputation applied to me for a specific by which their two faces should be turned one way, and the two mouth-pieces converted into one; and, like many other practitioners, I ventured on, and boldly announced, a recipe in which I had no faith at the time myself; and, strange to say, the desired effect was produced. "Fix," I said, "your contributions at one sum; secure the privilege of sending one of the Primates with it to Constan-

tinople. The Captains will then retain the authority they have had without meddling with the Paras." The Grand Vizier subsequently entered into this view; and admitted, when I saw him eighteen months afterwards, at Scodra, that such a system, if generally adopted, would entirely change the face of Turkey.

The other incident was an inquiry from the Didaskalos, and from my travelling companion (whom I will term Diogenes, to keep Aristotle company), about Colonel Leake; how he was considered in England? what I thought of him myself? I told them that Colonel Leake was not only well known, but looked up to as the chief, if not the only, authority respecting their country; and that the only work in English, on the Greek Revolution, which would survive the present time, was a small essay of his. I had given way to an emotion of pride in hearing the name of a countryman mentioned, and such minute inquiries after him made in this sequestered hamlet; but I soon discovered that my new friends and I differed in some respect in our opinion. So I inquired how, when, and where they had known Colonel Leake? when the following facts came out:—In some year which I have forgotten, Colonel Leake arrived at Tcerichines with a Buyourdi and a Cavash from Ali Pasha. My friend, Diogenes, was then Codga Bashi, or Primate; and, as he came to this

portion of his narration, he paused, stretched up his turtlelike neck, shook his head, looked me full in the face, and exclaimed, "Who was Ali Pasha to me? What was Ali Pasha's Buyourdi to me? What authority had a Tartar Cavash within the holy precincts of Olympus?" Then resuming, he exposed how he had been delighted warmly to welcome, and kindly to receive, an Englishman and a scholar. But that Colonel Leake, attributing all their kindness and attention to the orders of the Pasha, had contented himself with putting some questions to them, but had never asked after the health of one of them.* Diogenes, highly incensed at not having his health inquired after, had spurred off into the vale of Tempe; whether Colonel Leake was proceeding (probably upon the same Rozinante upon which he now accompanied me, as the event occurred not more than fifteen years be-

* But for this incident I might not have comprehended the value of the instructions given by the Czar of Russia to the first ambassador sent to Soliman the Great, "not to inquire after the health of the Sultan, till the Sultan had inquired after the health of the Czar." All Eastern diplomacy and history is full of incidents bearing upon this point. I need only refer to the recent and interesting details of Burnes's Travels. Every thing is ridiculous that men are not accustomed to; rendering naked a portion of our body, appears to the Easterns a very ridiculous mode of salutation; and yet, taking off the hat on entering a room, in Europe, is almost as essential as inquiries and salutations in the East.

fore), and suspended in the vale of the Muses the following indignant apostrophe, addressed by insulted Hellas to the "hyperborean" intruder.

Εἰς τὸν περιηγητὴν Ιωάννης Λήκ, ἐπιγραφὴ εἰς τὰ τεμπη ἀπο τινας τραικοὺς τῆς Τσαρίτσανης, δυσαρεστηθηκωτας ἀπο τὴν υπερφανείαν του.

Ἡ Ἑλλὰς Ἡρωελεγειο

Καὶ πρὶν μεν Ανάχαρσης ἐπήλθεν ιρόν εἰς οὖδας
Ἔρχονται καὶ νὺν ανδρες ὑπερβόρειοι
Ἀλλ' ὁ μὲν ἱστόρεεν τοιδὲ χραίνουσι πρεθοντες.
Ζιὸν* Λήκ Λόνδρης ανήρ, φὼς ἐμέ, σὸν τὸ δ' ἔπος.

I insert this effusion as a singular instance of that sensitiveness, which a man may travel for years in the East without becoming even conscious of, and therefore remain in equal ignorance of the causes of what he sees, of the things he sees, of the effect he produces, and of the effects he might produce. This incident I have felt to be an invaluable lesson, if it were only from their misjudgment of a man so remarkable for a character the very reverse of their estimate.†

From Tcherichines to the monastery of Spermos, where we were to pass the night, is only a distance of five hours, by the straight road, but we chose a

* This is meant for John: the generic designation of all Englishmen in all foreign lands.

† I once inquired from a gentleman who has, more thoroughly than any other European, made himself master of Eastern manners and customs, how it was that Burkhardt,

circuitous path to pay a visit to one of the Captains, whom we had not the privilege of seeing, though we found his place warm. This entailed on us fourteen hours of a fatiguing journey. On leaving Tcherichines, we immediately commenced the ascent of the mountain. On reaching the summit of the chain of hills that encircles Alassona, we turned round to look on the spreading roots of Olympus; which, seen from below, are rugged and broken mountains, but which appeared, from the spot where we stood, like a sandy plain cut out by deep watercourses, the abrupt sides darkened by immemorial forests of pine and oak. The effect was that of a calcareous slab covered with dendrites.

The central mountain, or rather group, of Olympus, stands alone wholly disconnected from the masses, which appear, when looked at from the plain, to be continuous and connected elevations. When you have climbed and passed over the broken strata, which ascend fully two-thirds the height of the mountain, you come suddenly upon a deep ravine or valley, into which you have to descend, and beyond which the central group, distinct and alone, rises like a fortress from its moat.

with all his knowledge of facts, had appreciated so little the mind of the people. The reply was, "Because he constantly *put himself* in a false and uncomfortable position—he had an unfortunate practice—*he used to whistle!*"

The sun was setting behind us as we reached the point where the mountain broke upon us in its solitude and grandeur. The snow, sprinkled over the summit, was tinged of a red hue by the effect of the setting sun, which, at this season of the year, gave the declining rays the appearance of a shower of brick-dust and of gold.* The lower portion of the group was covered with dark forests, and amongst them, just where the mountain rises from the plain or valley, appeared the white walls of the monastery of Spermos—a not unwelcome sight.

Having got sight of our destination for the night, I pushed on alone, according to my practice; and, thinking myself safer a-head than in company with some wild acquaintance which the philosopher had picked up, I succeeded in reaching it about a couple of hours after sunset. I knocked, but it was long before I could get any notice taken of me. At length the monks came out to reconnoitre on a little balcony, constructed for that purpose, when I was subjected to a most minute interrogatory; and it was by appealing to their charity and humanity, not only as a way-worn traveller, but as one who had just escaped the most imminent dangers, that, seeing I was

* I once observed the same effect in Italy, over the plain of Thrasimene, and looking from the natal city of Fra Bartalomeo, who, in more than one painting, has attempted the same effect.

quite alone, I succeeded in obtaining admission. The heavy bar was removed, and the rusty hinges set a-creaking; and, no sooner had they barred the door again, than, putting in practice the lesson I had so lately learned, I politely inquired after all their healths.

I was no sooner seated by a blazing fire, than inquiries were made, as they took me for some government officer, after servants, baggage, guards, and such like things. I replied, that two hours before, while journeying in company with their much-esteemed compatriot of Tcherichines, we had been overtaken by some savage Klephts; but that, being better mounted, I had made my escape; that they had now got with them my travelling companion; and I had little doubt they would make use of him to gain admission to the monastery. Now this was exactly the case, only that the bandits had offered themselves for guards. This intelligence produced a great fermentation amongst the monks. Four old muskets were brought from a cellar, new primed, and placed close to the opening of the balcony. We were, consequently, all upon the alert when the troop came up. Seeing lights at the opening of the building, and half-a-dozen heads peeping out, Diogenes rode up to the door, expecting to find all the inmates awaiting his arrival, to greet and welcome him. Finding the door closed, he came under the balcony, where we were all watching.

"Eh!" exclaimed he, "Christiani, Caloyeri, Goumeni! are you afraid of robbers?" "Kalos orisate — kalos orisate!" replied the Goumenos, "you are welcome! you are welcome! But who are those men standing in the shade?" "Oh!" said Diogenes, "they are only two or three Palicari that came with us from Micuni." "If that is the case," said the Abbot, "they must have friends in the neighbourhood, and *you* had better sup with them." Diogenes, now completely perplexed, began to forget himself, and think of me, so he inquired hastily if they had not seen and taken in an Englishman. "Panagia," said I, "the poor man has gone mad." "An Englishman!" vociferated the monks; "who ever heard of such a thing?" The little man now danced with rage. "Open the door, you cowled asses! black-faced, ill-fated! An Englishman has been lost or murdered; and you will have, all of you, your skins flayed off; you will have a dozen of Cavashes upon you, and a three-decker from the King of England!" The monks now began to doubt whether Diogenes had lost his wits; or whether there might be some truth in what he said: but, having the advantage of position, and much greater practice in speech than in humility, they ended by getting incensed at his redundancy, and broke into a most vociferous rage; to which responded, loud and sharp, from below, the quick

iambics of Diogenes, supported by the graver metres of the no less animated Palicars. When I could muster sufficient gravity, I took the Goumenos aside, told him the real state of the case, with the exception of my being the Englishman lost or murdered, — that I had a little revenge to take upon Diogenes, — that I was quite satisfied, — and they had now better let him in. The alarms of the monks had, in reality, been excited; so that they thankfully received this intelligence, and ran to admit and pacify the philosopher. Seating myself composedly at the fire, I presently heard his shrill tones in the court, as he ascended the creaking staircase, becoming clearer and louder, but never ceasing. He continued vociferating, as he entered the room, "An Englishman is lost — an Englishman is murdered!" until he reached the middle of the floor, when, his eyes falling upon me, he came to a dead pause, and a stand still: his under-jaw and his arms dropped. I civilly inquired after his health, and bade him welcome to Olympus.

Now burst forth the astonishment of the monks. "An Englishman, a Frank!" and they flocked round me with staring eyes. Not one of them had ever seen a European * before, and they

* It is superfluous to observe, that they were themselves all Europeans. The word is, however, used generally, throughout the East, rather in a social than a geographical sense.

seemed to look at me as if I had been a specimen of the three-decker of the King of England, with which they had been so lately threatened.

The distance from here to the summit is about twenty miles. Notwithstanding the almost uninterrupted exertion of the two former days, I resolved on scaling its heights in the splendid moonlight, to reach its summit by the dawn, stay there the whole day, and return during the next night; my object being to see both effects of sunrise and sunset, without passing the night on the top. The proposition, of course, created an outcry, but I was so accustomed to being told that this or that was impossible or impracticable, that I had become expert in the various methods of shutting objectors' mouths. Diogenes was excessively alarmed, and, I think, not a little provoked, for he had made up his mind, if not to ascend, at least to attempt to ascend the mountain, and his old bones seemed not likely to recover, for a week to come, from this day's exertion. Supper was hastily ordered; a couple of shepherds were sent for; a long staff, with an iron point, was given me; a small leathern bottle, slung over my shoulder, was filled with rakki, and my telescope hung to balance it. Thus equipped, I sat down to snatch a hurried meal. Fresh curds, roast lamb, ravanee, were successively pressed upon me, with a sedulousness which, being unusual in these lands, I could not, for fear of appearing to be offended

with it,* altogether resist. I was pledged by Diogenes, by the Abbot, and by others of the cowled community; and, when the little round table was expeditiously removed, I could not refuse the necessary finale, coffee and a pipe. The wine, however, seemed, unaccountably, to have gone to my head, which nodded, as I thought, for a single moment; my pipe had gone out, and I started up to ask for a light, and found myself stretched on the sofa alone, and the gray morning shining in at the window! I should be ashamed to tell the rage I was in, and it was infinitely increased by the hilarity which the expression of it produced; and it was only afterwards, on the very summit of Olympus, that, on recalling the arch look with which Diogenes came in, in the morning, to return my inquiries of the night before, that I called to mind that, while all the other guests drank *à la ronde* from a silver bowl, a distinct tumbler had each time been presented to me. The fact is, they thought the only way to save me from getting my neck broken amongst the rocks, while, at the same time, both parties squared accounts with me, was to put just "mia dactylitra"

* A Turk of the highest rank will go into the kitchen to see a dish prepared for a guest, but he will never say he has done so, and never press you when it is on the table; but, if pressing were the fashion, it would be a social result for the host to press if his guest were of higher rank: it would not then be considered an act of kindness, but unheard-of presumption.

(a thimble-full) of poppy juice in the bottom of my glass, trusting for the rest to fatigue, a good supper, and a blazing fire, a very necessary part of the household furniture, even in the month of July, at the Monastery of Spermos.

My companion now finally gave up all idea of prosecuting the adventure further; so, leaving him in the hands of the hospitable monks, where he promised me to keep himself warm, and every body else merry, till I returned, I started, on foot, with my guides, soon after the sun was up. The flocks of the monastery were on our way, at the distance of ten miles; there we were to breakfast, and there were we to pass the night, after ascending to the summit. They calculated seven hours from the monastery to the summit. The sheep-fold was half way; so that, independent of the ascent, we had thirty miles before us. It was a long time since I had undertaken such a pedestrian expedition, but I have always found that there is no way to succeed, like putting oneself under the necessity of action.

As we descended, the mist, which either covered us or hung over the mountain, entirely shut out the view until we reached the limits of the forest, where we expected to find the flocks, shepherds, and our breakfast. Here we emerged from the mist, and seemed to be in the first story of the heavens. Clouds covered the lower portion of the mountain; detached clouds were scattered to the

eastward, below the level at which we stood, and, through them, from the seat of Jove, we looked down on the

"Mare velivolum, terrasque jacentes."

We were on the bold face of the mountain, looking towards the sea; and I might have doubted the reality of its hazy waters, but for the white specks dotted along the frequented course between Salonica and the southern headland of Thessaly. Beyond, and far away to the east, might be guessed or distinguished the peak of Mount Athos, and the distincter lines, between, of the peninsulas Palene and Sithonia. This glimpse of Mount Athos, at a distance of ninety miles, made me resolve on visiting its shrine and ascending its peak. I was struck to find, far above the monastery, plum-trees, loaded with fruit, which looked like wax; they were of all colours; yellow, pink, and red, predominating. Every where there was abundance of boxwood, of colossal dimensions, which extended higher up than even the pines. But the magnificent prospect which displayed itself to my eyes on emerging from the cloud, shewed nowhere, in our vicinity, the shepherd encampment. We found the place where they had been the night before, by the smoke which ascended from the yet burning fire. My guides now insisted on returning, and it was with great difficulty that I succeeded in getting them to go on; and one of them, pretending to go in

another direction to look for the encampment, returned no more. In half an hour we perceived the flocks, but it was only after two hours of toilsome march that we reached the fold.

The shepherds had been watching us as we approached, and, having distinguished my unwonted costume, where dark clothes had probably never appeared within the range of their memory, they fancied I was a government officer in pursuit of some fugitive, they consequently took to their heels, in every direction, driving their sheep before them, but, having got within hail of one of them, we soon came to an understanding, and, by the time I reached the fold, which was a permanent structure of stones, like a tambour, circular, and about the height of a man, to keep off the blast, we saw them returning, followed by their sheep and dogs. The dogs of the first we met exhibited a marked spirit of hostility, and most ferocious-looking animals they were. The menace of a stick and a few stones had sufficed to impose some degree of respect upon them; but the barking soon collected, from far and near, the whole canine portion of the establishment. Finding their numbers strengthened, they now meditated a regular declaration of war. I was unconscious of my danger, but the shepherds hurried me into the fold, made me lie down, and threw their capotes over me, and then hastened to defend the wall. One or two desultory charges were repulsed, when

the dogs, with combined forces, amounting to about twenty, made one furious assault, and two or three of them cleared the wall, when, had I not been covered up with the cloaks, and on the ground, I should have suffered; but other shepherds coming up, they were beaten off, with great damage, three or four limping away in a bad plight, and repeating their complaints to the echoes of Olympus. After the siege was raised, and treaty entered into, the dogs got their dinner, and we our breakfast. We received each of us a loaf of black bread, weighing an oke; the dogs getting each, in addition to their commons, a lump of snow, and we a drink of milk. I now bethought me of the bottle of rakki, and, pouring a little into a drinking cup, the milk from a goat was milked foaming into it, and I can strongly recommend the same beverage to all my readers who ascend Mount Olympus.

We had still two hours' work to the peak, which now overhung us, to the north, and we set forward much revived. The grass and shrubs now entirely disappeared, and we had to toil over broken fragments of schist and marble, which, minutely fractured by the frost, might have made a very good macadamised road, had it been frequented by carriages and heavy wagons, for it much resembled a road upon which the fresh-broken stones are laid down. On one peak we perceived the remains of pottery, and, on the

summit, a portion of a slab, which once had borne an inscription. This they called St. Stephano; but, on arriving here completely exhausted, it was with dismay that I perceived, separated from me by an enormous chasm, another peak, which was evidently higher than that on which I stood. The difference, indeed, could not be much, for it cut off but a small fraction from the mighty cloudless horizon that reigned all around.

Determined, however, to stand on the highest point, I made up my mind to make friends with the dogs, and sleep with the shepherds that night, to ascend the other peak, or that of St. Elias, next day. I spent no more than an hour at this giddy height, where the craving of my eyes would not have been satisfied under a week. I seemed to stand perpendicularly over the sea, at the height of 10,000 feet. Salonica was quite distinguishable, lying north-east; Larissa appeared under my very feet. The whole horizon, from north to south-west was occupied by mountains, hanging on, as it were, to Olympus. This is the range that runs westward along the north of Thessaly, ending in the Pindus. The line of bearing of these heaved-up strata seems to correspond with that of the Pindus, that is, to run north and south, and they presented their escarpment to Olympus. Ossa, which lay like a hillock beneath, stretched away at right angles to the south; and, in the interval, spread far, far in the red distance, the level lands

of Thessaly, under that peculiar dusty mist which makes nature look like a gigantic imitation of an unnatural effect produced on the scene of a theatre.

When I first reached the summit, and looked over the warm plains of Thessaly, this haze was of a pale yellow hue. It deepened gradually, and became red, then brown, while similar tints, far more vivid, were reproduced higher in the sky. But, when I turned round to the east, up which the vast shadows of night were travelling, the cold ocean looked like a plain of lead; the shadow of the mighty mass of Olympus was projected twenty miles along its surface; and I stood on the very edge, and on my tiptoes. On such a spot what impressions crowd upon the mind, bewilder the senses, and absorb the soul! Here, where the early Greek was borne above the earth, and raised nearest to the skies, has the torch of imagination been grasped by the Hellenic race; here was the idea of eternity conceived, and genius called to life by the thought and hope of immortality.

The cold was intolerable, and I commenced to turn my face and my steps toward the nether world, and soon discovered the difference between ascending and descending, and thought that the winged feet of the Olympus courier was a metaphor so appropriate that it must have originated in the very tract which I was passing over, and in similar feats to those which I was performing. On re-

gaining the sheep-fold a new dilemma arose. I was unprovided with clothing: none of the shepherds could spare me any thing; they had only ascended to that height for two days. It is a a traditional point of honour amongst them to reach, once a-year, this elevation; and there were neither trees, nor shrubs, nor grass with which they could make a fire. There was nothing for it but to proceed downwards to the monastery.

The shepherds played to me an instrument, which seemed peculiarly adapted to such a situation. It was a rude pipe, made from the bone of an eagle's wing. It is called Floëra: the tones are sweet and melodious. While I was in the shepherd's encampment, I saw a shaving performed in a very extraordinary manner. The thigh-bone of a sheep was broken, and the marrow of it smeared on the patient's head, cheeks, and chin. The shepherds generally carry a sheep's thigh-bone, to be ready for the operation, stuck in their garter, just as a Highlander wears his little knife for hamstringing deer.

There was scarcely an interval of darkness between the setting of the sun and the rising of the moon, so brilliant were the stars; and when the orb of Diana arose, the rays she shot might even have made her brother's face turn pale with envy. A couple of shepherds besides my own guide accompanied me some way, so as to put us in the true direction; and having reached the track

which their flocks had recently made in ascending, they left us to our fate. I had known what it is to be hungry, thirsty, with one's limbs broken with fatigue, and the nerves wholly overcome with long privation of sleep; I have known what it is to cast myself, in recklessness of life, upon the cold earth, or in the snow, or on the beach, after dragging myself from the waves; but the suffering of this night surpassed every misery with which I had become acquainted. During the next day I reached, however, the monastery alone, having accomplished forty miles of ascent and descent; my guide, before we were half-way down, having thrown himself on the ground, where I was forced, from cold, to leave him.

The structure of Olympus is very singular. The central group is marble, sometimes in thin layers, varying from very fine to very coarse-grained white, sometimes gray, with a little lime-stone dispersed through it. Looking towards the mountain, the sides seem all rounded; but, looking from the centre, the escarpments present themselves as cliffs. Towards the base of the principal rock, a little gneiss appears overlying the marble. The water from the mountain winds round it in a vale somewhat irregular, formed by the back of the marble and the face of a mingled formation of stratified granite, gneiss, and mica shist: a more extensive vale, and higher abutments succeed to this. Through this stratum the water escapes to

the south-west, by a valley of denudation, and, to the east, finds its way along the face of the gneiss to the sea. At Sciathos, I remarked a section of a rock-marble below, and mica shist above, conformably overlying, but supposed it displaced. At Naxia, the marble and gneiss regularly alternate in layers, which seem identical with the stratification of Olympus. Towards Tempe, also, mica shist abounds, of a burnt amber colour, which, together with the rugged and broken aspect of the hills, gives that region a volcanic look; and has, perhaps, led to the supposition that the passage of the Peneus was opened by an earthquake. Tempe is a valley of denudation.

There have been considerable doubts as to the source whence both verde-antico and giallo-antico have been derived. The latter, which is merely white marble, with yellow maculæ, I saw in abundance in the vicinity of Olympus. The former, which is serpentine, I observed *in situ* in the following places: in the schistose mountains, above Poros; at Naxos, where it presents a number of very singular varieties, and passes into white earth; on the summits of the Pindus; I have seen fragments of it also on Mount Olympus; I have seen it again *in situ* in the mountains of Chalcidice; and again in fragments in the island of Sciathos. In speaking of the quarries of Sciathos, Strabo tells us that thence were derived the variegated marbles—the ποικίλους μονόλιθους—

which caused the white marbles of Italy to go out of fashion at Rome.* The coincidence of this testimony with the presence of the substances in question, can leave, I think, no doubt, that the verde-antico and the giallo-antico were drawn from Thessaly and from the extensive quarries of Sciathos. And if this required confirmation, which I don't think it does, I might cite the numerous works of antiquity in verde antique, still remaining in the vicinity, and to be seen at Larissa, Thessalonica, and Mount Athos.

The stratification of the mountains that surround Thessaly on three sides—the west, the north, and east—is identical; so, also, is the line of dip and bearing: Pindus runs north and south; so does Pelion and Ossa; and the chain is found again prolonged to the south in the island of Eubœa and Skiathos. To the north, the mountains of Piëria, which connect Pindus and Olympus, appear, as I have said, when seen from the summit of the latter mountain, to have been thrown up in a line, which runs at right angles with their line of bearing; so that the valleys run across the chain, and do not give the idea of a strong boundary line: and the history of Thessaly, for nearly two thousand years, seems to corroborate the im-

* Τὰ μέταλλα τῆς ποικίλης λίθου τῆς Σκυρίας, καθάπερ τῆς Καρυστίας, κ.τ.λ., μονολίθους γὰρ κοίνας καὶ πλακας μεγάλας ὅσον ἔστιν ἐν τῃ Ῥώμῃ τῆς ποικίλης λιθίας ὑφ' ἧς ἡ πόλις κοσμεῖται δημοσίᾳ τέ καὶ ἰδίᾳ πέποίκε τι τὰ λευκόλιθα οὐ πολλοῦ ἄξια.

pression respecting its geological structure, which a glance at the country from the top of Olympus made upon me.

The range of mountains, which forms the south side of Thessaly,* is of a very different character. It is limestone, towering almost like a perpendicular, and stretching like a continuous wall; — thence the fame of Thermopylæ, and the glory of Leonidas.

I have been in the habit of designating as Peloponnesian that peculiar limestone which prevails in the Grecian Peninsula, from Thermopylæ southward. And, on historic grounds alone, that name ought to belong to this rock. It is a detestable rock for the geologist, the botanist, the agriculturist, and the painter, because it has no variety, no organic remains, and no minerals; it bears few plants; affords little soil; and is tame without softness, or rude without wildness.† It makes amends, however, by the themes it has furnished to the historian, and the home it has

* I refer to Œta, and the mountains south of the Sperchius. The mountainous tract on the north of the Sperchius is by no means so elevated: is broken and irregular, and resembles, on a small scale, the range of mountains on the north which connect the Pindus and Olympus.

† This limestone, when highly stratified, becomes eminently picturesque in its fractures, though bare and gray; but I have seldom seen it so except in continental Greece.

afforded to the poet. The former owes to it the scenes of Thermopylæ, Marathon, and Cheronæa; the latter is indebted to it for Helicon, Ida, Olenos, and Parnassus. Affording but a limited amount of herbs and shrubs, it endows them with unrivalled flavour; hence the long renown of the flocks of Arcadia; hence the fragrant heather, thyme, and rosemary, that have immortalised the honey of Hymettus.

This Peloponnesian limestone is mixed gray and white, the gray appearing like maculæ: the mass often seems formed of older fragments, mixed up in a new fusion, both substances being however identical. The section of the centre portion of a range exhibits a rock much contorted, and sometimes granular; while, further away, on each side, it assumes the air of stratification; and, inclining towards the centre, it becomes more and more stratified as it recedes.

Before the Throne of Jupiter, and wandering over the abode of the Gods, I, of course, interrogated each site and rock for records of its former glory; and sought in the traditions or the superstition of the ephemeral beings, who pasture their flocks within its sacred precincts, for traces of the fictions which have entwined its name with our earliest associations, and which have stamped its character and its memory on the master-pieces of art, and the inspirations of genius. Strange to say, it was

not without satisfaction, that I did not find what I sought, because I found instead, the original impressions of the spot which had created the mythology of Greece. They had no recollection of the "Thunderer;" no tradition of Apollo, or of Phaeton; but they told me that "the stars came down at night on Olympus!" "that heaven and earth had once met upon its summit, but that since men had grown wicked, God had gone higher up." It would seem as if Moore had painted from the lips of the monks of Spermos, and the shepherds of St. Elias.

"When in the light of nature's dawn,
Rejoicing men and angels met
On the high hill and dewy lawn,
Ere sorrow came, or sin had drawn
'Twixt man and heaven her curtain yet;
When earth lay nearer to the skies
Than in these days of crime and wo;
And mortals saw without surprise,
In the mid-air, angelic eyes
Gazing upon this world below."

It was on the evening of the second day after my return to the monastery of Spermos, that I was in a fit state to mount again. Diogenes seemed disinclined to risk himself any further with such a companion; and, having got a budget of news which would be a marvel for a month in Tcherichene, and a good story for ever afterwards,

he determined on remaining at the monastery, to return next day to his home.*

* I should have considered it a mere act of justice not to deprive the reader of the perusal, or Diogenes of the gratification, of my inserting an Iambic ode, now inscribed on the marble tablet, more durable than brass, of the fountain of Spermos; but, unfortunately, when arranging these papers for the press, a poet saw and admired the ode, and carried it away for translation.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

JUDICIAL ADMINISTRATION AND FOREIGN RELATIONS OF A MOUNTAIN PIRATE-KING—ORGANIC REMAINS OF THE WAR OF TROY.

I NOW determined on visiting Captain Demo, who has the Larissa district of Mount Olympus. He was residing at a village of the name of Caria, at the distance of ten miles from the monastery. A young aspirant to the honours of Caloyerism, volunteered his unbought services to accompany me; for, as I said before, I had no money in my pocket. This state of my finances Diogenes was aware of, as I had pointed it out to him as the grounds of my confidence in visiting such a country at such a moment. "That might do very well," he observed, "with Turks, or even with Klephts, but it won't do at all with priests or monasteries." He invited me to accompany him to the chapel, before my departure, where he was going to do something very extraordinary and astonishing. As we entered, and in passing the eleemosynary box, which had a very large slit for the contributions of the faithful, he did not drop

into the slit, but laid beside it a bright and shining yellow piece of twenty piastres, so that the monks might not remain in doubt as to the author of so generous a contribution. On starting, I recommended particularly to his care the guide I had dropped on the way, and who had not yet made his appearance, but who had been found next morning on the road, and carried in a wretched plight to a hut in the woods. I reckoned on sending to himself a memorial worth his preserving, of this trip; but although I had not hinted to him my intentions, he promised to the Abbot, before me, three months' pay to the shepherd, amounting to the enormous sum of fifteen shillings sterling.

Soon after leaving the monastery, we passed by the small village of Scamea, of which about a third of the houses seemed inhabited; higher up to our left, was that of Pouliana, entirely deserted. Both were surrounded by orchards of fruit trees: the plum-trees were peculiarly striking; their boughs were weighed down like those of weeping willows, and sometimes had been broken off by the loads of fruit clustering on the branches; the leaves seemed like the garnishing of heaped up desert-dishes.

Judging by the accounts I had heard of the ubiquity of Captain Poulio, I had little expectation of finding Captain Demo at Caria; and, at all

events, reckoned on seeing in that village his place of refuge, and also the frontier fortress of his legitimate domain, the *beau-idéal* of a robber's retreat, perched on a precipice, or nestled in a cavern. My surprise was therefore great, on coming suddenly to the edge of a precipice, to be assured that a peaceful and smiling village which appeared in the angle of an open plain was Caria; that a more stately mansion than the rest, placed in the middle of it, with a light and airy aspect, whitewashed, composed of two stories, surmounted by a Kiosk, was the place of abode of the redoubted Captain Demo. As I approached it, however, I saw indications of the manners, and the calling of its proprietor in numerous loopholes, with which it was pierced in all directions. He appeared a homely and intelligent man, but not much disposed to put himself out of his way for any thing or for any body. He received me, however, cordially enough; told me that he had heard of me for some time; that he knew I liked the Klephts, and that, therefore, the visit was not unexpected; and immediately insisted, despite my blistered feet and jaded limbs, on taking me to see an English garden which seemed to occupy all his thoughts. I was exceedingly struck with it; whether as to extent, the nature of the plants and flowers, or the care and neatness of the cultivation, it was what I never should have dreamt of seeing in Olympus,

especially at such a time as this. He earnestly begged me to send him from Salonica seeds and flowers, and, above all, potatoes; and spoke of an English plough, as the summit of his ambition and the accomplishment of his desires. I engaged to satisfy his wish as far as that should be practicable; he, on the other side, promising to collect for me arrow-heads, which they often dig up in great quantity, and which they sometimes get made into pistol barrels. These arrow-heads are without a barb, and resemble exactly those used by the Circassians at the present day. Two days before, in digging a cistern for his garden, they had opened a Roman tomb of mortar and brick; it was full ten feet long. They told me they had found in it the bones of a giant. I was very anxious to see them, but all we could find was a portion of the skull: it seemed, indeed, a portion of a human skull, but fearfully thick, which Captain Demo averred was a proof that the owner must have been a great man.

On the rock above Caria, there is a ruin of an ancient fortress, which, on examination through the glass, appeared to me Venetian; but I rejected the supposition as improbable. A Venetian fortress, in such a position, seemed to surpass what could be expected from the maritime and commercial settlements of Venice in the Levant. But soon afterwards, a large silver coin was brought to

me, presenting, in bold relief, the rampant lion of St. Mark. On the reverse, was the bust of a warrior, with a helmet and coat of mail; below this was a shield of St. George and the Dragon traced upon it, with the inscription, "Da pacem, Domine, in dies nos, 1642." Two years after which date, Venice protected the piratical seizure, by the Knights of Malta, of a Turkish vessel, having on board a son of Sultan Ibrahim, whom they made a friar (Padre Ottomano); which act gave rise to the war which cost Venice her Eastern empire. Some other coins of the Roman emperors were also brought me; but that which was the most remarkable of all, as found in such a spot, was one of those beautiful silver relics of the earliest coinage of Greece, bearing the grazing horse and the Hercules' head of the Enians.

At the distance of six miles south-west, across the little plain, I was told of an inscription, which, next morning, I went to visit. The place was evidently the site of a town or city, and there was a large stone erect, bearing an inscription of which some letters were legible. It was Roman, of the Empire, and the only words I could make out were, "inventio ipsorum," which I thought happily calculated to guide geographers in making this out to be the site of some important city; but, after this warning, I leave to the learned to affix a name to it.

Captain Demo and I soon became great friends,

and he declared he would accompany me himself to Rapsana, which overlooks the vale of Tempe. We decided on starting the evening following my arrival, intending to sleep at a village half way. A milk-white charger, more remarkable for his colour than his points, was brought into the court-yard, and, with the other horses that were to accompany us, allowed to prepare themselves for the journey by licking and crunching the mass of rock-salt, which, in this country, is the hearth-stone for all fourfooted animals.

We had already mounted, and had reached the skirts of the village, when we were assailed with a hue and cry, and some fifty people made a rush at us, men, women, and children. It appeared that, ten minutes before, the holy career of a young and promising monk had been threatened with a speedy and tragic conclusion, by the vengeance of an injured husband. The neighbours, suddenly assembled, had interposed; the women fainted and shrieked, the men swore, the children cried, and the pigs, dogs, and cocks, all displayed their sympathy, in the various tones by which their feelings find expression. At that very moment was descried the white charger of the judge of the people, and the collective rush took place by which our further progress was arrested. The Robber of Olympus reined in, and, knitting his brow, scowled around, like Stilicho, when he looked upon the Goths. A disconsolate mother threw herself on

her knees before him, and called for justice; a priest for vengeance; a monk, with a broken pate, for mercy; the hapless female looked a prayer for pity; while the forensic tones of the injured husband rose above the rest—he, of course, sued for damages. Half-a-dozen children sobbed and cried; a sister shrieked and tore her hair; a brother stood, with a roving eye and a compressed lip, and turned, now on the husband, and now on the monk, glances of hate and of vengeance. Captain Demo listened for a while in patience; but what patience could resist such discordant appeals and dissonant voices? and what judge could maintain his equanimity when assailed from right and left, from before and behind, from all around, and from under, and where, according to the advantage of position, his feet, legs, and hands, were seized as means of reaching his ear? The steed first gave tokens of dissatisfaction, by capering about, and carrying up and down, with gentle undulation, the severe and frowning form of its rider. But, when the Klepht began to storm, all that had gone before was as nothing. The metaphor of his threats was perfectly Homeric, and heightened by a see-saw motion of his hand across his throat, borrowed from the Turks. I thought nothing would have satisfied him but cutting off the heads of the whole party; and, if he had been so disposed, there was nobody who could say to him, "you shall not."

The afternoon was wasted away in the investi-

gation that followed the first clamours, and in the summing up of evidence before pronouncing final judgment, in which the priest figured not only as counsellor, but as executioner; for penance, alms, crossings, and genuflexions, were liberally distributed amongst all the delinquents. The offending monk had seven thousand of the latter alone for his share, while half the sum was inflicted on the husband for having broken his head. The frail fair one was to appear before a higher tribunal: her case was to be submitted to the Bishop of Larissa.

Our journey thus postponed till the morrow, I spent another night at Caria, and scarcely had concluded supper, at which the lowest menial of the captain-judge sat down at the same table with us, though the next moment they stood before their master with awe in their looks, and reverence in their attitudes,—no sooner, I have said, had supper been concluded, than three travellers abruptly made their entrance. When they had seated themselves, Captain Demo and I inquired after their health; they replied, "Thank God, we are very well; but," said one of them, a little hastily, "we are come to inquire after our horses." The Captain's pipe was removed from his mouth, the very scowl I had seen two hours before called up again, and cast full on the bold questioner. "Do you take me for your groom?" he asked. "If I did not take you for the Captain

of Olympus," retorted the stranger, "you would not have seen me under your roof. I am come to claim the property and the horses of which I have been robbed." Captain Demo's eyes suddenly turned on me, but were as quickly averted. He certainly had exhibited a vivid picture of the happiness and tranquillity which the country enjoyed by the protection of his arm, and the impartial severity of his justice. Now blow after blow fell upon the theory he had erected. I expected another explosion, but was disappointed. The new comer proved to be a wealthy Primate of Monastir, known to be in great favour with the Sadrazem. The tranquillity, recently established to the south and east of Monastir by the presence of the Turkish troops, induced him, with his two companions, to proceed to Larissa, to make purchases; and they were returning, with seven horses laden with goods, when, that morning, they had been surrounded by a party of Klephts, and their money, baggage, and baggage-horses taken from them, though they had not been otherwise maltreated.

They had instantly made their way to Caria to seek redress. The circumstances, spot, and time, were minutely inquired into; the numbers and appearance of the robbers; the number of packages, and their contents, the horses, their colours, and marks, were taken down, and then a general divan was held of all Captain Demo's soldiers.

They came to a unanimous conclusion as to who the guilty people were, and, within an hour, twenty men were on their way in pursuit. These were divided into three bodies: one made straight for the village to which the robbers were thought to belong. With these was the Grammaticos (penman) of the Captain. They were to seize and carry off one or two persons, to be kept until the robbers were given up. The two other parties, of seven, were to track the robbers themselves by different paths. Places and hours of rendezvous were given, and the details of the expedition, combined with a sagacity only exceeded by the alacrity shewn by those who had to carry it into execution; and next morning the plundered men were to proceed on their journey to a village at the distance of thirty miles, where Captain Demo promised them that every thing they possessed should be restored to them on the following evening; that a strap or a buckle should not be wanting; when they might, if they liked, give a backshish to his men, and he only begged them to tell the Sadrazem what strict justice he maintained in Olympus. I subsequently understood that his promise was punctually performed.

These very men who now started upon this expedition, and not one of whom would have betrayed its object for almost any consideration, might have been Klephts themselves a week before, or might become so the week after.

The following is the list of villages — cities, I should say — which owe allegiance to Captain Demo, comprised in the Larissa district of Mount Olympus, with the number of fires which he stated they possessed ten years ago, that is, before the Greek revolution, and those which they actually contain in 1830. I give the villages as he enumerated them, though the legitimacy of his rights over the three latter is disputed; two of these being claimed by Captain Poulio, and the last by a captain whose name I forget. He declares he can muster five hundred men; I suppose, when he calls out the landwehr: but the standing army only amounted to fifty.

| | Fires in 1820. | Fires in 1830. |
|---|---|---|
| Rapsana ..... | 1000 ..... | 10 |
| Crania ..... | 600 ..... | 10 |
| Perietos ..... | 300 ..... | 100 |
| Egani ..... | 40 ..... | 8 |
| Avarnitza ..... | 150 ..... | 50 |
| Poroulies* ..... | 50 ..... | 50 |
| Nizero ..... | 300 ..... | 20 |
| Caria ..... | 150 ..... | 40 |
| Scamia ..... | 250 ..... | 50 |
| Pouliana ..... | 150 ..... | none |
| Mikuni ..... | 30 ..... | 3 |
| | 3020 | 341 |

The plain in which Caria is situated, is a por-

* This village is seated on a rock, and was the village suspected of the robbery.

tion of the deep ravine which reigns all round the central group of Olympus. After crossing it, we ascended the ridge which forms the outer circle of the ravine, and thence descended again to the vale, the lake and the village of Nizeros distant six miles from Caria. Close to the water's edge stood two majestic aspens, as tall as the loftiest poplar, but spreading like oaks, with their green and silvery leaves twittering in the sun. The lake seemed covered with myriads of water-fowl, which had taken refuge in the most elevated sheet of water from the August heats of the plains of Thessaly. The change of temperature was quite extraordinary, increased, no doubt, by the marshiness of the land around, which filled the atmosphere with moisture. Our path had passed over the remnants of a vast forest of fir-pine and beech, which two years before had been consumed by a conflagration which lasted fifteen days. It was described to me as a thing magnificent, and truly wonderful. A strong wind from the north had carried the fire from the plain of Caria over the thickly wooded enscarpment that looks to the north, and gusts, confined in the chasms where the trees were the thickest, and met from either side, converted these chasms into furnaces, with a tremendous drought; burning boughs, and even whole trees, were carried up, and shot as from a whirlwind.

At Nizeros, we were to spend the greater part

of the day, and start in the evening for Rapsana, ten miles further, overlooking the vale of Tempe. Captain Demo had sent the day before, to make grand preparations at Nizeros, but the expedition which he had sent after the robbers had disconcerted his plans. As we rode up to the neat little cottage where we were to dine, and where we expected to find dinner ready, we saw a sheep just writhing in the last convulsions of life, which they had hurriedly despatched on seeing us approach. Captain Demo, enraged at this tardiness, made a spring from his horse, pushed the operators aside, drew his knife from his belt, turned the dead animal out of its skin, slung it up by the hind legs to a nail; then, after one dexterous slit, he put the knife between his teeth, bared his arms up to the shoulders, plunged them into the reeking bowels, spitted the animal upon a stake, and had it down before the fire in a few minutes. Scarcely was this task completed, before the inhabitants of the village had assembled round; nor did he deign to answer one of the lowly and multifarious salutations with which he was greeted; but when he saw the sheep perform its first revolution, he turned round, and wished many years to the township. Some applicants came with long stories to tell, and he seated himself upon a stone, just by the spot where the sheep had been slaughtered. I thought he was going to hold here his "lit de justice." I was seated on a bench, at some

distance, and, seeing him seize a female by the arm, thought he was going to proceed to the infliction of some summary punishment. This time, however, it was a patient that he was treating; and presently, I saw the blood from her arm spouting over that of the sheep. I cannot describe how strongly I was struck by seeing this man enact the Galen, examining patient after patient, for the whole village was unwell, and discoursing learnedly on symptoms and on simples with all the old women of the place. After that, we went to walk in the garden, and gather apples; and, with the same versatility of his cares, whenever he tasted one well-flavoured, he handed it over to me.

I must now describe our Homeric repast. We were seated on white capotes, under the shade of an apple-tree; a boy brought a large brass shining basin, which, kneeling, he presented; over this you hold your hands, and a girl poured water upon them from a jar of the same metal, with a long and narrow spout. Another attendant stood ready to flirt a napkin, so as to make it fall open upon your hands the moment you had finished washing. After this, a small round wooden table was brought in, and set upon the ground, and the guests hurstled round it as close as they could. A Palicar then came behind with a long narrow napkin, of three, and sometimes even four, yards in length, which, with a dexterous jerk, he threw

out above your head, so as to make it fall in a circle exactly on the knees of all the guests. Dishes of apples, pears, olives, and prunes, were placed on the table; and a diminutive tumbler of rakki, the size of a liqueur glass, was carried round to each guest. Presently, a Palicar came running with a ramrod, on which had been entwined the choice entrails of the sheep, hot and fizzing from the fire, and, running round the table, discharged about the length of a cartridge of the garnishing of the ramrod, on the bread before each guest. This first whet was scarcely discussed, when two other men came running, each with a kidney upon a wooden skewer, the hot morsels of which were again distributed as before. After this was brought the shoulder-blade of the right shoulder, which had been detached from the sheep. It was ceremoniously laid before Captain Demo: every sound was hushed, and every eye turned upon him. He cleaned it carefully, examined it on both sides, held it up to the sun, and then prognosticated all the good things that wishes could give, if they ruled the decrees of fate. The road* of the Greeks was bright without a tomb; that of the Turks obscured with mist; the fields of the host were to be

* The course of two blood-vessels near the extremity of the blade, and running from either side, represent paths, the one of friends, the other of foes. Spots, on the transparent parts of the bone, denote tombs. The fate and fortunes of the host and hostess are displayed in a part near to the condyle.

whitened with flocks, as if they were covered with snow; and the hostess was presently to present to her lord a little blooming image of himself. The assistants cried, "Ameen!" The coy dame, not expecting, perhaps, this latter piece of gallantry, came to kiss the captain's hand, and waddled away, flourishing her blade bone, no doubt with the intention of placing it in the family reliquary. The guests now crossed themselves, and prepared in earnest for the business which called us together. The sheep, minus the right shoulder, made its appearance on a tray of myrtle twigs. Captain Demo unsheathed his yataghan, unjointed the neck, laid the head upon the body, slit it open with a sharp blow, and, dexterously turning out the tongue, placed it before me. A single blow then severed the spine, and the weapon passed between the ribs, separated, in an instant, the animal into two parts. Two ribs, with the vertebræ attached to them, were then separated, and also placed before me. This is the mode by which honour is shewn to a guest; and, no doubt, in the self-same manner, did Achilles lay before Ulysses the sacred chine.

During dinner, Captain Demo expatiated on the amenity, the beauty, the fertility of his ψωμί, or bread, meaning his district; on the affection and regard of the inhabitants; on the devotion and bravery of his soldiers. He entertained me with accounts of his various diplomatic relations with

the neighbouring potentates, and the difficulties in which he was involved respecting his northern and western frontiers. Before succeeding to his patrimony, he had, however, he thanked God, acquired some knowledge in the ways of the world, and a reputation which secured respect to himself, and tranquillity to his people. "For," said he, "for thirty years have I been a robber on sea and on land, and the name of Demo of Olympus has been repeated with dry lips on the mountains of Macedonia, and on the shores of Caramania."

And this was on Olympus; and, in visiting the shrine of the Gods of Greece, I looked upon, not a representation, but a real scene, from the wars of Troy. Here alone has been preserved, to our times, the genuine progeny of Greece. The mountain-chains that surround Thessaly on every side, its early cradles, have now become its last retreat.

For two thousand years have the lower portions of Greece, with the Peloponnesus, been overrun and ravaged by Sclavonians, Saracens, Goths, Latins, Normans, Turks, and Skipetars; and yet these, by the successive destruction of the population of that confined region, have been less successful in destroying its ancient type and character, than the importation of European ideas, costumes, and manners, since the commencement of the Revolution. It is strange, that it is to Turkey that one has to turn for the records of the Greece of antiquity; and that it should be amongst the

scenes which witnessed the rise of the Pelasgi, the Œnians, and the Hellenes, that now alone are to be found those characters which recall a Calchas or a Diomed; and those circumstances which exhibit, in their living effects, the moral process by which letters, the plough, medicine, and the diviner's wand, have been converted into charters of power, and sceptres of dominion. But, alas! the whirlwind of Western opinion has swept to Turkey, after devastating Greece. While I trace these lines, the race of 3000 years, which I am describing, is extinct! A Turkish serjeant, in a blue jacket and trousers, with red cuff and collars, occupies the Kiosk, and lolls in the garden of the Captain of Olympus!

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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